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THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
I. TO FEED THE HUNGRY

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1915.

NO. 1

NEW YEAR

A parting smile, and the weary year
Speeds down the star-lit sky.
Her passing awakes a chilling fear,
We tremble and know not why.

How fair to-night her guileless mien
With memories blithe and sad.—
Ah, tell me, boastful stranger-queen,
Wilt thou be fairer clad?

But God still reigns, His eyes review
The realms of space and time;
He governed the old, with Him the new
Unfolds her sanguine prime.

Let songs of gladsome greeting thrill
The morning cold and clear:
God grant to all from out His fill
A happy and bright New Year!



F.B., O.F.M.

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ST. HYACINTHA MARISCOTTI

OF THE THIRD ORDER

JANUARY 30

THIS great saint was born in 1585, at Vignanello, in Tuscany, of the noble family of the Mariscotti, and received in Baptism the name of Clarice. Responding to the promptings of grace and to the instructions of her excellent parents, she, at an early age, found great delight in prayer and other pious practices, and distinguished herself by her perfect obedience and delicate modesty. As she was, moreover, possessed of an excellent disposition and superior qualities of mind, her relatives and friends rejoiced in the thought that she would one day be an exemplary child of the Church and an ornament of the family. But as she grew older, Clarice began to manifest a spirit of frivolity and worldly-mindedness, so that she seemed to care for nothing but the amusements and vanities of the world.

To check and correct this dangerous disposition, her parents placed her in the care of the Franciscan Sisters of the convent of St. Bernardine, at Viterbo. But neither the example of her elder sister, who was a member of the community, nor the lessons and admonitions of the Sisters made a lasting impression on her frivolous mind, so that, to the grief of her family, she returned to her home with the same disposition with which she had left it, though she still performed acts of piety, and kept herself free from grosser faults.

At the age of twenty, Clarice set her heart upon marriage with a certain nobleman, but was passed by in favor of a younger sister. Greatly mortified at this, she became morose and captious, a burden to herself and others. Her father, weary of her conduct, at length suggested to her that she become a nun,—a peculiar advice, indeed, as the convent is the last place in the world suited for a morose and capricious person. The thoughts and actions of man, however, are directed by an all-knowing and all-wise God, and the advice of the anxious father, as the sequel showed, proved to be providential; for God had indeed destined his daughter for a high degree of sanctity in the religious life.

Clarice, after some deliberation, determined to take the veil in order, as she said, to hide her chagrin and to satisfy the wish of her family. She received the habit in the convent of St. Bernardine, at Viterbo, where the Sisters followed the rule of the Third Order Regular, under the guidance and jurisdiction of the Friars Minor. Clarice then took the name of Hyacintha. As she had not entered the convent from any higher motive, and even against her own inclination, she did not strive to acquire the spirit of a religious, but was determined to lead a life of comfort and ease. She declared that, although she was a

nun, she meant to live according to her rank. Accordingly, she made use of the influence and means which her family possessed, and had her room furnished with every luxury. She kept her own kitchen, wore a habit made of the finest material, and received and made visits at pleasure. In this manner, Hyacintha spent the first ten years of her life in the convent, disregarding the remonstrances of her superior and the grief of the other Sisters. At the same time, however, she did not neglect her prayers and her religious exercises, though, no doubt, they were often performed as a matter of form. She also showed great respect for the mysteries of religion, always remained pure, and had a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God.

But now the time had come when God, who had great designs in regard to Hyacintha's soul, deigned to arouse her from her spiritual lethargy and to call her more urgently to a life of virtue and perfection. Hyacintha was prostrated by a serious illness, and Fr. Antony Bianchetti, the spiritual director of the community, was called to hear her confession. The holy religious was so surprised, on entering her cell, to see the luxury which surrounded her, and which had been tolerated too long through regard for her family, that he most severely upbraided her, telling her that Heaven was not for vain and proud persons; at the same time, he declared that, unless she would remove all superfluous and vain things and conform to the Rule, he would deny her absolution. Hyacintha's better nature gained the victory, and filled with shame and confusion at the thought of her lukewarm and unmortified life, promised to mend her ways and to repair the scandal she had given.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from her illness, she did



St. Hyacintha

away with all she possessed contrary to the Rule, and, with many tears, and with a cord about her neck, asked pardon of the assembled community for her many faults. Force of habit, however, threatened for a time to make her fall back into her former tepidity; but another illness, more serious and longer than the former, put an end to all hesitation and half-heartedness, and she now began a life of heroic self-denial and penance. To remove all danger of a relapse, and to punish her former luxury and love of ease, she strove to deny herself every comfort and pleasure. She exchanged her dainty garments for others made of the coarsest material. She allowed herself only a few

hours of the night for sleep, and that on a bed consisting of vine branches, with a stone for a pillow. She frequently scourged herself severely, and fasted on bread and water, so often, indeed, that her life seemed to be a continual Lent. Nothing could satisfy her desire for suffering and mortification; for this reason, she daily invented new methods of torturing her body. In addition to this, she was frequently afflicted by diseases, and misunderstood and persecuted by persons loved and esteemed by her, but she bore all in the spirit of penance with heroic patience.

Exterior penances, however, are but the means of acquiring and preserving those interior virtues which alone render the soul pleasing to God. In this light did Hyacintha look upon them; and with the grace of God, she advanced in virtue in proportion as she died to the world and to self. She looked upon herself as the greatest of sinners, delighted in performing the most menial and repulsive labors, and so distrusted herself that, in her personal conduct, notwithstanding her rare talents, her supernatural lights, and her skill in guiding others, she always had recourse to the judgment of her director and of other pious persons. To humility, she joined almost continuous prayer. She spent the greater part of the night in prayer and contemplation, during which she received great enlightenment, both for herself and for the guidance of others. She was almost continually subject to spiritual dryness and aridity; yet, with heroic resignation, she never ceased to apply herself to the spiritual exercises. "To suffer, to suffer," she exclaimed, "and to persevere without consolation, that is the true sign of the spirit of God." Great was her devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, to the Holy In-

fant Jesus, and to the Mother of God. In her love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, she tried to lead all her acquaintances to the practice of the perpetual adoration; she also introduced, at Viterbo, the forty hours' devotion during the days of the carnival preceding Ash Wednesday, to a tone for the excesses committed during those days.

Loving God, Hyacintha also loved her neighbor. Moved by this love, she was not only full of charity, kindness, and patience toward the Sisters, especially toward the novices and pupils committed to her charge, but did everything in her power to alleviate suffering and need outside the walls of the convent. She shared in every good work, assisting chiefly in extinguishing feuds, in rescuing young girls from the dangers to which they were exposed, and in reclaiming those who had fallen. With the grace of God, she succeeded so well in this, that the decree of canonization says, "By this apostolate of charity, Hyacintha has won more souls for God than many preachers of her time." To relieve the poor and the sick, she established two confraternities, one of which collected alms for the convalescent and for the poor ashamed to beg, and gave aid to prisoners; the other procured homes for the aged.

God rewarded the heroic virtues and charity of the Saint by many miracles. She had the gift of prophecy and of discerning the secret thoughts of others. She was also favored by heavenly ecstasies and raptures.

After having thus atoned for the faults of her early life, Hyacintha was called to her eternal reward on January 30, 1640. Many miracles were wrought at her tomb, wherefore she was beatified by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1726, and canonized by Pope Pius VII, in 1807.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

24. PAPAL PROTECTION

"I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men." (1. Timothy II,1.)

The foregoing chapter gave us an idea of the great interest in the Third Order displayed by the Popes. Gregory IX, in particular, who had acted, so to say, as sponsor at its inception, was a protector and promoter of the Order of Penance. He took great pains to confirm the Brothers and Sisters of Penance in their undertaking and to guard them against all unjust molestation. We shall give one of his letters as literally as possible.

Gregory IX, Bishop,
Servant of the Servants of God.

"To the beloved Daughters in Christ, the continent virgins who are in Germany, and who have vowed perpetual chastity to God, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

"The Blessed Mother of God, ever Virgin, was the first to consecrate to God the glory of her virginity and the ornament of chastity without which no one can be admitted to the beatific vision. Having kept the resolution to lead an angelic life, she received the reward promised to the Fathers of old. We rejoice with you in Him whom she has borne, and whose name 'is as oil poured out'. We place great hope and trust in you, be-

cause you 'run to the odor of the ointments', diffused by the Queen of Virgins, by imitating a perfection so sublime. You renounce all carnal pleasures; you forgo the rights of marriage, and you lead a life of virtue. In the short span of life, you obtain the eternal joys of your heavenly Spouse, while you patiently bear the tortures of a burning desire.

"The happiness of heaven, an unspeakably great reward, will, however, not be given to those who begin, but to those who persevere. For this reason, We admonish and conjure you, in the name of Him who is the lover of purity and the avenger of injustice, We beg you earnestly that you lead your beginning to a happy end, and add to your morning offering your evening sacrifice,—in other words that you persevere.

"But remember Jesus is a jealous God. He will not suffer anyone to be preferred to Himself. By solemn contract, He promises His bride the participation in His divinity, but only on condition that she persevere. On the other hand, He threatens with everlasting punishment her who becomes unfaithful.

"Although His unworthy representative, We shall recommend your struggle to the Lord of Hosts in prayer and sacrifice, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, We shall grant

you the privilege of Our Apostolic favor and special good will. Your persons, as also your belongings, We place under the protection of Saint Peter and of Our authority. This We confirm by these present letters.

"Accordingly, let no man dare to weaken or to impugn this letter. If anyone should venture to do so, let him know that he incurs thereby the displeasure of God and of His holy Apostles Peter and Paul.

"Given at the Lateran, on the 30th day of May, 1233, in the seventh year of Our Pontificate."

The Third Order has always enjoyed the special favor of the Apostolic See. More than thirty Popes have given proof of this by the many letters which they wrote in behalf of the Order. This is particularly true of Pope Martin V. There are extant forty letters of his regarding the Order of Penance.

May the Tertiaries ever show themselves grateful for so extraor-

dinary a kindness, especially by always respecting the decisions of the Popes and by faithfully following their counsels.

The members of the Third Order should also pray diligently for the needs of the Church and the Pope. "He who does not pray for his parents, is a bad son; and he who does not pray for the Holy Father, is a bad Christian." (St. Clement Hofbauer.)

The Tertiaries should give the Holy Father their support by contributing liberally to the Peterspence. "The Peterspence," writes the renowned Bishop von Kettler, "as long as present circumstances continue, is not merely an offering of charity, but seems to be rather a sacred duty. It is the help that God demands of us for His Church, and we should not hesitate to make a comparatively small sacrifice for the greatest and most sacred good that man possesses." May all Tertiaries take these words to heart and act accordingly.

THE HOLLY

The holly is the plant that belongs to December. June's roses are sweeter, and the golden-rod of September makes a finer show on the river banks, but the holly, with its green leaves and bright berries, holds its place in the hearts of us all. For the holly is an evergreen. Roses fade and drop their petals after a few days of blossoming; the golden-rod has its little day before the frosts leave it blackened and forlorn, but when December's winds blow most fiercely and snow is in the air, the holly is as bright as ever.

There are people who can be as sweet as the roses of June when all is fair and sunny. There are friends who show a smiling face on a pleasant day, and then lose all their friendliness at the first hint of frost. But through twelve months of the year we cherish in our heart of hearts those on whom we can depend in times of storm and cold. This world would be a dreary place if it were not for those whose love and kindness and good spirits are ever green.—*The Pittsburg Observer*.

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART II.

6. The Life and Lot of a Pioneer

After some delay, we left the chief, and with two of his men pursued the expedition inland. We went afoot, picking our way through a boundless forest and heading persistently eastward. The Indians carried baskets containing our most indispensable things, while the rest of us went ahead clearing the way with knives and hatchets. The Indians would not easily take the lead: they had a mortal fear of snakes and other deadly vermin; but they all insisted that the creatures would not harm a missionary, and the facts seemed to justify their opinion. One day while reading holy Mass, I felt that a snake had wound itself about my body beneath my habit. I was naturally badly scared; but the reptile did no harm, and when after Mass I shook it from me, it couched quietly on the ground.

On the march, I usually took the lead, being closely followed by one of the native guides. Father Prefect brought up the rear, the better to watch that no one would run away, or consume our provisions.

How terribly we suffered on this march, I can not describe. I was so jaded after a tramp of eight days that I could not go on. Father Prefect was in a similar condition; he was quite exhausted, for we were short of provisions, and failed in hunting down game. There were savage beasts in plenty, such as lions, jaguars, and tapirs, but that was all. What were we to do? Return home after all that exertion, especially now that we must be so near the end of our journey? That would never do. On the other hand, our guides refused to go a step farther.

Two days we lay in the woods. At last, we resolved to journey on for another two days, thinking that would suffice to reach the river where the Miranos dwelt.

It was in vain! The farther we went, the fainter grew our hopes, until all but I voted to return. How our hearts ached at the thought, one may easily imagine. The return route was not difficult, for we had opened a path; but then our provisions gave out. For several days we had eaten nothing but fruit and roots, and had lost almost all our strength. But God provided for us. One of our party exclaimed, "Quick! The jaguar is surely on the scent of some prey. We will cheat him of his booty." We got our weapons ready, and proceeded to the spot whence the cry had come. Suddenly a giant jaguar leaped up before us, and fled into the thicket, leaving his prey behind. He had devoured only the entrails. We hastily built a large fire, but we did not restrain ourselves till our game was thoroughly roasted; we were too painfully hungry.

7. Home Again

The two Miranos, our guides, gradually became very attached to us. We instructed them, and had the pleasure of converting at least these two souls. In the course of our return march, they brought eleven of their tribesmen to us for instruction, and so our expedition was not wholly fruitless. In due time, we reached the spot where we had put up our dugouts; and three days later we arrived at Cayaria. The joy of the inhabitants was genuine, for they had given us up as lost. They begged us to obtain for them a

priest to reside among them, which Father Prefect promised to do as soon as any of us would be sufficiently versed in the Irizbu dialect. That is just the great difficulty in converting these tribes: each tribe has its peculiar dialect—totally different from every other.

Two days later we arrived at Cachiboya, the center from which we had set out on our hapless expedition. The report here was, that we had been eaten up in the wilds, and now that we returned safe and sound, the joy was all the greater.

The thirteen Miranos were lost in wonder at our residence and other commodities of civilization. But though they were very shy at first, they soon grew accustomed to our ways and to the company of the Christians. In stature they were above the medium, and in racial characteristics they resembled Europeans rather than Indians, for they were pale-faced, and the men had black beards. We were at great pains to instruct them thoroughly in Christian doctrine, as we hoped through them to obtain access to their tribe; for, our minds were firmly set on a speedy return to their haunts, though, of course, we meant to take a different route from the previous one, which was altogether too circuitous. They learnt the catechism with surprising ease. One of them, a girl of fifteen, advanced rapidly enough to be appointed teacher in our school within two years.

8. The Management of a Reduction

Here I wish to set down how the Christian communities were governed under the management of the Padres.

In the first place, I must say that the government of Peru forbade any meddling with our affairs on the part of Europeans and Indians alike, so that we were perfectly free in our management. At each

of the old reductions, there were catechists, who superintended the mission property as well as the farms of private families. Also, they had to conduct the instruction of neophytes as well as the schooling of the young, and had to report serious misdemeanors against the rules of the reduction to the presidente or presiding missionary. There were besides four police officers, who had to execute punishments and settle grievances. Two of them had also to provide by hunting or fishing for the missionary's table, keeping for themselves whatever game was not needed for this purpose. The two others had the additional charge of the church, and attended to the ringing of the bells.

The irregularities of the neophytes were punished very leniently. The natives believed the missionaries could read their thoughts, and never dared lie to them; so there was no need of much ado. If a serious misdemeanor had been committed, which required signal punishment, the culprit was cited by the catechists before the presidente. As the culprit knelt before him, the presidente, seated, asked of him what punishment he wished, the punishment usually consisting in a number of lashes. The offender always asked for a heavier punishment than he deserved, whereupon the missionary might rejoin, "Indeed, you do deserve a good reminder, but I will throw off part of your punishment." Without a complaint, the delinquent then suffered the lash, after which he was required to kiss the rod and to thank the missionary as well as the officer who had administered the punishment, giving the promise to do better thereafter. We had no jail at the mission, and never needed one.

The delinquency was usually some form of theft. At first, the natives

thought everything was common property, their weapons—bows and arrows—alone accepted; and it was very hard to make them understand the difference between mine and thine. To meet this difficulty we had recourse to certain formalities. When a number of families sufficient to begin a new settlement had been assembled, we chose for them a suitable site along the river, if possible near the haunts of their heathen tribesmen, so as to have an opening into their midst. Then we proceeded to the place. All hands went to work felling trees and breaking the soil and building houses. Then we planted rice, corn, wheat, sugar cane, and the like. The first year the produce was left to the missionary to be divided among the residents according to their share of labor. The next year the land itself was parceled among them amid great solemnities, the more deeply to impress upon each one's mind the distinction between his holding and any other. As the natives were not naturally inclined to work, those were especially favored who showed greater industry, while the indolent might have a portion of their property taken from them. If any one distinguished himself for industry, he would receive special privileges. But that was a rare occurrence; the natives were not ambitious and quite contented if they had plenty to eat. The excellent order prevailing in these reductions was greatly admired by visiting Europeans.

When the time arrived that the residents seemed trained well enough up to the requirements of civilized life, the presidente notified the government to appoint a civil governor, and the ecclesiastical authorities to appoint a parish priest.

9. Another Attempt

After remaining two months at the center, I asked leave to undertake another trip into the forests;

for, I was young and vigorous, and hoped to do a great deal for God's greater glory. I chose four men to accompany me, and set out to reach the tribe of the Cunibus. This is a very numerous tribe, but it is scattered all through the forests of the Ucayali. The greater part of the tribe was known to dwell on the banks of the Ucayali. But that portion was totally spoiled by contact with the whites, and so I decided to pierce the heart of the forest, taking with me as interpreters two members of the tribe whose acquaintance I had formerly made.

After a weary tramp, we came upon footprints, and directly we overtook a group of twenty warriors. Seeing two of their tribesmen with me, they halted to hear what we had to say. It is unwise to begin speaking of religion to them—they do not understand that; but it is good to speak to them of the advantages of living with the missionaries, particularly of the protection it affords them against their hostile neighbors. Above all things, one must give them presents.

Seeing that we met them with hearts full of kindness, and that we were not crafty as were the traders, they resolved to bring their families to us to divide the presents among them. We waited two days till a number had gathered, the women and children with them. The habit we wore amused them greatly, and they never wearied examining us.

A striking feature of theirs was the shape of their head, which gave them very nearly the appearance of apes. The chief distinguishing marks of the tribe consists just in this skull formation. Of course, it is not natural, but it is brought about by means of an instrument into which the head of the new-born babe is pressed and held until the desired form is acquired. Many a child dies under this operation.

These tribal marks are sometimes ridiculously fantastic. Some have a perfectly flat skull; others have the nose compressed; some cut off the earlaps; others spread the ears out to huge dimensions.

The tribe, to which I refer at present, evinced little culture and was very stupid, very likely in consequence of the above-mentioned operation. But, as a rule, they were harmless people, and would not molest anyone unless it were on provocation.

10. Disappointment

I remained four days in the woods with these Indians, and baptized two babes in danger of death. We agreed that the group should go to the reduction, and have Father Prefect assign them a place to dwell. I thought they would keep their promise, not knowing that if one does not have them go directly with him, they will never follow. So I went back to the center all aglow over the supposed success of my expedition. One of the tribe came with us to take a look at the Padres and the Christians, and it pleased

him so well that he promised to bring in his whole relationship, about fifty persons, within the month. I was content with this. But Father Prefect did not trust his promise, and he proved to be correct: we waited for two months and not a soul appeared.

I wished to hunt them up, but Father Prefect said it would simply be loss of time and labor. However, we did send two Christians to investigate. They returned ten days later declaring there was no hope of bringing in the party. The deluded people had related to our messengers that the devil, whom they call Lupay, had come to them on our departure, and whipped them soundly, because they had welcomed us and promised to come to the reduction. Father Prefect told us that this happened usually in such cases, and that they were tricks of the devil worshippers, to keep the natives in thralldom. These magicians or devil's priests had an unbounded influence over the poor Indians, and claimed direct intercourse with the spirits.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR ROSARIES

All remember O'Connell's answer when he was upbraided for reciting his beads in the corridor of the English House of Commons, while his colleagues were in hot debate in the interests of their faith and of their native land.

"I'm helping them more than you think."

M. de Castelnau, a French Senator whose death has just been chronicled, was as ardent a lover of the beads as the great emancipator. He was a Catholic who believed in frequent Communion; every Sunday and all feast-days saw him at the altar.

The secret of his power was fervent prayer, and not content with the beads, he often recited the fifteen decades of the Rosary, the little office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and besides, he went daily for advice to his Friend in the Tabernacle. His beads brought him victory at the polls. "What do you want us to do with a deputy who says his beads every day?" said one; but these beads did not prevent him from being listened to with attention every time he spoke in the Chamber, where he often treated with rare ability questions of law, finance and agriculture.
—*Catholic News.*

PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

FATHER O'Neill was tired. He had just returned to his study from the church, where he had heard confessions for the past three hours, and had put the finishing touches to the splendid new crib. He was now warming his rheumatic feet at the cozy hearth. Sitting comfortably in his roomy morris chair, the venerable old priest heaved a deep sigh. Then a mischievous smile began to play on his lips as he muttered half audibly,

"I just wonder how it is going to work!"

But the red and yellow flames that leaped in fantastic shapes from the burning spruce did not answer this query; so he continued his musing. All was silent except the ticking of the clock on the mantel and the crackling of the fire that flitted eagerly up the wide-mouthed chimney.

Suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, Father O'Neill exclaimed:

"The idea of such a quarrel originating from such a cause and all my efforts to reunite the broken bonds of friendship so far ineffectual!—If they weren't so prominent in the parish, it would not be so bad. But that the Nortons and Rileys should become enemies and remain such, surpasses all my experience!"

As he spoke, the clock began to strike the hour.

"Ten o'clock already. He ought to be here soon," he remarked, looking toward the frost-covered window.

A few minutes later, the crunching of foot-steps on the newly fallen snow announced the expected visitor. Rising quickly, Father O'Neill went into the vestibule, and threw the door wide open.

"God bless you, Jimmy, my boy!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Why, you're as punctual as the clock. Come in, come in."

"Why, how do you do, Father John. I am very glad to see you. You look splendid in your new violet cassock; but I'll never get used to brushing you 'Monsignor'. To me you will always be plain Father John, although you look every inch a bishop."

"Tut, tut, you flatterer. Get off your coat and come in near the fire and have a cup of hot tea," laughingly responded Father O'Neill, as he brushed the snowflakes off his visitor, and led the way to his study.

The newcomer was a tall young man of twenty-three, clean shaven, with a ruddy complexion, light blue eyes, wavy blond hair, and broad manly shoulders. Notwithstanding, James Norton, the promising young seminarian in deacon's orders, was still "little Jimmy" to Father O'Neill, who had married the Nortons, baptized this their first child, given him his first Holy Communion, and who hoped in the coming June to be present at his first holy Mass. Soon the old pastor and his young friend were seated before the fire, sipping their tea, recounting old times and listening with eager interest to each other's recital of the latest home and seminary news.

"And so you were ordained deacon last week," Father O'Neill interrupted, as James was describing the recent ordinations at the seminary. "Well, to-morrow, my boy, you will have the first opportunity of exercising your new office. I have announced the solemn High Mass for five o'clock, and you may have the honor of being deacon."

"Thank you, Father, for your kindness. My good parents will be overjoyed. My, what a surprise it will be for them to see me to-morrow in the sanctuary. For, I have strictly followed your injunction not to inform them of my coming. But who will be subdeacon, if I may ask? Is he here already?"

"No, he has not yet come. He wrote that he would take the mid-night flyer, which pulls into the station at 4:30 A. M. That will bring him here just in time for the five o'clock service. It's too bad that he must travel all night; but, he said he could not get away earlier. Well, Jimmy, we shall be sitting here all night, if we don't go to bed soon. It's half past eleven already. Come, I will show you to your bedroom, and then we will say 'Good Night'. But first hang this stocking here at the fireplace. Old Margey gave it to me purposely for her "cher enfant", as she still loves to call you."

"All right, Father. God bless her dear soul! And I'll hang it just where I used to when I was her little errand boy in the happy days long gone; although her "cher enfant" has grown a bit since he hung his Christmas stocking here last. And now good night, Father John. Sweet Christmas dreams!" James called, looking back as he ascended the stairs.

"The same to you, my boy. Good Night!" Father O'Neill rejoined cheerfully. Then as he turned to go to his room, he shook his gray head and said softly, "I just wonder how it will work!"

* * *

What weighed so heavily on the good old pastor's heart was the estrangement that divided the two most prominent families of his parish, the Nortons and the Rileys, an estrangement that had lasted now for well-nigh eight years. As far

as Father O'Neill could tell, the quarrel developed in this manner. James Norton and Frank Riley, the promising scions of these two families, were universally loved and respected on account of their many good qualities and their extraordinary talents. There had naturally been friendly rivalry between them all along, but nothing serious had ever occurred to weaken their friendship, until the close of their last year at school.

Commencement day at St. Mark's was one of great festivity and importance for the parish as well as for the whole of Preston. St. Mark's was the only Catholic church in the town, which totaled some 5000 souls, and the parochial school had succeeded in reaching a grade of excellence that was an object of envy to the other schools. The year 1898 was especially successful, and the graduating class was led by James Norton and Frank Riley. This fact was at the same time a source of pleasure and worry to the pastor. "Which of the two shall have the valedictory?" he asked himself time and again. Finally, he decided to let the boys draw straws for the honor. Frank Riley was the fortunate one, and he was accordingly named valedictorian. Norton was somewhat disappointed, but boy-like soon forgot the incident, and listened with evident interest to Frank's flow of oratory.

Not so his family, that had long looked forward to the proud day when their idolized boy should lead his class as valedictorian. Madge Norton, Jimmy's sister, was present with the other children of the class when the straws were pulled, and, piqued over the outcome, boldly asserted that Father John had indicated to Frank Riley which straw he should draw. Nothing could have been farther from the truth than this assertion; nevertheless, Mrs. Norton gave full credence to

the story. Then she remembered, too, how Father O'Neill had lately asked Mrs. Riley in preference to her to attend to some society work of the parish, which Mrs. Norton had till then usually performed. This was enough to convince her that Father John liked the Rileys more than he did them, and thus the seeds of enmity were sown.

It did not take long for either Father O'Neill or the Rileys to notice that a change had come over their old friends, the Nortons. At first, they could not divine the cause, but gossiping tongues soon brought the desired information. The good old pastor was sorely grieved over the affair, and attempted an explanation, but to no avail.

"We are not angry at you, Father," Mrs. Norton declared, "nor do we bear any ill will towards the Rileys; but, we simply do not want to be on speaking terms with them, and that settles it."

After this avowal, Father John knew that it would be easier to move Gibraltar than to change Mrs. Norton's attitude on this point. Fully convinced that it was only a case of wounded pride, he tried every means in his power to bring about a reconciliation, but to no purpose. The Rileys made friendly overtures at first to win back their old friends, but as these were coldly spurned, they, too, became provoked, and matters went from bad to worse. Jimmy Norton had been strictly forbidden to associate with Frank Riley, and thus also between the two boys a coldness sprang up, for which neither could give a satisfactory explanation.

The parishioners at first could not understand how the two families could sever a long-standing friendship for so slight a reason, and the feud caused no little scandal. After some time, however, they became used to the fact, and ceased to speak about it. Father

John, who felt himself to be the innocent cause of the whole trouble, could not so easily forget it, but determined to bide his time.

In September following the eventful commencement day, Frank Riley and James Norton both left for college to take up a classical course in preparation for the sacred ministry. By careful investigation Mrs. Norton learned the name of the college Frank's parents had selected, and she naturally chose a different institution for James. Years passed, and both boys were now nearing the greatest event of their lives, their ordination to the holy priesthood. James was to be ordained deacon during the days of Advent, while Frank, whose Bishop would not have ordinations until the following spring, was as yet only subdeacon. Both, however, were to celebrate their first holy Mass in their home parish the coming June.

"What a new scandal that will be for the parish," the gentle old pastor kept repeating to himself, "when the two first priests from the parish come here to offer their first Sacrifice to God, and their families will not even speak to each other. Something must be done to bring about a reconciliation before that event takes place."

One day early in December, after the sorely perplexed priest had almost reached his wits' end in devising plans for bringing about peace, and then discarding one after the other as utterly hopeless, he knelt down on his favorite priedieu below a picture of the Madonna and Child, and began to pray the rosary. He was just finishing the third joyful mystery, the Nativity at Bethlehem, when a sudden thought like a ray of light entered his mind, and rising up quickly he exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight, "O Mother Mary, I've got it! I've got it!"

Old Margey came running to learn the cause of all the excitement, but when she appeared on the scene, Father O'Neill was quietly seated at his desk and writing as fast as his fingers could run over the paper. The two letters he wrote were of the same import. They were addressed to the rectors of the seminaries where the two young men were pursuing their studies, and contained the request for their assistance at the solemn Christmas services in their native parish. The letters were mailed that very night, and then with a sigh of relief, Father O'Neill knelt down and finished his rosary. His request was readily granted by both rectors; but, he kept the whole affair to himself, merely announcing that the five o'clock Mass on Christmas morning would be a solemn service. He was nervously anxious as to the final outcome of his scheme, and Margey with no little astonishment overhead him several times saying to himself, "I wonder how it is going to work!"

* * *

When he awoke the following morning at the merry pealing of the Christmas chimes, Father O'Neill was quite depressed in spirits. He had had a troubled sleep, having dreamt that his great plan had turned out a miserable failure, and had even made matters worse. As he stepped into his study, James came to meet him calling out cheerfully:

"Merry Christmas, Father John! Look with what Santa stuffed my stocking. Everything imaginable, from a gilt-edged pocket breviary down to cream candy and fudge."

"A merry Christmas to you also, Jimmy," replied Father O'Neill, much relieved by James's lively spirits. "I thought I should have to send Margey to waken you, and here you are up and dressed and examining your Christmas stocking.

Well that's just like you. Now, go over to the sacristy to see whether all is in order and properly arranged for the Mass. I will follow as soon as the subdeacon arrives."

James did as he was bidden, and found everything in perfect order. The church was beautifully decorated. The position of the crib, in the middle of the sanctuary, was both novel and impressive. The entire high altar was hidden from view by banks of evergreen, palms, and potted ferns, which formed a most picturesque background for the charming ruin representing the stable of Bethlehem. Directly in front of the crib was a temporary altar, very tastefully adorned with candles, cut flowers, and holly. Suspended from the ceiling by invisible cords directly over the altar hung a figure of a large angel bearing in his hands the Christmas message: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will;" while concealed electric lights of various colors shed a flood of brightness over the whole.

At ten minutes of five, James began to vest, when the door of the sacristy opened, and—what was his surprise to see that the unnamed subdeacon was no other than his old friend and classmate, Frank Riley. Frank was quite the opposite of James in appearance. Slightly built, with oval face, large dark brown eyes, jet black hair that lay neatly parted on his well-shaped head, he appeared small beside his tall athletic companion. His whole bearing was one of modest reserve paired with courtesy, and bespoke the deep scholar and perfect gentleman. Perceiving James Norton standing at the table half vested for Mass, Frank, evidently most agreeably surprised, walked toward him, and offering his hand, said,

"Why, hello, James. This certainly is a pleasant surprise. A merry Christmas to you!"

"A merry Christmas!—Frank—glad to—see—you," stammered James, blushing profusely and somewhat abashed at Frank's undisguised friendliness.

This was the first time in almost eight years that they had spoken together; not that they bore any ill will toward each other, but simply because they had become used to avoiding each other's company after the rupture between their families.

Father O'Neill, who had watched the scene from the corner of his eye while washing his fingers before vesting, helped James out of his embarrassment by quickly remarking,

"Now, boys, hurry up and vest. You can talk all you want after Mass."

As the tower clock struck five, the procession filed into the sanctuary, and the organist did his utmost to inaugurate the glorious feast with an appropriate prelude. The spacious church was filled to the last nook with devout worshippers, which fact was a special source of joy to the zealous pastor. All eyes were riveted on the imposing line of altar-boys and sacred ministers as they marched to their places, and a suppressed murmur of voices was heard as the two young levites entered the sanctuary, and were recognized by the parishioners. The pious old priest had expected this, and had, therefore, with his customary simplicity, begged the recording Angel to write this irreverence to his account if only his plan of reconciliation would succeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley were almost overcome with joy at the unexpected appearance of their son in sacred vestments at the altar, and at once surmised their good pastor's ruse. The Nortons, too, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw

James vested as deacon, standing at the right of Father O'Neill, but were somewhat nettled on recognizing his partner.

Mrs. Norton tried to busy herself with her prayer book, but she could not keep her eyes off her darling boy. He, at least, had the place of honor, she mused, and his fine figure showed off to better advantage beside the slim and emaciated form of his companion. Then, too, Frank Riley seemed to bow so deferentially to James whenever they came together; and even Mrs. Norton had to acknowledge that Frank was very graceful in his movements and quite humble in his whole demeanor. When James sang the Gospel, and his rich baritone voice reverberated through the lofty arches, the Nortons were in ecstasy, and were quite certain that Frank Riley could not begin to compete with James.

After the Gospel, Father O'Neill mounted the pulpit to deliver the festive sermon. He had worked out an appropriate discourse, and had carefully committed it to memory. But this day's celebration was a most extraordinary one, and when he had finished the introduction, an entire new train of thoughts took possession of him, formed themselves into words, and flowed from his lips with an ease and eloquence that astounded his hearers. In fact, he himself declared later that he had never spoken thus in his whole priestly career, and he was convinced that the Holy Spirit had spoken through him. As his text he had chosen the words: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will," and he spoke with such force and unction on the fruits of heavenly peace, and denounced with such vehemence the hell-born vice of discord and enmity, reared on the foundation of wounded pride and jealousy, that his hearers were stirred to the very

depths of their souls, and bowed their heads in deep compunction.

If the sermon profoundly impressed the congregation as a whole, its effect on the Nortons was wonderful. Grace was working silently yet effectively, and gradually the icy crust that had enveloped their hearts these many years, began to give way before the melting rays of divine love, and they now clearly perceived the utter folly of their mode of acting. What had the Rileys really done to them that they should exclude them from their love? Now, that they came to think of it, absolutely nothing. Every accusation had long since been disproved; and yet their foolish pride had prevented them from acknowledging their fault.

So absorbed were the Nortons in these salutary thoughts that from then on they followed the services more or less mechanically. All of a sudden Mr. Norton pushed his wife saying, "Martha, look!"

She looked and beheld James and Frank at the foot of the altar united in affectionate embrace as they gave each other the kiss of peace. The two young men had also been deeply affected by the sermon and the entire celebration, and when the moment arrived to give the customary kiss of peace after the "Pax Domini," they did not stop at the formal ceremony, but embraced each other in true brotherly fashion while their eyes looking deep into each other's soul spoke words of love and sorrow.

As James's parents gazed at the touching scene, tears of contrition sprang to their eyes; and if ever an earnest, pleading "Dona nobis pacem!" reached the realms of peace above, it was from the sorrow-

smitten hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Norton on that blessed Christmas morning.

Immediately after Mass, they repaired to the sacristy to beg pardon for the wrong they had done to Frank and his family, and to extend to him their heartiest Christmas greetings. At the door, they found Mr. and Mrs. Riley who had just preceded them. The next moment the sacristy was a scene of the greatest excitement. Apologies and tears, handshaking and Christmas greetings followed each other in quick succession. The tender hearted old pastor was beside himself with joy and the tears flowed unrestrained down his venerable cheeks.

After the first outbursts of joy had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Norton, wishing the better to cement the bonds of friendship, insisted with her accustomed impetuosity, that Father O'Neill and the Rileys should take their Christmas dinner with them. To this Mrs. Riley objected, declaring that they should meet at her house. Father O'Neill fearing that his peace negotiations, now so happily realized, might result in renewed hostilities, settled the question to the satisfaction of all, by inviting both families to his table, assuring them that old Margey would be in the best of spirits for a month after if they would do her the honor of accepting his invitation.

"And now let us repair once more to the Divine Child," he continued, grasping the hands of Frank and James, "and with hearts filled with gratitude offer our sincerest thanks to Him for the inestimable Christmas gift of peace He has deigned to grant us."



FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. May the Lord bless thee and keep thee. May he show his face to thee and have mercy on thee. May he turn his countenance to thee and give thee peace. May the Lord bless thee.—St. Francis to Brother Leo.

2. Brethren, let us now begin to be good, and to become better, for hitherto we have made but little progress.—St. Francis.

3. According to the laws that rule the spiritual world, the attraction of one soul is needed to elevate another. This attraction we call love; in the language of philosophy it is called friendship, in that of Christianity it is called charity.—Frederick Ozanam, Tertiary.

4. Our sins are like a grain of sand by the great mountain of God's mercy.—Bl. Cure d'Ars, Tertiary.

5. The first rule of Christian charity is to believe no evil if we have not seen it, and to be silent if we have seen it.—Pope Clement XIV, 1st Order.

6. We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is everywhere, and every person is his handiwork.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

7. All this respect shown to us by men, robs us of our reward.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

8. As soon as we cease to pray, we hasten toward hell.—Bl. Cure d'Ars, Tertiary.

9. He who envies his brother the graces God has given him, commits the sin of blasphemy, because he thus envies the Most High, who inspires every good word and action.—St. Francis.

10. Truth which is not charitable, springs from a charity which is not true.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

11. My God and my all! Thou art all to me. Thou art my good; Thou art my hope, my strength, my riches, my life, my joy, my happiness. Thou art all that I could possibly desire.—St. Francis.

12. How many Christians weep over temporal misfortunes, and are insensible to the loss of their souls! One is horrified on finding himself near a dead body, yet one delights daily in the society of sinners.—St. Antony of Padua, 1st Order.

13. Prayer which raises our hearts and minds to God, shows us from on high the vanity of the goods and pleasures here below; it fills us with light, strength, and consolation, and discloses to us the peace and happiness of heaven.—St. Rose of Viterbo, 3rd Order.

14. It is a Name full of delights; for, when meditated on, it is our food, when uttered, it is our consolation, when invoked it is a sweet unction, and when put into practice it is our guide and our stay. O my soul! whether you write, or whatever else you do, let nothing give you joy or pleasure, unless the name of Jesus be there.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

15. I beseech you to keep ever before your eyes the Passion of our Lord, the memory whereof will strengthen you, and enable you to suffer everything for his love.—St. Francis to SS. Berard and Companions, Martyrs of 1st Order.

16. Keep your honors and your gold. We desire naught but Jesus Christ. Let us endure all tortures, even death. Every pain will be sweet if we only have in mind the heavenly glory to follow.—St. Berard, 1st Order.

17. Alas! I desire sufferings, but when the Lord in his mercy sends me little trials and troubles, I am not able to suffer them patiently and without complaint.—Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Tertiary.

18. True charity is impossible without sacrifice.—St. Benedict Labre, Tertiary.

19. Our duty is to bring home the message of St. Francis to the modern world, the message of brotherhood and unworldliness, of charity and self-restraint.—Fr. Cuthbert, 1st Order.

20. Our daily work, if honorable and good, is not so incompatible with the service of God, that on account of it we should abstain from Holy Communion.—Bl. Benvenuta of Ancona, Tertiary.

21. Christ must be for us the book of life; our model, whose traits we must try to reproduce. We must learn to think and wish as Christ does; his virtues we must meditate on and put into practice; we must try to do all things according to his will and intention. Without restraint there is no virtue.—Bl. John Eudes, Tertiary.

22. Why should the Name of Jesus be less powerful to-day than formerly? Alas! we have too little confidence in Jesus.—Pope Pius IX, Tertiary.

23. The characteristic of created objects is unceasing changeableness; we hardly enjoy happiness before we are plunged into an abyss of evil.—St. Agnes of Assisi, 2nd Order.

24. A living and active faith makes man steadfast, sweetens and facilitates the fulfillment of his duties, and ensures for him a place in heaven more precious than a worldly kingdom.—St. Robert, King of Naples, Tertiary.

25. Every time you hear the clock strike, remember that you are not the master of the next hour, and think, at the same time of the Passion our Lord was pleased to suffer to gain eternity for you.—Bl. Labu Cordigere, Tertiary.

26. It is better to serve God than to rule the world! How happy are they who serve God!—St. Francis.

27. We must not wish to accomplish everything in one day, nor within a month advance to perfection worthy of canonization. Such a desire does not spring from humility.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

28. Whoever wishes to save his soul, must unite three hearts in one: for God, the heart of a child; for his neighbor, the heart of a mother; for himself, the heart of a judge.—St. Paschal Baylon, 1st Order.

29. Those who love the poor during this life, shall not be without consolation at the hour of death.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

30. Having been asked by some one, whether prayer accompanied by spiritual sweetness was more useful than that in which only dryness is felt, St. Hyacintha of Mariscotti, of the Third Order, answered, "Both ways may be good, but in my opinion it shows more love to Jesus when one serves him without sensible enjoyment and sweetness. The greatest perfection consists in the cross and in suffering. I do not know how to speak of consolation, but I consider the way of the cross the safest."

31. The Third Order is our strongest hope for the future. The spread of the Third Order means a reformation and renewal of the parish, the city, and the country.—Abbe de Segur, Tertiary.

BETHLEHEM

NIGHT on Judea's plains—calm, holy night,
 In silence deep the royal city lies;
 The shepherd band their nightly vigil keep
 Out on the hills, beneath the star-strewn skies.
 Many a yearning heart thy walls enclose,
 City of David, as the night descends;
 "Come and delay not, O expected One!"
 Up to the doors of Heaven that cry ascends.
 A manger cave outside the city's gates,
 Upon the hills the light of Christmas morn,
 A happy Mother with her Babe divine,
 And glad hearts singing: "Christ the Lord is born!"
 Ages have fled, since casting off His glory,
 Our Friend and Brother came that blessed night;
 Still may we hasten where His star is shining—
 The ever gleaming sanctuary light.
 Like shepherds, we, too, kneel, the King adoring,
 Within our hearts His joy it is to dwell;
 To-day, as long ago, in Bethlehem's manger,
 Our God is here—our Lord Emmanuel.

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To all our benefactors, friends, readers, subscribers, solicitors, and contributors we extend our sincerest wishes for a happy New Year.

Within the breast of every mortal, burns an insatiable desire of happiness. The reason for this is because man is created for happiness. From the fact that "man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries," it does not follow that ours is necessarily an unhappy lot. For, each one has it in his power to lead a happy life; hence, also to make the coming year a happy one. Why, then, do so many complain that they are unhappy? The reason is because they seek their happiness where it is not to be found, namely, in the fruition of earthly goods and pleasures. But, earthly goods and pleasures can never satisfy the craving of the human heart, which is created for God, and for him alone. Hence, the possession of God, which may be said to be but another term for the love of God, is the only principle of our happiness, both temporal and eternal. As the possession of God will be our supreme bliss in Heaven, so the love of God constitutes our true and only happiness on earth. Everything else rather hinders than promotes our happiness.

The Saints of God were the happiest of men, because they chose rather to forgo the goods and pleasures of the world than to be deprived of the love of God and the happiness springing therefrom. St. Francis of Assisi was never so happy as, when standing before the Bishop of Assisi, homeless, friendless, penniless, he snapped the last bond between him and the world by stripping himself of his garments and returning them to his father with the words: "Now I can truly say, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven'." He had found his happiness in the love of God. We, too, shall be happy as soon as the love of God gains the ascendancy, in our hearts, over our other affections, and becomes the one supreme factor and moving force in our lives.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

With this issue of the *Franciscan Herald* we begin a new series of frontispieces. The subjects are the seven corporal works of mercy. We deem this series especially suited to a Tertiary magazine, inasmuch as the pictures will serve each month to remind the Tertiaries of the scope of the Third Order, which consists no less in personal sanctification than in charity toward one's neighbor.

The first picture of the series represents a half-clad and famished beggar kneeling before a well-dressed and princely woman, whose whole appearance breathes sympathy and kindness. From a well-stocked basket she has just taken a loaf of bread which she is placing into the outstretched hand of the poor wayfarer. His upturned face bespeaks deep gratitude, while his half-parted lips seem to utter the pious wish, "God bless you." The castle in the rear suggests the thought that the woman represented is none other than the charitable princess St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, patroness of the Third Order, whose shining example of charity has inspired and illumined the world, and sent its benign rays through the long vistas

of ages down to our own wobegone days. The whole representation is a practical illustration of the first corporal work of mercy.

To feed the hungry is a godlike work. For, is it not God who daily feeds countless millions of men and animals? True, he does not dispense his bounties in equal measure to all, for the reason that he wishes to give us an opportunity of imitating his goodness; for he expressly commands, "Deal thy bread to the hungry." (Is, LVIII, 7) By the hungry are understood those who lack the necessary means of sustenance and who, for some reason, are unable to earn their daily bread. By divine command we are bound to assist such as these, and we can do so in many ways; as for instance, by giving them money wherewith to buy food, by commending them to benevolent persons or associations, by obtaining work for them, or by sharing with them our own meals.

If, according to the words of our Lord, the poor are always with us, and if none of us is so poor but can share his crust of bread with one still needier, then it should not be impossible for anyone to practice this godlike work of mercy and to obtain the reward promised to the merciful.

A WORD WITH OUR READERS

This month, *Franciscan Herald* enters upon the third year of its life, and we think the occasion a proper one for a heart-to-heart talk with our readers.

When this magazine was called into life, there were many that shook their heads at so hazardous a beginning, and even ventured to predict that a publication with so narrow a scope as the spreading of the Third Order and the aiding of Franciscan missions would not live to see its second birthday. We need not tell our readers how false these predictions have proved; for, as they can see for themselves, we have passed the critical period of our existence, and there is yet some life left in us. True, we are still rather young, but we hope to grow older; and, if a steadily increasing subscription list warrants any prognostications, we shall grow older. We have no fears whatever for the future of our periodical; for, we were convinced from the beginning, that the Tertiaries of this country are just as willing to support their own magazine as are the Tertiaries of other countries, and we are now more than ever convinced that they will continue to do so.

Our readers have surely compared our publication with other magazines. It is for them to judge whether ours suffers by comparison. But we should like to remind them that *Franciscan Herald* is primarily a Franciscan magazine, that is, an organ of the Third Order, whose purpose it is to work for the spread of this institution and incidentally also to promote interest in the Franciscan missions, especially those among the Indians of our own country. This is the program we announced in our first issue, and we take a pardonable pride in saying that we have religiously and steadfastly adhered to it. Again and again we have been asked to widen the scope of our publication, or in other words to give it a more general character, and we have been solemnly assured that this would materially increase the number of our subscriptions. Our answer has invariably been that it is not our purpose to invade the field already occupied by other worthy publications. As matters now stand, we do not feel warranted in making any change. Yet, we should like to have

the opinion of our readers on this point; for, after all, the *Herald* is their magazine as much as it is ours. We ask our readers, therefore, when renewing their subscriptions, kindly to inform us whether they prefer an out-and-out Franciscan magazine with a specific purpose, or a publication of general interest with no particular purpose.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

"The day of the dollar magazine is over. From the very beginning of the popular-price (one dollar) magazine the cost of production has exceeded the net amount received from subscriptions, and if it had not been for the advertising it would never have been possible to publish a magazine at the price of one dollar a year. Most of the standard magazines advanced their subscription price several years ago, and even the present advanced price is not sufficient to cover the cost of material and production. Further increases seem inevitable, for the day is bound to come—and perhaps it is not far distant—when the publisher must of necessity fix a price for his product that will enable him not only to meet his expenses, but also to make a slight profit, on the manufactured article, and not depend, as at present, entirely on the by-product—advertising."

Fear not, gentle reader, that we are going to advance our subscription price. These are not our words, but those of the managing editor of a very widely read Catholic monthly. We have quoted them merely to bring home to our readers the fact that the publication of our magazine is not a money-making scheme. Far be it from us to class our publication among "the standard magazines." But, we venture to say that "the cost of material and production" in our case is not far below that of others, as will appear on closer examination. Yet, we carry no paid advertisements, nor have we, for the present, any thought of admitting advertising matter into our pages. We are, therefore, wholly dependent on our subscriptions. Our subscribers will, therefore, bear with us when we ask them to renew their subscriptions promptly after receipt of the expiration notice.

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

We have been asked by the Reverend Paul James Francis of the Society of the Atonement to remind our readers of the Church Unity Octave which will be observed from January 18–25. The object of this octave of prayer is to expedite the time when the prayer of our Lord: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee", will be realized.

In "An Address to All American Catholics," the Reverend Father refers to the deplorable conditions now existing in Europe, in Mexico, and in our own country, and concludes his remarks with the forceful appeal: "If there is not provocation enough on the face of the earth at the present hour to impel all Catholics to unite in the observance of an Octave of Prayer, already hallowed by the blessing of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius of holy memory, and endorsed by Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, then in God's Name what will provoke the Catholic faithful to take up the agonizing cry of Christ on the eve of his crucifixion that His dis-

principles might be one, *Ut omnes unum sint*, and echo it back to the throne of the Omnipotent as a roar of a multitude which no man can number."

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON MEXICO

Our readers will be acquainted, by this time, with Mr. Roosevelt's forceful yet dignified revelation of conditions in Mexico. Catholics have known for some time that something was rotten in our sister republic to the South, and sad, silent, and dark were the tears that they shed that, in this land of the free and home of the brave, no one was found to champion the cause of their persecuted and outraged brethren in that unfortunate and war-ridden country. Need we ask by what motives the ex-President was actuated in putting the issue before the government and the people of this country? To do so would be ungenerous in the extreme. It should be enough for Catholics to know that Mr. Roosevelt has rendered the Church an inestimable service, a service for which every Catholic can not but thank and respect him.

"Mr. Roosevelt," says *The Morning Star*, "has measured up to the full height of true, fair-minded, honorable American citizenship in the brave, honest, outspoken manner in which he has taken up the part of the suffering and persecuted and given to the world, above his own eminent signature, the veritable facts he so painstakingly gathers in behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed of a faith different from that which he professes, but which labor his high sense of justice and truth and right impelled him to undertake. In the careful collection and publication of such data, he has rendered an inestimable, never-to-be-forgotten service to humanity and civilization."

With the exception of a few dozen paper-covered and about four hundred clothbound copies, we have disposed of our entire supply of Third Order Catechisms. We shall be ready to issue a second edition as soon as it is called for. In the meantime, we shall be pleased to receive orders and keep them on file to be filled at the first opportunity.

"Franciscan Gleanings"—which appear for the first time in this issue—will furnish excellent "breakfast food" for Tertiaries. A new recipe will be found for each day of the month.

Enthusiasm for the Third Order is enthusiasm of the right order. Interest in the Indian missions is a profitable interest.

A good New Year's resolution—I will be prompt in renewing my subscription to *Franciscan Herald*, and secure at least one new subscriber in the course of the year.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

III

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

“**A**T this time”, Fr. Mazanet continues his narrative, “His Excellency (the viceroy) deigned to send for me. I was living at the Mission of San Salvador, in the Santiago Valley, Coahuila. I went to Queretaro, arriving at my College of the Holy Cross (1) on October 24, 1689, and left for Mexico on All Souls’ Day. On November 5, I came to the convent of San Cosme. On the next day, the Most Rev. Fr. Juan Capistrano arrived from Spain as Commissary General for this province of New Spain.....

“I saw the Most Rev. Father, and we spoke of Texas. He said to me, ‘See His Excellency,’ and then come again to me.’ I had an interview with His Excellency, and spoke at great length of Santo Espiritu Bay and of the Texas Indians. He immediately replied that he would promote the cause with might and main (2). His Excellency resolved to call a general council in order to decide what should be done. It was uncertain whether any French vessels had come in the meantime with settlers for Espiritu Bay; and there were other grounds for acting since the Texas Indians were asking for priests. His Excellency finally decided that

a second expedition should be undertaken, and that Captain Alonso de Leon should go as commander, taking with him one hundred and ten soldiers. Moreover, His Excellency bade me to make note of all I needed.....

“I was determined that the journey should take place after Christmas (1689). When Christmas had passed, His Excellency dispatched Captain Francisco Martinez with twenty mules laden with church goods, clothing for distribution among the Indians, and six cargass (3) of tobacco. I awaited him at the College of Santa Cruz, Queretaro, with the religious who were to accompany me. These friars were Fr. Miguel Fontcubierta, Fr. Francisco de Jesus Maria, Fr. Antonio Perea, Fr. Francisco Hidalgo, and Fr. Antonio Bordoy, all priests. Fathers Antonio Perea and Francisco Hidalgo, however, for the present remained at the Mission of San Salvador, in Coahuila.

“We left Coahuila for Texas on Easter Tuesday, March 28, 1690. Forty of the men enlisted at Zacatecas were for the most part tailors, carpenters, masons, and miners—in short, none of them could catch the horses on which they were to ride; for when they had once let them go,

(1) The Bull of Innocent XI, authorizing Fr. Antonio Linaz to establish an Apostolic College, or Seminary for the training of missionaries, at the Convent of Santa Cruz, Queretaro, is dated May 8, 1682.

(2) This was Viceroy Conde de Galve.

(3) Carga or load, i. e., as much as a pack mule could carry; about 275 pounds.

they could manage them no longer. Besides, we had saddles that could not have been worse.

"Thus we began to travel by the route described in the journal. What I noticed was, that on our first trip, we had found many Indians along the rivers and everywhere else, while this time we went to inspect the Bay of Espiritu Santo, and returned to the Guadalupe River without having discovered a single Indian. Twenty of us reached the fort (St. Louis) built by the French, the rest staid with the horses at the Guadalupe River".

Fr. Mazanet then relates how they found the fort, as was said in the preceding number. The location is now ascertained beyond a doubt. He then continues: "We returned to the main body of the expedition and on the next morning, we left for the country of the Texas. We crossed the San Marcos River on the Feast of the Holy Cross, May 3. On the next day, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were still traveling northward, and all of us weary with the seven days' journey, we saw some buffaloes, and the soldiers went out to kill some for supper. I remained with the son of Captain Leon, and as we were walking directly forward, an Indian woman, attracted by the report of a gun, came out of a thicket. We also noticed two Indians in the distance. When we had come closer, I waved my hat to them, whereupon they fled into the thicket. We went up to the thicket with Captain Leon and the soldiers who were just returning, but could find no Indians. We did find some buffalo hides fastened to a tree so as to form a shelter, also a great quantity of buffalo meat, dried as well as fresh, three wild fowl that were roasting over a fire, and buffalo tongues, that looked as appetizing as ham. We

left everything untouched; nay, more, we left a bunch of tobacco, some small knives, and some ribbons, and went away.

"On the next day, the soldiers found a lone Indian hunting. They brought him into camp, and we gave him some presents, and told him that, if he would take a message to the chief of the Texas, we would give him a horse. Another Indian coming up offered to take the message, if he were given a good horse. We therefore sent him, telling him to light fires along the road by which they would come, and that we would answer by the same signal..... Later on, another Indian who was thoroughly acquainted with the road into the country of the Texas, came to us, and showed us the way until we met the chief of the Texas together with fourteen or fifteen of his Indians, and the Indian whom he had sent to him with our message. It was about ten o'clock when we came upon them at a brook in which they were bathing. As soon as the chief saw me, he came forward to embrace me. We sat down to converse in signs—this being the usual mode of communication in those regions—, and he produced a small sack of powdered tobacco, of the kind which they raise and another small sack of *pinole* (4) which was white and of very good quality. After we had conversed for some time, we left the place, and went to rest awhile. That night it was arranged to provide the chief with garments, so that his people might see how highly we esteemed him.

"Three days later, Monday, May 22, 1690, we entered the village. It was raining heavily on our arrival. That year it had, up to that time, rained but little, and the corn was already suffering from the drought; but every day of the eleven that

(4) Parched corn, ground or crushed.

we spent in the village, it rained very hard. In the evening, the chief being in the tent with us, an old Indian woman brought him for his meal a large earthen vessel full of *frijoles* (beans), with ground nuts and tamales. On the next day, the chief expressed a desire to take us to his house that we might live there. After dinner, we priests discussed what we should do on visiting the chief's house, and whether it would be advisable to stay there. My opinion was that we four religious should go on foot, carrying our staffs, which were surmounted by a crucifix, and singing the Litany of our Lady; and that a Tertiary Brother (5), who was with us, should precede carrying aloft, fastened to a lance, a canvas picture of the Blessed Virgin.

"We set out in this manner for the chief's house, and this devout action proved so blessed in its results that, although it had rained heavily, and the water stood high all along the road where we had to pass, so high, indeed, that for the greater part of the way it came nearly to our knees, in our fervor we paid no attention to the water. Following the example given, some of the soldiers, who were wading through the water, became animated with such zeal and ardor that they could not keep back tears of joy. Among those who thus distinguished themselves, giving no heed to the water or to the mud, were Captain Francisco Martinez and Don Gregorio Salinas. The rest, some twenty soldiers, were on horseback, and Captain Alonso de Leon with them; we, who walked, were in their midst.

"At the chief's house we found a number of Indian men, women and children. Kneeling, we concluded the Litany, and blessed the

house. Soon the chief and other Indians came to kiss my habit; the former also bade us to enter his house. This structure is built of poles thatched over with dried grass. It is about twenty yards in circumference. It has no windows, daylight entering through the door only, which is very much like our doors. In the middle of the house is the fire, which is never extinguished by day or by night. Ranged around one half of the building, inside, are ten beds, which consist of a rug made of reeds, laid on four forked sticks. Over the rug, they spread buffalo skins, on which they sleep. To the head and foot of the bed is attached another carpet forming a sort of arch, which, lined with a very brilliantly colored piece of reed matting, makes what bears some resemblance to a very pretty alcove. In the other half of the house, there are some shelves about two yards high, and on them are ranged large round baskets made of reeds. In these they keep their corn, nuts, acorns, beans, etc. Furthermore, there is a row of very large earthen pots like our earthen jars, which are used only for making *atole* (6), when there is a large crowd on the occasion of some ceremony, and six wooden mortars for pounding the corn.

"After a little while, they brought out to each of us a small wooden bench. Then they brought us a lunch consisting of the tamales they make, with nuts, pinole, which was very well prepared, a large crock full of corn stewed with *frijoles*, and ground nuts.....

"That the religious should live in the chief's house, seemed to me unadvisable on account of the number of Indian men and women, who went in and out at all times. Using a captured French-

(5) "Donado", one who devoted himself to the service of the Fathers. Donados did not necessarily wear the habit. His name is not given.

(6) A kind of gruel made of crushed corn.

man as an interpreter, I told the chief with many kind expressions, that his house was very fine, and that I heartily appreciated his desire to have the friars in his home, but that, since we had to build a house for the celebration of holy Mass, it would be well to build likewise a dwelling for the religious, because they must needs live near the church. Thereupon, the chief said that we could build the house I asked for in the most suitable place; that he would show us the village, and that I might choose the

spot. Accordingly, on the next day we went with him; but all that day we were unable to find a place which suited me. On the next morning, I went with Captain Leon, and found a delightful spot close to a brook and a fine woods, with plum trees like those in Spain. On the following day, they began to fell trees and cart the timbers; and within three days, we had a roomy dwelling and a church, wherein to celebrate holy Mass. Very reverently we set in front of the church a high cross of carved wood.,,

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Swiftly fly the days, as nearer we approach the great Christmas festival—the Christ-Mass. At the very time that the days are darkest, the great light comes, “Lumen de Lumine.”

In Christ, God gives us Himself. Perfect love can never stop short of that. It must give and give until the giver has exhausted his treasure, and finally gives Himself. And what shall we give back?

One thing only we have to offer—one thing alone He will accept. It is the best that is in us—Good Will.

Through the frail clay in which we are so feebly fashioned, so weak of purpose, so filled with piteous flaws, runs this wonderful vein of gold, the only riches we possess—Good Will.

The Babe of Bethlehem stretches out His tiny hands for it, for it is His own. We need not hide our faces, He knows us all so well—His poor, weak brothers, troubled by so many cares, torn by so many conflicts.

We must not feel ashamed of the rags of poverty which cover us. He knows them all so well.

The shepherds were as poor as we, but no false shame, no proud bashfulness held them aloof from Him.

Let us take their hands and go to Bethlehem, sorry for His sake that we have nothing to offer but just our poor selves, poor clay with a little thread of golden will running through.

But to one another we have so much to give—all of us, the least of us.

Mutual forbearance, a kind, sincere word heartily spoken, silence when a word might only hurt, an injury forgotten and forgiven.

What trifles they seem! Yet they are the very finest things in all the world. Come, let us offer them to one another, on that day when God comes down to earth, to make all men brothers. —*Cardinal O'Connell.*

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES IN CANADA, 1615-1629

CONCLUDED

By Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M.

DURING the winter of 1628-1629, the colonists at Quebec were in a most deplorable condition. Had it not been for some friendly Montagnais Indians, who supplied them to some extent, at least, with meat from the chase, the traders would most probably have died of starvation. Although the Franciscan Fathers had repeatedly admonished them to cultivate the soil, they neglected to do so, except the widow Hebert, whose husband had died some years before, and her son-in-law, Sieur Coillard. These two families had cultivated farms, and in consequence were fairly prosperous, whereas the fur traders, who relied entirely on the annual provisions received from France, had to bear the results of their inactivity.

In their great misery, Champlain asked the Montagnais and Abenakis to take fifty Frenchmen and support them for the winter. This the good Indians willingly agreed to do. In the Spring of 1629, the colonists of Quebec were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the ships from France with the usual supply of provisions and ammunition, but the month of May passed and no ships made their appearance. During the early part of the winter, Champlain had allowed one dish of grain a day to each man, but after Christmas the rations were diminished by one half. To satisfy their gnawing hunger, the traders were obliged to eat bitter acorns and roots, and as these in the vicinity of the fort were soon consumed, they went to distances of five and six leagues in search of them. Their supply of salt, too, began to fail them, and their misery increased

from day to day. The worst, however, was yet to come.

One morning a turret of the fort collapsed without any apparent cause, as had happened already about a year before. The superstitious soldiers interpreted this as an evil omen, and hence, to counteract their fears, Champlain ordered new turrets to be built. When a small party of men, who had gone to Gaspe in hopes of meeting the expected ships, had returned empty-handed and without having learned anything, Champlain begged the Franciscan Fathers for a piece of the land they had cleared for their garden, that they might raise at least something for the coming winter.

Finally, as a last resource, Champlain and Sieur du Pont fitted up a bark of twelve to fourteen tons to sail to the mouth of the St. Lawrence river and search for the long awaited vessels. He, moreover, directed the little crew, that in case they met no ships, they should cross the ocean in their frail boat, and inform the fur company and the French government of the wretched condition of the colony of Quebec. Twelve men were selected to man the vessel, which was very poorly rigged and almost without provisions, as they had neither meat, bread, wine nor biscuits, and very little fresh water and wood. Sieur Boule, brother-in-law of Champlain, and Commis Desdames were placed in command of the expedition.

When the little ship arrived near Gaspe, they met to their great joy Sieur Emery de Caen, who had just come from France with a vessel laden with provisions and ammunition for the fort. He informed the colo-

nists, moreover, that Monsieur de Rasilly would likewise soon arrive to give battle to the English and save the colony. Sieur Boule loaded his shallop with provisions and ammunition, that in case the English warships should get to Quebec before de Rasilly, the colonists would be able to defend themselves. He soon learned from some friendly Indians, however, that the English fleet had already come, and he hastened to depart for Quebec. On the morning following his departure, Boule perceived a large ship with a boat attached to it. Some of his men asserted that the strange ship was an English vessel, while others claimed not less positively that it was a French man-of-war. In this uncertainty, Boule determined to sail towards the strange ship to reconnoiter. Unfortunately, however, he approached too near before discovering the identity of the stranger, and then endeavored to sail as fast as he could towards Quebec. The English lowered a large boat from the ship and having manned it with some twenty or twenty-five soldiers started in pursuit. After three hours they succeeded in overtaking the French shallop and took the whole crew captive. The prisoners told their captors of the miserable state of the colony and that the fort could not possibly hold out against the enemy, owing to the lack of provisions and ammunition.

While these events were transpiring near Gaspe, the Huron Indians together with their missionaries, the two Jesuit Fathers Breboeuf and Noue, and the Franciscan Friar, de la Roche, arrived at Quebec from the upper country. The labors of these holy missionaries among the Hurons had not been very successful and only a few conversions had been made. The conversion of the entire Huron nation took place at a latter date, just shortly before its destruction by the

ferocious Iroquois Indians, when Fathers Breboeuf and Lallemand died as martyrs at the stake.

Great was the surprise and consternation of the Fathers when on Thursday, July 19, 1629, a young Indian, named Manitocharge, called at the convent and informed them that three English vessels had been sighted near d'Isle d'Orleans, a league from Quebec, and that six other ships were at Tadoussac. Father Joseph le Caron immediately set out for the fort accompanied by one of his fellow religious, to inform Champlain of this fact. They were met halfway by Father Breboeuf, who told them that Champlain had given orders for all the religious to repair to the fort for protection. Meanwhile the colonists and soldiers made hasty preparations to defend the fort. But what could they do? There was scarcely enough powder on hand for eight to nine hundred gun shots and to fire their cannon thrice. The English sent a shallop with a white flag to indicate that they wished to parley with the French commander regarding the surrender of the fort. Champlain likewise hoisted a white flag over the fort to signify that he was willing to confer about the matter. Hereupon an English officer landed and gave him a letter from the brothers of General Kerr (Quer), who was then at Tadoussac. The letter was dated: "On board the Flibot, July 19, 1629", and was signed by Louis and Thomas Kerr. The document demanded the surrender of the fort and colony of Quebec, and promised honorable treatment for the commander and all the colonists in case he complied.

Champlain begged a day's time to consider the matter, and sent Father le Caron to the English captain to learn his final demands. The captain informed the Father that the French would have to surrender that very day, and if they

did so, they would all be honorably treated and sent back to France. In case they refused, however, he would compel them by force of arms to do his bidding. He even permitted Champlain himself to draw up the articles of capitulation. Seeing that it was folly to resist, Champlain promised to turn over the fort and colony on the following day, July 20, 1629. The English commander agreed to this, and on the morning the evacuation of Quebec took place. Father le Caron asked Louis Kerr to place a guard at their monastery and also at the convent of the Jesuit Fathers. This was done, but it did not prevent the English soldiers from plundering the Jesuit convent and taking from it whatever suited their fancy. For some reason or other the Franciscan Fathers fared less roughly at their hands. The traders, too, lost all their costly furs that they had lately brought from the Huron country.

On the following Sunday morning, the French colors were lowered and the English flag floated over the fort and colony of Quebec. In the afternoon of the same day, Champlain, the Jesuit missionaries and the colonists, with the exception of du Pont, who was sick at the time, were ordered to embark on the English vessels for Tadoussac. On the voyage down the St. Lawrence, they met Sieur Emery de Caen, commander of the French ship that had supplied Boule with provisions for the Quebec. He immediately gave battle; but as there were a number of French Huguenots on board his ship who refused to fight against the English, he was soon obliged to surrender.

The English captains at Quebec

permitted the Franciscan Fathers to remain for some time yet at the colony, and even allowed them to say holy Mass every day in their convent. As the Fathers were in hopes that the colony would soon be regained by the French, they concealed quite a large number of their sacred articles in a safe place for future use.

Finally, however, on September 14, 1629, the English fleet set sail for England with all the French captives including the Friars. They landed at Plymouth on October 18, where the prisoners were detained for five or six days. Then they were brought to London, thence to Dover and Calais. At last on Monday, October 29, the Franciscan missionaries reentered their friary at Paris, and were heartily welcomed by their fellow religious.

Thus ended the first efforts of Champlain to christianize the savage nations of the north, for it was on his entreaties that the Franciscan Recollects inaugurated the mission at Quebec. Canada belonged to England until 1632, when it was restored to France. Thereupon Cardinal Richelieu gave the Jesuits the privilege of resuming their missions, and Champlain lent them all possible aid. Religion then began to flourish, although not before the soil had been enriched by the blood of many martyrs. The Recollects did not return to Canada until in 1664, when they took charge of the missions at Acadia and Gaspé. Their names, however, linked with Breboeuf and Lallemand, will live in history as the saintly and fearless pioneers in the so justly famous Canadian missions of the seventeenth century.



HOMeward BOUND

By Fr. Tiburtius, O. F. M.

ON account of its isolated location, Sonoyta, Mexico, has not been much molested by the late revolution, yet even here the disastrous effects of the persecution have been keenly felt. The Spanish priests, hated on account of their nationality, have been forced to flee for their life, and unless the cruel persecutors are soon checked in their war on the Church, the poor people will eventually fall back into their former savage state.

I remained in Sonoyta three days, and the poor Indians would not permit me to leave until I promised to visit them again as soon as possible. The night after our departure we camped in the desert and obtained a much needed rest. Two o'clock the next morning, however, found us already on the road and at ten o'clock we arrived at Ojo. In order to rest our mules, we stayed there one day, and then set out eastwards through towns that have never before been visited by a priest. After much wandering about in a wide valley, we arrived toward evening, at Poso Redondo. Here we found a small church and many people. As I had met some of them before at other places, it did not take us long to get acquainted. We had rosary, devotions and instructions that evening. The next day being Sunday, we stayed there for services. Of all the Papago Indians, these tribes are notorious for the tenacity with which they adhere to their old heathen and superstitious customs. Nevertheless, they were very kind to me, and this is certainly a promising sign.

On Monday morning we made an early start, and that very wisely, as a long and unused road lay before us. The Indian guides are trustworthy, and even the faintest

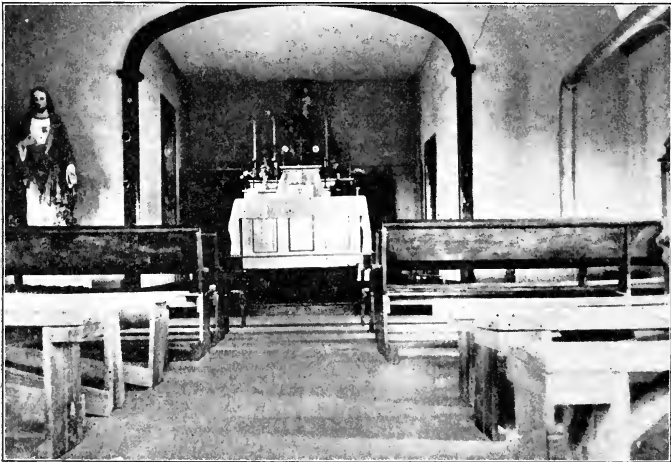
trace of a trail is sufficient to help them find their way to their destination. The way led the whole forenoon through a valley, void of all signs of life. In the afternoon, we entered a ravine flanked by two high cliffs; and from then on the journey was uphill and downhill, at times through the stony bed of a dried up river, at times up the steep cliffs, and then down again on roads that had not been trodden for months. To make matters worse we were not sure of finding water for our mules, and although they carried us from early morning through the intense heat of the day and over rough and stony roads, they had not had a drop of water to drink.

Finally, after a ride of five hours, we sighted some stone burial monuments on a hill. This assured us that a settlement was not far distant. At the next curve in the road, we saw the town of Poso Colorado. This town is one of the largest in the desert, and the people have a good reputation. Unhappily for us, however, most of them were not at home, as they had gone to the Gila River to help the Pima Indians with their harvest. We found shelter in a small hut. As it was without the least ventilation, it afforded us little or rather no protection against the stifling heat. The next morning, we set out in a northern direction, and arrived at Gila Bend, a station on the Southern Pacific railroad, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. We continued our trip that same evening to Unpatoitek, an Indian settlement about two miles further up the Gila River. The Indians here have recently erected a small church of discarded railroad ties. This church boasts of windows, which is a luxury, indeed, and is al-

so furnished with a suitable altar for holy Mass. In many places, the only altar one has is an adobe block about one foot wide and not much longer so that the priest is in constant danger of upsetting the chalice.

The Fathers from Phoenix and St. John's Mission have been laboring in this place for the last fourteen years, yet their work so far seems to be barren of good results. This is owing to the baneful influence the

Bend, and then continued our journey along the railroad to Aekcin, one of the stations of the Pima mission. The old chief and his faithful wife were the only ones there to welcome us. The good man was forced to remain at home on account of a wound in his leg, and his wife stayed with him to nurse him; for, the Indians never leave the sick at home alone. The old frame church here had been destroyed by a storm, and the In-



Mescalero Mission, Arizona, Interior

perverted whites and Mexicans exercise over the poor Indians.

The next day, we traveled down the stream to Kuivo. On a high mountain near this place, old ruins are still to be seen. They are surrounded by a wall some two hundred yards long and from seven to eight feet thick, which undoubtedly served as a protection against the enemy. In this town, I had the pleasure of baptizing several children.

We remained over night at Gila

dians had built another in its stead. It is certainly an improvement on the former church; still it hardly deserves the name of chapel. The following day, my guide and catechist departed for his home, and I directed my course toward St. John's, which is the principal mission of our Fathers among the Pima Indians, who are kinsmen of the Papagos.

My way led at first through the arid desert along the Lagunas Hospitales, so named by Father Garcez,

O.F.M., over one hundred and fifty years ago, on his missionary trip to California, because quite a large number of his companions having drunk of the stagnant water here became very sick. Soon a decided change took place when we came to the place where the Gila River rises from its underground bed to the surface, and feeds the canals and ditches that irrigate the desert, and convert it into beautiful and fertile fields. It is, indeed, a great relief for the eye, after seeing nothing but the bleak desert for weeks, to behold again the verdant tracts of corn and grain. The Indians were busy threshing wheat, which they do in quite a primitive manner. Four or five horses are harnessed together and are then driven around a stake over the sheaves, thus trampling out the grains of wheat with their hoofs.

Crossing the river I soon found myself at St. John's, and both I and my faithful and patient mules were glad to get some necessary rest. It was also a great consolation for me to note the good results of the Fathers' untiring labors among the Pima Indians at this place. On Sundays, the large church is always

well filled with devout worshippers. The congregation is composed of some two hundred and thirty Indian children from the boarding school and Indian men and women, many of the latter but recently received into the Fold. The devotion of these poor Indians is so great and impressive that it puts to shame the frivolity and disrespect so often witnessed in city congregations. I was struck also with the beautiful singing of the school children, as with their rich mellow voices they sang the hymns that alternated with the decades of the rosary. It is surely a great consolation for the good founder and director of this mission, to observe amidst his trials and disappointments, which even here are not wanting, how the germs of faith and piety implanted in the hearts of these children, give promise of the best results for the future.

Unfortunately, I could not tarry long in this favored mission, and after a few days stay, I returned to my own dear Papagos, having been on the road for almost six weeks and traversed some sixty miles on this missionary trip.

AN ACT OF HUMANITY

One of the finest acts of humanity recorded from the battle-fields, is the following, related of a wounded soldier in Liverpool:

The wife of a colonel was making the rounds of a Liverpool hospital and stopped at the bedside of a wounded Highlander—a very bad case. The gallant fellow, one of whose legs had been recently amputated, was toying with a German helmet, evidently a trophy of war.

"Well," said the visitor, "I suppose you killed your man?"

"Weel, naw," modestly replied the soldier. "You see it was like this. He lay on the field pretty near me with an awfu' bad wound. I was losin' a lot o' blood fra' this leg o' mine, but I managed to crawl up to him an' bound him up as best I could. He did the same for me. A' this, o' course, wi' nawthin' at a' said between us, for I knew nae German an' the ither man not a word o' English. When he'd done, not seein' hoo else tae thank him, I just smiled. an' by way o' token handed him my Glengarry, an' he smiled back an' gave me his helmet."



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Reverend FF. George Wetenkamp and Joseph Rhode, both members of the Province of the Sacred Heart, have lately been appointed by our most Reverend Fr. General to the chairs of dogmatic theology and Sacred Scripture in the international Franciscan college of St. Antony in Rome. Fr. George was born in Cincinnati, O., September 17, 1876, and made his studies, prior to his ordination, in the Franciscan Provinces of Cincinnati and St. Louis. After his ordination, which occurred on July 1, 1899, he taught for several years in St. Joseph's Seraphic College and St. Antony's College and also occupied the chairs of philosophy and fundamental theology in our Province. About three years ago, he left for Europe to take up a special course of theology in the famous universities of Louvain and Innsbruck.—Fr. Joseph came to this country from Germany as a lad of about eleven years, and completed all his studies preparatory to the priesthood in the institutions of our Province. He was ordained priest on June 30, 1906, at the age of twenty-five, and then taught for several terms at St. Francis Solanus College and St. Joseph's Seraphic College. His superiors then sent him to the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., where he obtained the title of doctor of philosophy by his proficiency in the oriental languages. Hereupon, he went to Europe and studied dogmatic theology in Munich, Germany, and Rome, where he gained the de-

gree of doctor of theology, and the licentiate in Holy Scriptures at the Pontifical Biblical Institute.

Albenga, Italy.—In our last issue, we announced the elevation of the most Reverend Fr. Pacifico, ex-General of the Capuchin Friars to the episcopal see of Albenga. This month it is our sad duty to record the premature death of the venerable Prelate, who was called to his heavenly reward shortly after his consecration as Bishop.—R. I. P.

Milan, Italy.—The Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari, a devout son of St. Francis, in a recent pastoral highly recommends to the youth of his diocese the Third Order and retreats for laymen as the best means for defending, preserving and spreading our holy Faith. Moreover, he expresses his earnest wish that the Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers, who are already actively engaged in conducting such retreats, be assisted in every way by the clergy as well as by the laity in this noble work.

Munich, Germany.—Another Franciscan, Fr. Monaldus Thalmaier, of Munich, has been decorated with the iron cross, on account of the extraordinary bravery he displayed in the recent engagements at Antwerp.

China.—Bishop Everaerts, O. F. M., of China, writes that the work of his missionaries among the Tatars has met with great success. Of the newly converted, two thousand have been baptized. Two hundred Tatar children attend the Catholic schools daily, and in

the workshops provided for the women, three hundred are being instructed by the Sisters in different branches of manual labor. Many of them are already able to earn a living for themselves, and the prospects for the coming generation are very bright. This progress has been made possible by the charity of generous Catholics in Europe and America. Their donations have enabled the Bishop to carry on the schools, erect workshops and catechumenates, where the Tatars are cared for, body and soul.

Victoria, B. C.—Through the efforts of the Right Reverend Bishop MacDonald and the Very Reverend Monsignor Leterme, both enthusiastic Tertiaries, a fraternity of the Third Order was established in Victoria some time ago with a membership of eighteen. At the request of the good Bishop, the Reverend Fr. Victor, O.F.M., of Tigard, Oregon, gave the little band a retreat which lasted from November 11 till 15. In spite of inclement weather, the exercises were faithfully attended by all the members. At the closing meeting on Sunday evening, twenty new novices, among them the Reverend Donald A. MacDonald, assistant at the cathedral, were invested with the Tertiary habit. As all of the cathedral clergy are now Tertiaries, the outlook for the Third Order is most promising. The Franciscans are not strangers in British Columbia; for, a century and a half ago the Spanish Padres, the same that founded the famous California missions, also had a flourishing mission in this northern country: but owing to the continual political contentions between Spain and England, they were compelled to abandon it. The good people, however, have not forgotten their brown-robed friends, and they continually pray for the return of the Friars. A few years since, the Poor Clares founded a convent in

Victoria. The community numbers, however, only five Sisters, and as they have no extern Sisters, they are dependent entirely for their support on the offerings of the faithful.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church—At the meeting on the third Sunday in November, 52 postulants were received into the Third Order. During the last twelve months, 177 persons were received, and 140 novices made their profession. 62 Tertiaries passed to their eternal reward, 6 of whom were novices. For each professed member a Requiem was sung at St. Peter's, while for each of the deceased novices a Low Mass was said. Besides this, on the first and third Sundays of every month, a Holy Mass is offered up for the living and the deceased members of this fraternity.

The library was well patronized during the year; since it was reorganized and a catalog issued, its circulation has more than doubled. Over 100 new books, mostly such as are marked by an asterisk in the catalog, have been added to the library.

During the year 1915, there will be three public receptions of postulants into the Third Order, and the same number of professions. The receptions will be on the third Sundays in February, May, and October, whilst novices will be admitted to profession in March, June, and November. Two instructions are given to each one who wishes to become a member of the Third Order. The first instruction is given before reception, and the other, before profession. The instruction before reception is given on the fourth Sunday in the months of January, March, April, June, September, November, and December. The second instruction is given to novices before their profession, on the fourth Sundays in February, May, and October. All instructions are held from 3 to 4 o'clock in the

basement hall of St. Peter's Church.

"The Catechism of the Third Order," which was published some weeks ago, is another good means of giving the necessary information concerning the Third Order. A large supply has been procured, and each member should have a copy for his own use, and also procure copies for such as may be interested in the Third Order. To place this useful little book into the hands of as many as possible, arrangements have been made to give the Catechism as a premium to all those who subscribe to the *Franciscan Herald* or who renew their subscription at St. Peter's during 1915. Each solicitor will receive a cloth-bound copy. The year 1914 was a very prosperous one for the *Herald*, as far as St. Peter's, Chicago, is concerned. Six hundred and twenty three subscribers renewed their subscriptions with us, whilst others sent their names to the publication office directly, and five hundred and ninety new subscribers have been added to our list.—

The management of *Franciscan Herald* takes this opportunity of expressing its heartfelt gratitude to the zealous Director Fr. Ulric, O. F. M., to the very active solicitors, and to all the good Tertiaries of St. Peter's for the lively interest they have manifested in the *Herald* from its very beginning. We assure them all of our prayers, and wish them a thrice happy New Year.

Chaska, Minn.—The Reverend Fr. Rufinus Moehle, O. F. M., died on November 19, rather unexpectedly, although well prepared, in Minneapolis after undergoing a serious operation. The funeral took place at Chaska, on November 21. The Reverend Fr. Germain, O. F. M., pastor of the Guardian Angels' Church at Chaska, celebrated the solemn Requiem, and was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Fabian, O. F. M., of St. Paul, as deacon, Fr. Benignus,

O. F. M., of Jordan, as subdeacon, and Fr. Raymond, O. F. M., of Union Hill, as master of ceremonies. The funeral oration was preached by Father Germain. He gave a short sketch of the life of the deceased Father, and then dwelt especially on his simple piety and great charity, which were so manifest throughout his whole career. Fr. Rufinus was ordained priest in the cathedral of Cologne, in 1875, and shortly after, he came to this country with a large number of his religious brethren, who were banished from Germany during the so-called Kultur-Kampf. Here he labored with great zeal in Wien, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., St. Bernard, Nebr., Quincy, Ill., and especially in various places in Minnesota, where he built the church at Marystown, the church, school, and Sisters' residence at Waconia, and the school and Sisters' residence at Victoria. He was also stationed for some time at St. John's church, Union Hill, SS. Peter and Paul church, Belle Plaine, and the Sacred Heart church at St. Paul. The last years of his long priestly life were spent as pastor of St. Victoria, where in spite of continual and acute suffering, he remained faithfully at his post. Although highly gifted by nature and held in great esteem by all, he saw clearly into the emptiness of worldly greatness, and the child-like faith and trust in God, that had been his mainstay in life, alone afforded him consolation on his bed of pain. This is evident from the words he spoke to his superior, the Rev. Fr. Germain, when the latter visited him in the hospital after the operation. "Father Germain," he said, "Stultus est qui se avertat a Deo! Foolish is he who turns away from God!" May this the last sermon, as it were, of the good priest be well taken to heart by the readers of the *Franciscan Herald*, who as Tertiaries should ever bear in mind

that only that is worth striving after which will help to unite us always more and more to God.—R.I.P.

Green Bay, Wis.—The Reverend Fr. Antony Wisniewski, O.F.M., died in the Franciscan convent at Green Bay, and was buried in the Friars' private cemetery at Pulaski, Wis., on November 16. The deceased was born in Russian Poland in 1869, but came to the United States at an early age. He completed his philosophical and theological studies in the Franciscan friaries in Quincy and St. Louis. After his ordination to the holy priesthood, he went to Pulaski, where he remained for three years. He was then transferred to Green Bay, and labored there for fourteen years. Since last August he had charge of the Polish parish at Cracow, Wis.—R.I.P.

San Juan Capistrano, Cal.—A life-size statue in stone of Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan builder of the California missions, was unveiled at San Juan Capistrano on Tuesday, November 24, by members of the Landmarks Club, assisted by delegates from numerous cities of all parts of the state.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—On November 29, the Rev. Fr. Richard Gliebe, O.F.M., died at the Old Mission, in Santa Barbara, at the early age of thirty-one years. He entered the Franciscan Order on July 24, 1902, and was ordained priest on July 24, 1909. The good Father had been sick ever since his ordination, but he always bore his illness with edifying patience. He was the brother of the Rev. Fr. Julius, O.F.M., curate at St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, and the Rev. Fr. Francis Sales, O.F.M., professor at St. Antony's College, Santa Barbara.—R.I.P.

San Luis Rey, Cal.—The fifteenth of November was a gala day for the good people of San Luis Rey. It was the occasion of the dedication

of the new parochial school. In 1913, under the pastorate of the Reverend Fr. Peter, O.F.M., a small school was established, and the Sisters of the Precious Blood from Maria Stein, Ohio, were secured as teachers. The initial enrollment of thirty-three pupils was increased to fifty before the end of the first year, and new quarters became imperative. Through the endeavors of the present pastor, the Reverend Fr. Dominic, O.F.M., the new school became a reality and was solemnly blessed on November 15, with imposing ceremonies. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., of Los Angeles, Rev. Fr. Florian, O.F.M., of Watsonville, being deacon, Rev. Fr. Jose Casillas, sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Dominic, master of ceremonies. Reverend Father Peter, at present pastor of St. Antony's church, San Francisco, preached a very appropriate sermon on religious training. After the sermon the clergy and the faithful went in procession to the new school, which was thereupon blessed. The school now numbers sixty-five pupils, among whom are fourteen boarders.

New Orleans, La.—On December 13, the beautiful new monastery of the Poor Clares was dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop Blenk. The Rev. Fr. Hugoline, O.F.M. of St. Louis, Mo., delivered the dedicatory address. While not entirely completed and not entirely furnished, the Sisters, whose presence in New Orleans has been a blessing ever since their coming twenty-eight years ago, trust that they will be able to move in very shortly. The buildings are beautiful in their monastic simplicity, and their architecture is in the mission style. The entire structure was designed by the Franciscan architect, Venerable Brother Leonard, of the Sacred Heart Province.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

ON November 30, one of our students, Nicholas Wegener of Humphrey, Nebr., received the sad news of the death of his brother Joseph, aged nineteen, who was accidentally shot while hunting on November 29. On Nicholas' return to college after the funeral, his fellow students assisted at a Requiem Mass, which was offered up for his deceased brother. The college faculty and student-body extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.—

Thanksgiving was a gala day at Old St. Joe's. The weather was splendid, and all the boys were in the best of spirits. A solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was sung in the chapel at eight o'clock, after which the students amused themselves with baseball and tennis until the noonday Angelus called them to a bounteous spread in the dining room, to which they did full justice. In the evening, at half past seven o'clock, a fine musical and dramatic program was rendered in the college hall. The spacious auditorium was filled to its capacity with friends of the college, among whom were several of the neighboring secular clergy, and all were loud in their praise of the performance. The drama "Hermigild", which was staged, is a beautiful classical play, although quite intricate in its action and difficult of performance. Still the actors took their parts splendidly. The college orchestra, also, under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Thomas, elicited hearty applause for the musical numbers with which it enlivened the evening. The program follows:

Hermigild; or, The Two Crowns

Leovig, King of the Visigoths.....W. Wemhoff
Hermigild, } Sons of Leovig }J. Kola
Reared, }P. Eberle

Count Goswin, Chancellor.....J. Martin
Argimund, Commander-in-chief.....A. Glauber
Sisbert, Count } Ambassadors }A. Kiemen
Agilan, Count }R. Duling
Roderic, Son of Goswin.....C. Michels
Boso, Tutor of Hermigild.....J. Herring
Otulf } Officers of the Visigoths }F. Kiefer
Agilulf }F. Piontkowski
Utoif, Friend of Hermigild.....M. Cyr
Claudius } Sevilian Officers }L. Groeger
Valerius }A. Limaener
Commissus }F. Bienek
Fredegisel, Peddler.....E. Stein
Beowulf, BlacksmithJ. Diederich
Sentinel and Lieutenant.....W. Wernsing
Citizens, Angels and Pages.

Music by the College Orchestra & Choir

- (1) Jolly Robbers (Overture).....F. von Suppe
- (2) Wedding of the Winds (Waltz).....John T. Hall
- (3) Behuet' dich Gott (Song).....Ch. Fink
- (4) Stradella (Overture).....F. von Flotow
- (5) Luftig und Duftig (Galop).....E. Strauss
- (6) Liberty Bell March.....J. P. Sousa

If the boys were ever agreeably surprised, it was on the eve of the feast of St. Nicholas, December 5. As they were busy with their books, the deep silence that reigned in the study hall was suddenly broken by peals of joyful laughter as "St. Nicholas" accompanied by his deacon and his servant made his appearance. Quite a large number of boys were called on to render an account of themselves, to the great merriment of the others, while all received some mark of favor from their generous visitor. It was a most unique entertainment and highly enjoyed by all.—

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was solemnly held at the college, for it was under this title that Mary was chosen patroness of the Franciscan Order. In the afternoon, twenty-one boys were enrolled in the sodality of the Blessed Virgin.—

Mr. C. E. Griffith's Shakespearian reading in the afternoon and evening of December 9, in the college hall, was a rare treat, indeed, for both the faculty and the students.

of our college. Mr. Griffith, who reads under the auspices of the Chicago Shakespeare Club, is known throughout the literary world as the greatest living reader of Shakespeare, and his rendition of "The Merchant of Venice" and "King Lear" was listened to with rapt attention, and won enthusiastic applause. His reading of Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" brought out most vividly the deep meaning and sublime thoughts hidden in the wonderful language of this no less wonderful poem. To say that Mr. Griffith captivated his audience, is expressing it mildly; for we fairly hung on his lips, and are eagerly awaiting his return next season.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

Thanksgiving day was celebrated at the College with the usual festivities. In the evening of the day, the boys greatly relished two amusing farces presented by college talent, and several fine selections by the College orchestra, no less, indeed, than the feast in the refectory that closed the evening's entertainment.

On November 4, the Latin literary prize essay contest closed, and a week later the prizes were awarded, with the following boys as the winners: I Class: James Smith; II Class: Theodore Bucher; III Class: Fred Schunk; IV Class: Gerald Clark; V Class: Hugh La Vies; VI Class: James Goggin. The prizes were well worth the winning, especially the beautiful "Autobiography of Soeur Therese", presented to James Goggin.

The programs given by the two Literary Circles on November 15, were especially good and interesting. The Juniors' program consisted of the following numbers: "Debating" an essay by Emil Schirle, "Biographical Sketch of Pope Be-

nedict XV" by John DeRuntz, and "My Trip to Yosemite", a scenic treat by Edward Poetzl. Among the Seniors, Henry Dieringer gave a splendid portrayal of the trials and virtues of the great Dominican, John Henry Lacordaire, while George Smith recited with much eclat Cardinal Newman's poem "England". The program closed with a discourse on "Peace" by Leslie Tariel.

Twice during November did the dark clouds of death cast their shadows on our sunny home. Early in the month, one of our students, Mervyn Halquist, was called home to the bedside of his dying father, who departed his life a few days later. Then the death of the Rev. Fr. Richard, of the Old Mission, was especially felt at the College, where he was known and loved, and where his two Reverend brothers, FF. Julius and Francis Sales have been professors for many years.

OBITUARY

Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission:
The Rev. Fr. Richard Gliebe, O. F. M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English branch of the Third Order:
William Prior, Brother Antony,
J. P. Johnson, Brother Aloysius,
Winifrede Lynn, Sister Anna,
Mary Egan, Sister Clara.

German branch of the Third Order:
Lucia Kerpen, Sister Elizabeth,
Anna Schmich, Sister Elizabeth,
Magdalena Moore, Sister Agatha,
Agnes Strack, Sister Mary,
Ida Halpans, Sister Francisca.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:
Caroline Kraemer, Sister Margaret.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:
Anne Riley, Sister Mary.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
HOLY NAME

JANUARY, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	F.	New Year.—Circumcision of Christ. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: The Circumcision of our Lord. Luke II, 21.
2	S.	St. Macarius, Ab.—St. Fulgentius, Bp. C.
3	S.	Sunday after the Circumcision. —St. Genevieve, V. M. Gospel: The return from Egypt. Matt. II, 19-23.
4	M.	St. Titus, Bp. C.—St. Gregory, C.
5	T.	Vigil of Epiphany.—St. Telesphorus, P. M.—St. Simon Stylites, C. Novena to the Most Holy Name begins.
6	W.	Epiphany.—The Three Kings. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: The Adoration of the Magi. Matt. II, 1-12.
7	Th.	St. Lucian, M.
8	F.	St. Severin, C.
9	S.	SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM.
10	S.	1st Sunday after Epiphany. —Bl. Giles, 1st Ord., C.—St. William, C. Gospel: Jesus found among the Doctors. Luke II, 42-52.
11	M.	St. Hyginus, P. M.—St. Theodosius, C.
12	T.	St. Arcadius, M.
13	W.	Octave of Epiphany.—St. Leontius, Bp. C.
14	Th.	Feast of the Most Holy Name.—Bl. Bernard of Corleone, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
15	F.	St. Paul, the First Hermit, C.
16	S.	SS. Berard and Companions, 1st Ord., MM. (P. I.)
17	S.	2nd Sunday after Epiphany. —St. Antony, Ab. C. Gospel: The Wedding Feast at Cana. John II, 1-11.
18	M.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome.—St. Prisca, V. M.
19	T.	St. Canute, King and Martyr.—SS. Marius and Comp., MM.
20	W.	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.
21	Th.	St. Agnes, V. M.
22	F.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.
23	S.	Espousals of the B. V. M.—St. Emerentiana, V. M.
24	S.	3rd Sunday after Epiphany. —Feast of the Holy Family.—St. Timothy, Bp. M. Gospel: The Healing of the Leper. Matt. VIII, 1-13.
25	M.	Conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle.
26	T.	St. Polycarp, Bp. M.
27	W.	St. John Chrysostom, Bp. C. D.
28	Th.	Bl. Matthew of Agrigenti, 1st Ord., C.
29	F.	St. Francis de Sales, Bp. C. D.
30	S.	St. Hyacinth of Mariscotti, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.)
31	S.	Septuagesima Sunday. —Bl. Louisa of Albertoni, 3rd Ord., W. (P. I.) Gospel: The laborers in the Vineyard. Matt. XX, 1-16.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions.



THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
II. TO GIVE DRINK TO THE THIRSTY

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III.

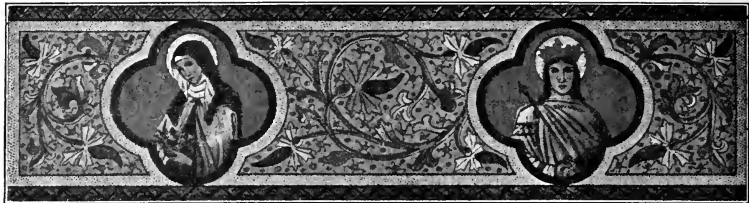
FEBRUARY, 1915.

NO. 2

SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

Aubrey De Vere, Tertiary.



ST. ANGELA MERICI

OF THE THIRD ORDER, FOUNDESS OF THE URSULINES

FEBRUARY 21

St. Angela Merici was born at Desenzano, in Lombardy, on March 21, 1470. From her earliest years, she took great delight in the practice of piety and virtue, and manifested extraordinary signs of the workings of grace, so that it became evident to all that she was called by God to a high degree of holiness and perfection. The pleasures and amusements of the world had no attraction for her; she found the greatest delight in conversing with God in prayer and in listening to others speak of God and heavenly things. Despite her tender years, she often spent several hours of the night in prayer, and deprived herself of her favorite dishes in order to give them to the poor. Her whole person breathed forth the fragrance of modesty, so that she was commonly called "the Virgin of Jesus."

After the death of her parents, Angela, together with an elder sister, lived in the home of her uncle Biancozi, at Salo. Here the two sisters arranged a narrow cell in a retired part of the house, resolving to serve God with the greatest zeal and fervor. Their time was divided between meditation, prayer, pious reading, and work; and in order not to be distracted by the affairs of the world, they went out only through obedience, to visit the church, or to perform an act of charity.

After the death of her sister, Angela, then about thirteen years old, entered the Third Order of St. Francis. Her fervor in the practice of every virtue increased from day to day. She was truly dead to the world; in all things, she tried to subject her senses, to overcome her inclinations, and to abandon her soul to the guidance and movements of grace. To the vow of chastity, which she had taken some years before, Angela now added that of poverty, choosing, in spite of her uncle's remonstrances, to live on alms and to possess nothing of her own. Her bed was a mat on the floor, and her only food, a little bread and some vegetables. "She frequently," says the brief of her canonization, "passed a whole week fasting, contenting herself with the Eucharistic food," which she received daily.

Meanwhile, her uncle died, and she returned to her brothers at Desenzano. And now God gradually led her to undertake the work for which he had called her. The Saint had deplored for many years the corruption prevailing among all classes, and the religious coldness and indifference found even among those who had not fallen victims to infidelity and immorality. She discovered, too, that one of the causes of these sad conditions was the negligence prevalent in regard to

the education of the young, particularly of girls. How can women, destined by Providence to implant the first germs of faith and piety into the bosom of families, fulfill their exalted duty and continue to be a sure guide to their children in the practices of the Christian religion, if they themselves have been brought up without religious principles? At the time of our Saint, indifference had entered even the best homes, and had brought about a depravity of manners and a spirit of scepticism that threatened the ruin of innumerable souls. Burning with the love of God and an ardent desire for the eternal salvation of her fellow men, Angela determined to contribute, according to her strength and means, to the betterment of conditions. She, therefore, invited several members of the Third Order to join her in the work of instructing young girls in the rudiments of the Christian religion. She converted her home into a school, where, at stated intervals, she gathered all the little girls of Desenzano, explained to them the truths of religion, and taught them the practices of piety and virtue. Needless to say, these instructions bore abundant fruit, especially as they were confirmed by the holy life of Angela and of her companions who, besides teaching the children, assisted the poor and nursed the sick. The Saint's sublime piety, gentleness, and prudence gained for her the love and esteem of all classes of



St. Angela Merici

society, and enabled her to win over many erring souls to the practice of virtue.

Angela had thus devoted herself for several years to the work so pleasing to God and so beneficial to immortal souls, when it was revealed to her in a vision that she was to found an association of virgins who would consecrate their lives to the religious training of young girls; but, forty years passed before she was able to carry out the command of God.

The success of the school at Desenzano caused the people of Brescia to invite the Saint to establish a similar school in their city. Here also the virtues of Angela and the wonderful signs which God wrought through her intercession, drew upon her universal veneration. Among other supernatural graces, she received the grace of infused knowledge, so that she explained the most difficult passages of Holy Scripture, and spoke on theological questions with such precision that the most learned men did not hesitate to consult her.

In 1534, while making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, she became suddenly blind when she was on the island of Crete; but, she continued her journey to the Holy Places, and was cured on her return while praying before a crucifix at the same place where she was struck with blindness a few weeks before.

After returning to Brescia, Angela set about to fulfill the will of God in regard to the establishment of the association, but the disturbances caused by the war that had broken out between the Emperor of Germany and the King of France frustrated her plans. Peace was finally restored to the afflicted countries and the Saint, at that time fifty-six years of age, was able to lay the foundations of the work to which God had appointed her. Twelve of the most virtuous maidens of Brescia, who had entered the Third Order of St. Francis, placed themselves under her direc-

tion, to assist her in her holy undertaking. They were soon joined by fifteen other generous souls. St. Ursula, in a vision, encouraged the Saint to persevere in spite of all difficulties, and promised to be her protectress. At length, on November 25, 1535, Angela and her companions, after spending many days in the fervent exercises of a retreat, received Holy Communion, and resolved to devote their lives to the education of young girls under the patronage of St. Ursula. The association was known as that of the Ursulines, for Angela, in her humility, would not allow it to bear her name. The Saint was obliged by obedience to accept the office of superior, and succeeded in placing her foundation on a firm footing and in training her spiritual daughters in the apostolic spirit of their vocation.

When the hour of her death approached, Angela gathered her Sisters round her bed, and gave them her last instructions. Then, having received the Holy Viaticum, she fell into an ecstasy and pronouncing the sweet Name of Jesus, calmly gave up her soul to her Creator, on January 27, 1540. Her body was entombed in the church of St. Afra, at Brescia. She was beatified by Pope Clement XIII, in 1768, and canonized by Pope Pius VII, 1807. Her feast is celebrated on the twenty-first of February by the members of the Order of St. Francis, and by the universal Church on the thirty-first of May.

A MARTYR OF THE SACRED HEART

In Zamara, Mexico, a priest was brought before the Chief of the Constitutionalists and charged with having cried out: "Live the Sacred Heart of Jesus" (*Viva el Sacrado Carozon de Jesus*). The officer, Amaro, said: "Why don't you do it now?" The priest answered: "If you will permit it, I am prepared to do it now." So he cried: "Live the Sacred Heart of Jesus." A martyr's crown was handed to him at once. Amaro hit him on the head with the handle of his revolver, and the priest fell to the ground mortally wounded.—Rev. Fr. C. Kelly in *Our Sunday Visitor*.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

24. PAPAL PROTECTION

"Let not the book of this law depart from thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate on it day and night." (Jos. 1, 8.)

The Third Order had been founded, but the members had not as yet been united into one body, when the storm of persecution burst on them. If the tender young plant was to remain uninjured and wax strong, it was evidently imperative to unite the Tertiaries, that thus they might the better withstand the onslaughts of their enemies. Up to the present, they were as single stones, each perfect in itself, but not joined together in one building. It remained to place these stones together and to cement them by a Rule approved by the Pope, that like a strong edifice reared on a firm foundation they might successfully withstand the storms of persecution.

St. Francis had given the Brethren and Sisters of Penance various admonitions and counsels as to how they were to regulate their lives, and had promised to give them a written rule later. This he did, as St. Bonaventure, Thomas a Celano, and the Three Companions testify. St. Bonaventure says that St. Francis gave the Third Order a rule of life with new regulations for practicing penance.

This happened as follows. The Seraphic Father, who was a thorough idealist, did not think it necessary to write out a definite rule for the Tertiaries, as he was of the

opinion that a few passages from Holy Scripture inculcating the practice of penance and the performance of good works, would suffice for the purpose. His intimate friend and constant adviser, Cardinal Ugolino, however, clearly understood the necessity of having a definite rule, and impressed his idea on the holy Father Francis, so that they finally set to work to write out the rule. This Cardinal, afterwards Pope Gregory IX, had been of great assistance to St. Francis in drawing up the rule for the First Order, and it was but natural that he should play an important role in the writing of the rule of the Third Order.

But does it not detract from the glory of the great Founder of the Three Orders, that another should have been helpful to him in writing his famous Rules? Not at all. On the contrary, it was entirely in keeping with the character of the humble Saint, that, in these all-important matters, he should have recourse to the representatives of Holy Church, whose most dutiful son he ever wished to be. To give an idea of the part each took in forming the Tertiary Rule, we may use the following comparison. St. Francis was the skillful stone-cutter, who prepared the stones, while Cardinal Ugolino was the prudent architect, who placed the various stones together forming of them an harmonious whole, a beautiful struc-

ture, that excites the admiration of the beholder.

Regarding the origin of the Rule of the First Order, St. Francis declares: "After the Lord had given me brethren, no one showed me what to do. But the Lord Himself revealed to me that we should live according to the teaching of the holy Gospel. I had it written down in a few words and the Lord Pope approved it." These words apply equally well to the Rule of the Third Order, for it contains nothing but the simple teachings of the Gospel arranged together to form a rule of life.

Tertiaries naturally are curious to know whether the original document containing their holy Rule is still extant. Unfortunately, we have no absolute certainty in regard to this point. The learned Paul Sabatier, who has been most zealous and unremitting in his researches in everything that regards St. Francis, found, in the Franciscan convent at Capistrano, an old manuscript containing a rule of the Third Order. It bears the following inscription: "Memoir designed for the Brothers and Sisters of Penance who live in their own houses, begun in the year of our Lord 1221, at the time of the Lord Pope Gregory IX, on May 20 of the first indiction (i. e. 1228) as follows:....."

The Rule of the Third Order received its first approbation from the Pope by word of mouth in 1228. The solemn approbation by Pope Nicholas IV was given in 1289 by the famous encyclical "Supra montem."

These few historical facts prove clearly that the first persecution, that the Tertiaries suffered, was not altogether an unmitigated evil, for

it served to give them a written rule that was to unite them into one mighty army to strengthen them on the path of virtue and penance, and to win for them the respect of all the world.

The origin of the Tertiary Rule, moreover, reveals to us the spirit that gives it life and power. It is the spirit of the Gospel. Even a superficial perusal of the Rule will convince one of this. And, indeed, it could not have been otherwise; for St. Francis was filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and this spirit naturally manifested itself in all his works. For this reason every Tertiary should appreciate his holy Rule and strive to become ever more and more familiar with it. God the Lord spoke to Josue the successor of Moses: "Let not the book of this law depart from thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate on it day and night, that thou mayest observe and do all things that are written in it; then shalt thou direct thy way and understand it." Let every Tertiary take this salutary admonition well to heart. His law is the Rule of the Third Order, and it should never depart from his mouth. He should frequently and diligently read it, and not let it lie idly on the book shelf. The Brothers and Sisters of Penance should study their Rule, that they may never do anything contrary to its holy precepts. In fact, they should endeavor to make it a practice at their daily examination of conscience to ask themselves the question: How did my conduct to-day agree with my holy Rule? By doing this they will soon become model Tertiaries, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Seraphic Orders, which is no other than the spirit of Jesus Christ.



THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

"The Kingdom of God is not meat or drink, but justice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. XIV, 17.)

Constant cheerfulness and happiness were among the chief characteristics of our holy Father, St. Francis. "His joy was a natural gift. Even before his conversion, when during the war against Perugia, he languished for a whole year in prison, he astonished his companions with his imperturbable cheerfulness and incessant singing. Throughout his life of poverty and hardships, he was always rich in joy." (Keppler, *More Joy*.) But is this not a contradiction? Can a man practice penance even to the austerity of St. Francis, and still be happy? Many persons are absolutely opposed to all religion and piety, because they regard them as incompatible with joy. And now it is claimed that one can practice penance and still be happy. Surely, this statement must be false, since, according to the popular mind, penance and joy are diametrically opposed to each other and necessarily exclude each other. Is this idea a correct one? It is, and it is not. It is correct and logical only then, when by joy we understand the false, perverted joy of this world and its votaries. True, this joy is inimical to religion and piety, to penance and virtue, and, to come nearer home, also to the Order of Penance, the Third Order of St. Francis. Pure, holy joy, however, is a necessary asset, an indispensable element of penance and religion, and, therefore, also of the Third Order.

1. False Joy

"Joy," says Bishop Keppler, "is a constituent of life, a necessity of life; it is an element of life's value and life's power. It is indispensa-

ble to the health of both soul and body; it is necessary to physical and spiritual industry." But the best sort of joy, true joy is seldom experienced by the great mass of men. It lies hidden in quiet places, and the world rushes madly by and fails to recognize it, and continues to mistake for it prosperity and riches, noise and laughter, fame and even cheap notoriety. King Solomon of all mortals surely had at his disposal everything that the world considers necessary and conducive to happiness. Yet, was he happy? "I said in my heart: I will go and abound with delights and enjoy good things. I heaped together for myself silver and gold and the wealth of kings and provinces. I surpassed in riches all that were before me in Jerusalem and whatsoever my eyes desired, I refused them not; and I withheld not my heart from enjoying every pleasure. And when I turned myself to all the works which my hand had wrought, I saw in all things vanity and vexation of mind." (Eccl. II) These are his own words.

Riches, honors, pleasures, and amusements could not, therefore, make him happy. At times he experienced a certain sensual satisfaction, but lasting joy he found not. "I saw in all things vanity and that nothing was lasting under the sun." (Eccl. ib.) Consider the rich and honored and powerful of this world; think of those whose only care is amusement and pleasure; and then ask yourself the question: Are these people really happy? Are they enjoying true peace of heart? Your answer will be, provided you are upright with yourself: No, they are not happy. It is with them as with the feverish sick, who experience a momentary satis-

faction on slaking their burning thirst, only to be tortured the more after the cooling beverage has been taken. The joy of the world is, therefore, but an imaginary, fleeting joy, a joy that, when tasted, begets bitterness, grief, and sorrow.

"And joy may walk beside us
down the windings of our ways,
When lo! There sounds a footstep,
and we meet the face of grief."

Rev. A. Ryan.

We often hear the complaint, that our present age is a joyless one, and many there are who speak of a steady decline of joy. "But how is this alleged decline of joy to be reconciled with the actual multiplication of forms, kinds, occasions, contrivances, and establishments of entertainment and amusement, and with the steady increase in the use of all these? How does it fit with Sunday excursions, concert-halls, cheap shows and cabarets?" (*More Joy*). Everywhere we meet, with people hurrying and scurrying to one or the other of these many places of amusement. And yet we hear the statement repeated: Ours is a joyless age. Sad to say, this indictment is only too true. For, kind reader, all is not gold that glitters, and everything is not joy that appears to be joy.

If we examine a little more closely the joy and gayety of worldly amusements, what will we find? It is a joy that lasts but a short time, only as long as song and revelry can drown pain and sorrow. It is a joy that serves but to divert the mind for a few brief moments from the gnawing worm of conscience. It is a joy that makes its votaries forget the trials and troubles of this life, only to plunge them again the deeper into the abyss of their misery. It is an apple of Sodom, beautiful and tempting to behold, but filled with ashes and decay. A bright, glaring light alluring the unwary traveler, that proves to be

naught else than a deceitful will-o-the-wisp that leads those who follow it to destruction and ruin. It is a flash of lightning that illumines the darkness of the night with its transitory brightness, only to quickly disappear again and leave denser darkness behind. Outwardly the poor victims of these false pleasures appear gay and happy, while sorrow, dissatisfaction and anguish are gnawing at the very vitals of their soul. After a Sunday or holiday passed in these worldly pleasures, says Bishop Keppler, "the poor workman returns to the frightful monotony of his workaday existence with a heavy head, a heavier conscience, and a further deficit of strength and joy."

Well may he say "a heavier conscience and a further deficit of strength and joy," for many of these so-called pleasures are actually sinful, and, therefore, injurious to body and soul. Whatever is against good morals, whatever is improper, whatever can not be offered to God, is no real joy, but a mere sensual, carnal gratification. Hence, we can never speak of the impure, the gluttons, the spendthrifts as being joyful and happy. Theirs is only a sinful satisfaction which leaves a sickened body, an empty purse, shame and dishonor in its wake. "Unhappiness is counted by measures and happiness by drops" says the proverb, and with all truth; for small and meager is the happiness derived from these sinful pleasures, whereas the misery resulting from them is immeasurably great. "Woe to you that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter" says the Prophet Isaias. (Is. V, 20.) And the Holy Spirit Himself declares: "All things have their season. There is a time to weep and a time to laugh." The breaking of this rule can not be conducive to

happiness, but begets much misery and woe.

We may conclude this little treatise on false joy, by merely hinting at the so-called diabolical joy, the joy of the envious and of the scoffers at virtue and religion, the joy of the seducer over his unhappy victim, the joy of hell over the loss of an immortal soul. It is self-evident that this joy is absolutely opposed to real happiness, and excludes true joy of its very nature.

Of all such joy—apparent, sinful and diabolical—we must say, that it is entirely at variance with penance, that it can find no place in the Order of Penance. The Tertiaries are, therefore, most earnestly admonished to keep aloof from it and its many sources. Study your holy Rule, dear Tertiaries, and

you will be convinced that this false joy can not agree with your Order of Penance. For why does the Rule warn you against too costly dress, intemperance in eating and drinking? Why does it admonish you to keep away from dances, dangerous plays, and all revelry? For no other reason than to preserve your heart from false joy, to prepare your souls for real, pure joy, the joy of the elect; a joy of which an eminent mystic of the Middle Ages says, "If you took all the pleasures of the world and made them into one, and then showered the whole on one man, it would be nothing compared to the joy of which I speak; for, in this case, God with all His purity, flows into the depths of us, and the soul not only is filled, but overflows with happiness."

(To be continued)

THE SORROWFUL WAY

HE falls! My Savior,
As he bears alone
The heavy Cross, whose wounding weight,
Does for my sin atone!

He falls! My Savior,
Let the stones proclaim
The cruel heart of man—
Earth's deepest shame!

He falls! My Savior,
May my soul receive
The grace of tears,
For all my sin to grieve!

Dr. W. Thornton Parker, Tertiary.

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART II.

11. A New Attempt

A four days' journey from our reduction, there dwelt a tribe called the Cachibos. They were much given to superstitious practices, which made their conversion very difficult. Our converts told us that the entire tribe usually assembled at a so-called moon feast. We, therefore, resolved to seek them out on the appointed day, and if possible, to win them over to Christianity. Taking with us a supply of articles which we knew were much coveted by them, we set out with Father Prefect and a lay brother, twenty well armed Christians accompanying us.

It was after a three days' tramp that we suddenly became aware of a great uproar in the distance. One of our party, who before his conversion had lived with the tribe and had enjoyed a certain measure of influence there, was despatched to the revelers to announce our coming. The savages were delighted to think that even the missionaries were coming to take part in their superstitious celebration. However, in spite of our welcome, we were well on our guard.

We were about two miles from the scene of the revel, when we suddenly found ourselves facing a group of fully armed braves, who, however, wore their bows across their backs, as a sign of peace. At the feast itself, we found a gathering of about 3000 persons, including the women. They invited us to eat and drink; but we did not care to do so, although there was meat in plenty, and, for that matter, it was appetizing enough. Father Prefect wished to see the chief, who appeared forthwith, wearing a crown

of feathers upon his head and carrying a lance. To judge from appearances, he stood in great awe with his people, for he was surrounded by a court of attendants, part of whom, we noticed, carried bows minus arrows, and the rest had arrows minus bows.

Father Prefect asked the chief, who was uncommonly intelligent, what this great gathering purported, to which the chief, with great gravity, returned that their purpose was to discuss certain measures in preparation for war. Father Prefect then said, he wished the chief peace everlasting and greater happiness in another world. The first part of this wish fell in with the intelligence of the chieftain, but not so the second, for he asked what that greater happiness might be. Our superior then proceeded to speak to him of the immortality of the soul and of the life after death. When all was over, the chief ordered a great banquet to be prepared for us, and this hospitality led us to hope that we might be able to convert the whole tribe to the faith of Christ.

Sad to say, here again success did not crown our efforts. After the banquet, the chief did not put in his appearance as he had promised, very likely on the representations of the sorcerers. The people, too, began to take on a menacing attitude toward us, so that we thought it advisable to withdraw and await a more favorable opportunity.

12. Martyrdom—Almost

Not long after the expedition to the Cachibos, Father Prefect was summoned back to Lima. First,

however, he wished to undertake an expedition to the Miranos, of which tribe I have already spoken. The tribesmen whom we had taken home with us on the former trip, were now thoroughly instructed in the faith, and had moreover learnt Quichua; so they were well fitted to act as our interpreters.

With four of them and six Christians, all well armed, we began the journey. We took a shorter route this time, and one that was certainly more in use. Equipping several new canoes, larger than those used on the previous trip, we decided to follow the water route, so as not to be exposed to hunger as formerly. Along the water course, there is always a chance of obtaining fish or game of some kind, and there is not the constant need of wariness against snakes and wild animals. Still, the voyage on the river was quite dangerous just then, as it was in May, the rainy season, in consequence of which the current was very violent and swift. More than once we were in danger of being carried away by the torrent or of capsizing and foundering.

Father Prefect had a twofold object in view on this expedition: first, to convert the Miranos, and second, to discover whether there was not a more direct route to Lima than the one along the Ucayali, which we had followed at our coming into the interior. We had to try to reach the Pastaza river. This would lead us to the Llauri, and there dwelt the Miranos.

As a matter of fact, seven days on the Ucayali brought us happily to the Pastaza. We did not know how the denizens of that place were disposed toward us; but we were bent on pushing ahead at all costs. During the voyage, we read the lives of the Saints, especially of the holy martyrs, and Father Prefect recounted to us the martyrdom of two of our brethren in religion,

which had taken place but two years previously. We were eager to lay down our lives for Christ. We spoke of the joys of heaven, and declared how happy we should be to die on this missionary tour. We were prepared for any eventuality.

Hardly three hours later, we heard fearful shouting ahead; and the nearer we approached, the worse it grew. Father Prefect turned to us and said gravely:

"Perhaps the moment is now come when our hearts' desire will be fulfilled!"

After a little while, numbers of armed men appeared along the shore, bow and arrow in hand, which is a sign of hostility. We, however, mindful of our intentions, left the canoes and made for the shore, cross in hand. The enemy numbered about thirty, but as their shouting continued, their number increased, while their attitude grew more and more ominous, despite our peaceful intentions and utterances. Soon their arrows came whizzing toward us; but as long as they fell far short of their aim, we continued bravely to advance. When, however, they began dropping within two or three steps from us, we forgot our brave resolution of three hours before, and ran pell-mell toward our canoes, our only aim being to get out of bow range as fast as we could. Not succeeding in this, for the arrows began to hit the canoes, we jumped into the water, and by swimming and diving managed to get clear of the danger. Only Father Prefect, who could not swim, had his arm grazed by an arrow. Happily it was not a poisoned arrow, else he certainly must have died. When the danger was past, we were so thoroughly ashamed of ourselves that no one had the heart to make any further reference to the affair.

Although Father Prefect did not feel well in consequence of the un-

usual excitement, we continued our course along the river without, however, attempting to go ashore for fear of the cannibals that dwelt there.

13. Led Astray by Providence

Fifteen days after our entrance on the voyage, we overtook some heathen Indians, who had already come in contact with Europeans. We asked them whether we were near the Llauri river, and they said we had yet but two days to travel, then leaving our canoes, a short tramp through the jungle would bring us to the Llauri and the Miranos. This news gave us fresh courage. We pushed on to the place designated, left our canoes, and began to cut our way through the tangled brushwood. Here and there we came upon a jaguar. The jaguar is not a stout animal, but he is very dangerous, and that made it necessary to keep up a bright fire at night to hold the unwelcome visitor at a safe distance. The sky was continually overcast, and as we had forgotten our compass, an indispensable companion in the wilds, we lost our bearings completely.

Father Prefect gave orders to halt and wait for the sun to reappear, as it was of no use to go floundering about in the forest. But our provisions began to fail, and danger or no danger, one of us at least had to go hunting. I was singled out for this purpose, and taking a companion, entered the jungle. In about an hour, we came upon a colony of monkeys, scampering about in the branches overhead. I followed them up for a shot, but in doing so, I lost track of my way as well as of my companion. We signaled to each other by means of our guns, but somehow or other we seemed to stray farther from each other. A distressing fear crept over me; for, it was already

late, and to spend the night alone in the jungle at the mercy of the wild animals, was by no means advisable or even attractive. In my extremity, I called fervently upon the Blessed Virgin. No human expedient to reach my comrades occurred to me. I had lost the way completely, having from sheer eagerness to fetch down my game altogether neglected to mark my trail.

As I stood there helpless and forlorn, a deep groan, as of a man in great agony, reached my ears. Although I deemed it entirely out of question that any man would be found in this wilderness, I made for the spot, whence the sound had come, and to my utmost astonishment found there—an Indian youth on the brink of death. He was also quite surprised as he suddenly became aware of the fact that a man in the Franciscan habit was standing before him. He tried to raise himself, but was too weak. He then asked me if I had any water to baptize him. Amazed at the query, I in turn asked:

"Where do you come from, and who told you of the necessity of Baptism?"

To this the young man replied in Quichua:

"I was formerly a catechumen, and lived at the reduction, where I also learnt the prayers. But my companions induced me to return to the woods with them. Only lately I fell sick and so they left me here four days ago, alone and dying."

"How long is it that you left the Church, and where did you learn the prayers?" I inquired.

"It is five years," he said, "since I left the missionary, and yet he was so good to me."

He could not recollect the name of the Father, only he had worn a similar garment to what I was wearing. I found the young man sufficiently instructed in the faith, and as he was in his extremity, I baptized

him then and there. The poor lad was overjoyed, and knew not what to say or do to show his happiness and gratitude.

14. Providence in the Jungle

Later I inquired of the sick youth regarding our way, and learnt that we were not at all far from civilization. We were, in fact, near the mountains through which there was a trail to a mission conducted by Franciscans from Cuzo. These Fathers belonged to the same Prefecture as we did, though not to the same convent. Again I asked him what I ought to do to find my companions. He said we had gone altogether astray and were far from the Llauri river. The best and easiest thing to do would be to seek out the mission, of which he had spoken, and from there cut across to Lima. This was happy news indeed; we were at last out of danger.

Night had long since fallen, and during the greater part of it I remained at the side of the dying Indian. Toward morning, I withdrew to a short distance to obtain a little much needed rest for myself. On returning, I found that my new convert had passed to his reward. In his hand, he held a medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He had told me that he had never neglected daily to keep his little devotion in honor of the Blessed Mother, and as a reward for this slight token of his affection for her, she had obtained for him in a most wonderful manner the grace of Baptism and a happy death.

Following the directions the dying Indian had given me, I was in five hours within earshot of the signals of our party. They were plainly much distressed on account of my absence. I answered their shots, and soon we were happily reunited. The first one to meet me was the very man who had been my companion the day before.

A minute account of my adventures and the providential discovery I had made, were listened to with pleasure and eagerness by all. Seeing we had so completely lost our way, we resolved to act on the advice of the young man whom a kind Providence had so wondrously put in our path. So the next two days found us on the road to the mission, and there we took a sad leave of Father Prefect, he to go to Lima and we to return to our reduction.

Though we did not achieve the purpose of our expedition, yet the mishap proved to be of the greatest advantage to us. For, in the first place, by it we found a shorter route to our mission college at Ocopa, the time saved being at least eight days; besides, the route was safer and more voyageable. Then, we now knew a direct road to the Llauri river. From our reduction to the mission, where we took leave of Father Prefect, it had taken us twenty days to make the journey, the greater part of the way being an upstream course that of the river Pastaza; our return from that mission to the reduction at Cachi-boya, however, took us only eight days.

15. An Implacable Enemy

Three or four months after the events just described, I took sick, very likely in consequence of the moist-hot climate and of sleeping on the damp ground in the jungle. It was malaria, and was so violent at times that I became delirious. Seeing that it did not abate, I obtained leave to return to the college at Quito, in hopes of recuperating. But the question was, how to make the journey to Quito? It was impossible in my weakened condition to take the trail for Peru, for then I would be compelled to travel afoot, and on the other hand, the river route was unknown to us at that time.

In this emergency, a little steamer lay to one day at our reduction. It contained a party of naturalists from Brazil, headed by a Portuguese captain. We asked them if it were possible to reach the neighborhood of Quito and Ecuador by the river course. One of the party thought it was possible along the Napo river, on the shores of which there was a Jesuit mission founded by Garcia Moreno; but he did not know how near one could approach to Quito. I then recalled that I had once heard from the Jesuits at Quito, that it took eight days to travel from their mission to the capital of Ecuador, but that the roads were unmentionably

wretched, making it necessary to be carried nearly all the way on the backs of the sure-footed natives. This information was enough for me and I made up my mind to take that trail for Quito.

I inquired whether they had room for me on board the steamer, and whether they would kindly take me to Iquitos, not far from the mouth of the Napo. They were very happy to oblige me, and eight days later, having accomplished the object of their expedition, the party steamed down the Ucayali to Iquitos, where we arrived after a pleasant trip of nine days.

MARY HENDERSON

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary

“COME on fellows! There’s a fight on the playgrounds.” A crowd of boys immediately followed the speaker. For what healthy boy does not love to watch, and, for that matter, enjoy a fair fight among his schoolmates? Arrived at the scene of action, however, they found to their disappointment that they had been misinformed, for no fight was in progress. Instead, a group of yelling and laughing boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, were crowded around a fair-haired youngster, a veritable picture of a sheep among the wolves.

“It’s the new boy. What’s up now?” queried Ashton, one of the late arrivals. The only answer to his question was a chorus of voices shouting, “Mary! Mary! Ho! Ho! Ho!”; while fifty chubby fingers pointed derisively at the blushing victim in their midst.

“He says his name’s Mary,” gleefully explained one of the little fellows, as Ashton repeated his question, and then they all laughed the

more. Some began snatches of the nursery rhyme: “Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow— Say Mary, have you got a little lamb too?—My, look at Mary blush! Say Mary, do you want a doll?” Thus the teasing and laughing continued. Ashton grabbed Speakman, the new boy’s roommate, as he was passing by the crowd, and exclaimed:

“Do you hear that, Speakman? The new boy says his name is Mary.”

Speakman shook off Ashton, and began to walk away, saying as he went:

“Oh yes, I heard that before.”

The new boy saw and heard this, and exclaimed angrily:

“Yes, you have heard it before, for I told you myself in strict confidence, and here you’ve blabbered—”

He was interrupted by renewed shouts from the crowd. “Mary! Mary! Ho! Ho! Ho! Look at the boy with a girl’s name. How d’ye do, Mary? Now, now, don’t get mad;

girls can't fight anyway."

The new boy became almost wild with rage, as his taunters kept up their raillery.

"What if it is my name?" he demanded hotly. "Wasn't it the name of—"

"Your grandmother?" someone shouted.

"Or your great grandmother?" ventured another.

At this juncture, one of the teachers appeared on the scene, and asked the cause of all the excitement.

"Oh Mr. Barry, the new boy says his name's Mary!" they all shouted at once, and again broke into peals of laughter.

Mr. Barry merely smiled at this piece of information, and looked pityingly at the blushing boy as if to say, "I'm sorry for you, my boy, but I can do nothing. You will have to bear a good deal of teasing yet on account of your name."

The bell put an end to the incident, and soon the affair was forgotten as the boys filed back into class.

But if the others had forgotten it, not so Mary Kendall Henderson, who had been dubbed the "New Boy" by his schoolmates. He lay awake that night long after the others had fallen asleep, and experienced anew all the torture that the teasing had caused him. Then he recalled the reason, why his mother had given him the name that was proving such a source of mortification to him. She had always had a great devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and resolved at her marriage, that in case God would bless her with a girl, she would call her Mary. It happened, however, that the first baby was a boy. Likewise the second and the third were boys. When the fourth child was born, the fond mother cast custom to the winds, and insisted that this one must be called Mary, even if he was a boy. Thus it happened that

our young friend was christened Mary Kendall Henderson. Being every inch a boy, with all a boy's detestation and aversion for everything girlish and effeminate, the very thought of his name made his blood boil. It would not have been so bad if he had been given some other ordinary name as well. But "Kendall!" Who ever heard of a boy being called by a name like that? If he wrote his name "K. Henderson," the boys would ask him what the "K" stood for. If he told them, they would argue, "That isn't a real name. Haven't you another? Who ever heard of St. Kendall?" Then he would try to find some way out of the difficulty, or else brave it out, and blush to the roots of his hair under the ordeal. This he had been doing for the past seven years, ever since his sixth birthday, when for the first time it had really dawned on him that he bore a girl's name.

Of course, it was the name of the Blessed Virgin; all Catholics knew that; and when he seriously reflected on it, this fact gave him much comfort. But all people, and especially boys did not think of this; and, besides, not all boys were Catholics. To-day's experience—his second day at St. Guy's fashionable boarding school for young boys—had been the worst yet, and Henderson was almost inclined to think that Providence had indeed been rather unkind to him. If God had only sent him a sister, he would have escaped. But no, the name had been chosen first, and it fell to his lot to take it.

Now, there was Speakman, his roommate, to whom he had the night before with all a boy's trust confided the secret of his name, and who was quite girlish in appearance and in his ways, and yet his name was Bill. True, his family name was quite appropriate, as he had literally spoken too much. "Now, why wasn't he called Mary Speak-

man, and I, Bill Henderson?" Mary argued with himself. "That would have sounded much better, and would have fitted so well. And how unmanly it was of Speakman to have broken confidence," Henderson continued to comment with himself, as he noticed how soundly Speakman was sleeping.

As he lay there tossing about restlessly in bed, the thought struck him to change his name. But this would never do, he concluded at once; for it would grieve his loving mother sorely, and would seem to be almost an insult to the Blessed Mother herself. Hereupon, he whispered a fervent Hail Mary and then resolutely determined to keep the name and make the best of it. With this manly resolve, his heated blood began to cool, and soon he, too, was sound asleep.

In his sleep, he dreamt that he was again at home, leaning on his mother's knee and looking into her sweet eyes as she spoke so beautifully of his heavenly Patroness, and begged him to promise never to do anything unworthy of the holy name he bore. He had just remarked in his dream, "Yes, mother, I promise; and not for the world will I ever prove false to Mary!"—when he was suddenly aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a strange noise. Thinking it time to rise, he rubbed his sleepy eyes and began to dress. The noise increased, and then he noticed an ugly glare of red light just outside his window. Hastily slipping on his knickerbockers, he ran to the door and down the hall. Arrived at the staircase, an awful sight met his eyes. The entire first and second floors appeared filled with flames and smoke, and the stairs had already become impassable. Mary ran to the window at the farther end of the corridor and peered out. At his appearance, a great cry went up from the boys and professors assembled on the

lawn, telling him to remain there until a ladder could be placed for him to descend.

The fire had started in the basement, where workmen had been engaged in making repairs, and had progressed very far before it had been noticed. As the spring semester had just begun and many of the boarders had not yet registered, Speakman and Henderson were the only boys that had their room on the third floor, and, in the excitement that ensued immediately on discovering the fire, the two boys had been overlooked until all the others had made good their escape. Great was their joy, therefore, when they noticed Henderson at the window, and saw that it was yet possible for him to escape. As the boys called to him, Mary climbed on the window-sill and sat there dangling his legs in the air, apparently unconscious or at least unmindful of the great danger he was in. Then in the twinkling of an eye and to the great horror and utter astonishment of the onlookers, he reentered the burning building, and pausing for a moment, shouted to those below "Speakman is still sleeping!" and with this he disappeared.

As he turned from the window, he shuddered at the scene that met his gaze. The staircase was a roaring funnel of fire, and great black clouds of smoke filled the corridor through which he had to pass to gain his room. That entire section of the building was now wrapped in flames and the floor might give away at any moment. Mary did not stop to weigh the possible consequences of his daring, but thought only of the sleeping boy, who would soon be a victim of the terrible flames if not rescued at once. Signing himself devoutly with the Cross and recommending himself to his heavenly Patroness, he ran down the hall, and soon gained entrance to the bedroom.

Speakman was still in bed, and the fumes of gas from the burning timbers had already begun to exercise their stupefying influence over him, when Henderson entered and began to shake him vigorously. It seemed an age before he could make Speakman realize the situation, and when he had at last succeeded in this, the poor boy began to cry and lost all courage.

"There's no use crying, Speakman," Mary declared determinately, "we must get out of this at once, if we want to get out at all," and saying this, he grasped the frightened boy, and started for the door. As they entered the hall, a great tongue of fire swept up from the stairs, and with a cry of terror, Speakman fell fainting to the floor. The smoke was becoming more and more suffocating, and Henderson trembled at the thought of passing by those devouring flames. But safety lay in that direction alone, and he grasped the situation at a glance. Falling for but a moment on his knees and raising his pleading eyes and hands to heaven he exclaimed:

"O Mother Mary help us!"

Then taking hold of Speakman's prostrate form and half carrying, half dragging him, he made a dash for the open window. As he passed the burning stairs, he thought his last hour had come, as they seemed to be entirely enveloped in fire. Still he knew no fear, for in spite of all the danger, he felt confident that Mary would not permit them to fall victims to the flames. At last, breathless and panting heavily, he reached the window with his burden, just as a fireman was plac-

ing a ladder against the sill. The crowd of spectators below could scarcely believe their eyes when they beheld him again with Speakman in his arms; for just before they appeared at the window, that section of the house where their bedroom was, had fallen with a mighty crash, and both boys had been given up for lost.

The fireman took the senseless boy in his big brawny arms and began to descend the ladder, while Mary followed immediately after. It was then that the crowd first realized what Henderson had done, and cheer upon cheer rang out on the midnight air, contrasting strangely with the awful scene of destruction.

Arrived on the ground, they were quickly surrounded by the boys and teachers, who could not find words to express their admiration and praise for such pluck and daring.

"God bless you, Henderson!" exclaimed Mr. Barry, "you have saved your companion's life at the risk of your own. God alone can reward you for the deed."

"Where is the little hero?" inquired the Chief, as he came up to the group. "That was a noble deed, my brave little man," he said, grasping Henderson's hand. "May I ask your name?"

The boy raised his big black eyes to the speaker, and in a clear, firm voice replied:

"Mary Henderson, sir!"

"Boys" cried Ashton, as he heard this reply, "three more cheers for Mary Henderson!"

And there was not one who did not heartily respond.

A STRONG ARGUMENT

Archbishop Ireland was urging one of his senatorial friends to help the Church with his presence, but the senator declined to be a regular church-goer, giving this reason: "One finds so many hypocrites there." "But there is always room for one more," said the genial prelate, as he gripped the hand of his statesman-friend.

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. (Mt. V. 8.) They are clean of heart who despise earthly things and always seek those of heaven, and who never cease to adore and contemplate the Lord God, Living and True, with a pure heart and mind.—St. Francis.

2. The goods of this world are given to us to divide amongst those who are most destitute of them.—Bl. Louise, 3rd Order.

3. The grace of God and virtue are the ladder and the way to heaven. Faults and sins lead to hell. One grace leads to another; one fault begets another.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

4. May Jesus and Mary be with me on all my ways!—Christopher Columbus, Tertiary.

5. It would certainly be foolish to consider the transient and worthless things of this world of greater value than the eternal. I do not fear the cross nor any other torture; I willingly and gladly give my life for my God, who died for us all.—St. Peter Baptist, 1st Order.

6. You promise me earthly goods, but God promises those which are heavenly. Here below, there is nothing but suffering and tribulation, but in heaven are true joys of a blessed life. The few joys of earth are full of troubles and vanish like smoke, but those in heaven are infinite and everlasting—Little St. Antony, Japanese Martyr, Tertiary.

7. Bl. Antony of Stronconio of the First Order was wont to attend several Masses every day, and it was his delight to serve at them. He often said, "No occupation is holier or more pleasing to God."

8. When I say, "Hail Mary!" heaven smiles, the angels are happy, the world rejoices, hell trembles, and the demons take to flight.—St. Francis.

9. Obedience is the result of faith, the proof of true hope, the assurance of charity, the mother of humility, and the peace of God.—St. Francis.

10. Do not undertake too many things, even though they are good, but only such as your duties and obedience demand. Be not overhasty, but do your work silently and modestly; observe even in your talk, in the movements and positions of your body, the greatest reserve.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

11. Work! No one here below is free from it. Neither the rich, nor the poor, nor the small, nor the great, not even the Pope. We must work, and thereby keep the enemy from entering into the family and society. A pious will and continued work drive away the devil and prevent evil. To let the hands lie folded in the lap would be unchristian.—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

12. Many buy hell with so great exertion, that with only the half they could easily gain heaven.—Bl. Thomas More, Tertiary.

13. The life of Bl. Viridiana of the Third Order was entirely hidden with Christ in God. And this should be the life of every soul. If we are

obliged to live amid the distractions of the world, we ought to make for ourselves an interior solitude, where we may retire from time to time, to converse with Jesus Christ and meditate on the happiness of Heaven.

14. To love God truly, one must have three hearts in one: a heart all on fire for God; a heart full of charity for his neighbor; and a heart of flint for himself.—St. Benedict Labre, Tertiary.

15. On beholding the incorrupt tongue of St. Antony of Padua at the opening of his grave, thirty-two years after the saint's death, when the rest of the holy body had already turned to dust, St. Bonaventure exclaimed: "O blessed tongue which always praised God and taught men to bless Him; now we see how precious thou art in the sight of God!"

16. Without prayer we can neither make progress in perfection nor obtain anything from God.—St. Francis.

17. St. Frances of Rome, Tertiary, one day, as she was reciting the office of the Blessed Virgin, had to break off in the same prayer four times in order to attend to her husband, who called for her. But the last time she returned to repeat the prayer, she found it written in letters of gold.

18. We must all make propaganda for the Third Order, every one in his own sphere.—Cardinal Rampolla, Tertiary.

19. However wise a man may be, he ought to seek counsel and direction from the ministers of God.—St. Antony of Padua, 1st Order.

20. The members of the Third Order are soldiers of Christ and followers of the Machabees.—Pope Gregory IX, Tertiary.

21. A gentleman of Brescia once consulted St. Angela of Merici, Tertiary, on the means of sanctifying oneself in the world. The Saint replied: "Do now and all your life, what you would wish to have done at the hour of your death." The man did as he was bidden, and soon became a great servant of God.

22. The desire for peace fills all hearts and all earnestly desire it; but of God they wish to know nothing, and so this desire after peace is vain; where there is no God, there is no justice, where there is no justice, there is also no hope for peace.—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

23. Our faith should be so firm, that no misfortune could make us do or say anything contrary to it.—St. Louis, King, Tertiary.

24. Almsgiving is a right, a lawful inheritance descending to the poor from our Lord Jesus Christ.—St. Francis.

25. He who despises the poor, despises Jesus Christ; he who repels them, commits a crime against God.—St. Hyacintha of Mariscotti, 3rd Order.

26. The Lord gave me and still gives me such faith in priests on account of their ordination, that I desire to fear, love, and honor them as my lords and masters.—St. Francis.

27. The poor must gain heaven through patience, the rich by almsgiving.—St. Louis, King, Tertiary.

28. Brethren, let us now begin to do good and to become better, for hitherto we have made but little progress.—St. Francis.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE THIRD ORDER AND OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH

A pious young lady was once asked by her pastor whether she did not feel inclined to join the Third Order. She looked at him for an instant, and then replied in a tone of genuine surprise, "Why Father, I thought the Third Order was instituted only for old people."

Judging from the age of the members of many fraternities the country over, one must conclude that the erroneous opinion of this young lady is shared by very many people. Is the Third Order really intended only for people advanced in years? We answer with an emphatic "No!" This could not have been the intention of the Founder, nor is it the wish of the Church. For, the Rule of the Third Order approved by the Church, permits even children at the age of fourteen to be enrolled.

What is the reason, then, that so few young men and women are members of the Third Order? Prejudice? Perhaps. But, we think the simpler explanation is that they have never been induced to become members. In other words, the Third Order, generally speaking, has made no effort to gain recruits from the younger generation. Yet, if the Order wishes to prosper and endure, it must turn its attention to our young men and women, and strive to gain them over to its ideals and to school them in its spirit. Every other organization is anxious to have as many young members as possible, because young blood in a society spells life, activity, and endurance. Why should the Third Order alone neglect this means of self-preservation?

We hope we shall not be misunderstood. We do not wish to reflect in the least on the older members of the Order. The Order is proud of them. The Order needs them. All we wish to say is that the Order should admit both young and old, because it has been instituted for both young and old.

Besides, what society is better suited to the needs of our youth than the Third Order? Was it not instituted for persons living amid the dangers and distractions and seductions of the world to afford them a means of leading a pure and pious life? And who are more exposed to the dangers, more open to the distractions, and more susceptible to the seductions of the world than just our young men and women? That something must be done, and quickly done, to save them from the evil influences of our corrupt age, is admitted on all hands. To gather these young men and women into clubs and circles for the purpose of diverting them and thus counteracting the baneful influences of a wicked world, is all well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Youth wants diversion, but it wants ideals, too. It ardently loves and eagerly strives after the true, the beautiful, the excellent, the sublime.

Now, the spirit of St. Francis is highly idealistic, and in so far also thoroughly youthful. It was his youthful idealism that led St. Francis to undertake great things for God and man, that drove him up the steepest heights of sanctity, that inspired him with thoughts so noble, and purposes so magnanimous, and deeds so chivalrous, that gave to his person an irresistible charm, and won for him the hearts of all. St. Francis is dead; but his spirit still lives in his institutions, and continues to wield its magnetic power over millions of hearts within and without the Church. Will it not be able to influence also the hearts of our young men and women

if they are brought in touch with it in the Third Order? Let the experiment be tried. Let the directors of souls strive to interest even children in an institution so well adapted to their needs. Would it not be a good plan to begin so-called children's sections of the Third Order and to have boys and girls enter upon their novitiate when they quit school and to make their profession when they are dismissed from Sunday school? The plan may be novel, but; we see no reason why it should not be feasible.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The second picture of our series of frontispieces is a beautiful illustration of the second corporal work of mercy, "To give drink to the thirsty". It represents a poor wayfarer, who being exhausted from the heat and fatigue of his journey, has seated himself on a stone bench before the portal of a stately castle. His parched lips are eagerly extended toward a crock in the hands of the hospitable lord of the manor, who has, perhaps, seen the weary wanderer from afar, and has hastened to meet him at the door to quench his burning thirst with a refreshing draft.

To give drink to the thirsty is a work taught us by our Heavenly Father, who has created innumerable rivers, lakes, ponds, and springs that man and beast may have water in abundance. Our divine Savior has solemnly assured us that he who performs this act of charity "shall not lose his reward". Should we then not strive to merit this recompense, especially since we can do so with slight expense and inconvenience? Owing to modern inventions and improvements in the manner of living, opportunities of performing this work of mercy may be not so numerous as in former ages. Yet, even now conditions may arise that make it impossible for a person to satisfy the craving of his nature for a refreshing drink. Such conditions are sickness and poverty. In this country, millions of dollars are annually expended for alcoholic beverages. Might this money not be turned to better account by devoting it to the needs of the sick and poor?

In this connection, it may not be amiss to inform our readers that in Arizona there are whole tribes of Indians, who, during the time of drought that annually visits this State, have great difficulty in procuring drinking water. Franciscan missionaries laboring among them have, with much expense and labor, succeeded in drilling several wells for these poor people, who in summer are forced to migrate from one place of the desert to another in quest of water. But as yet these wells are few and far-between. Many more are needed to supply the wants of the Indians and of their stock. Would it not be a very commendable act of charity, if the members of one of our numerous Tertiary fraternities would oblige themselves, in honor of the sacred thirst of our dying Savior, to abstain from their favorite beverage, at least during Lent, and to send the money thus saved to the Indian missionaries in Arizona? This is not intended as a direct appeal to the charity of our readers, but merely as a suggestion.

STATEMENT OF PRESERVATION SOCIETY

It is with pleasure that we accede to the request of the Reverend Wm. H. Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and President of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian

Children, to publish in the *Herald* the annual statement of the Society, and to give it as much prominence as possible.

The total receipts of the Society for the year 1914 were \$29,589.45. About half of this amount represents membership fees, while a special appeal of the bureau brought \$6,963.69. The Marquette League contributed \$4,106.10; the Mass stipends totaled \$1,073, and \$1,500 accrued from legacies. Considering the many needs of the Catholic Indian children who are dependent for their education and support on the funds of the Society, the sum of \$29,589 is meager enough. But, when these needs steadily increase, and the funds decrease from year to year, there is cause for alarm, that the good work of the Society may be seriously hampered in the not far distant future. Let us hear what Father Ketcham has to say.

"We note with alarm that the year 1914 registers still another decrease (a falling off of \$3,092.23 from the year 1913) in the receipts of the Preservation Society. No doubt there are many reasons which account for this: The pressing local needs everywhere, the extraordinary demands that have been made on the generosity of the faithful because of the calamities in various parts of the world during 1914, all of which had to be heeded. Nevertheless, the Indian Missions still have the very strongest claim on the Catholic people of the United States and their wants have not grown less. Through the machinations of unfriendly persons we have lost one of our schools that was supported out of Indian tribal funds. The enemies of our faith, who pretend to be friends of the Indians, are incessantly endeavoring to deprive us of all assistance from Indian moneys and have succeeded in injuring us in several instances quite considerably. Are we to be driven from the Indian field through such machinations to which the Government representatives appear to be yielding, or shall we rally round the emblem of our faith and place our institutions beyond the need of any assistance that comes to us through Government channels? Be loyal! Be generous! Let your contributions to the Preservation Society for 1915 be at least a partial answer to the question."

THAT TERTIARY BADGE

We have, on several occasions, tried to interest the Reverend Directors and the members of the Third Order in an emblem that might be worn by Tertiaries as distinctive of their profession. Though we have yet to hear from a number of Directors, we feel quite sure that not one is opposed to our suggestion. The Tertiaries themselves seem to be greatly pleased with our plan of providing them with an appropriate badge. This statement is warranted by communications we have received from all parts of the country.

We have, therefore, decided to take the matter in hand, and have had a design for a button made by an artist of national repute. In making the specifications for the design, we have considered the various hints and suggestions of our readers, and have embodied those ideas that seemed to us most original and consistent. We assure our readers that this emblem will be unique, expressive, elegant, practical, and, as regards the price, within the reach of all.

The design will be in five colors; the size, medium; the material, jewelers' hard fired enamel and gold plate, rolled gold, or solid gold, according to the tastes and wishes of the purchasers; the price, cost price.

We are sorry not to be able to quote the exact price, as this will depend on the number of buttons made. We are of the opinion, however, that the price of the gold plate button will hardly exceed thirty-five cents retail, provided we can have several thousand buttons made. To keep down the price, we should like to order as many as possible. All who wish to procure Tertiary buttons, therefore, are kindly requested to inform us at once, so that we may lose no time in placing our order with the manufacturers.

Of course, we need not tell our readers that this is not a money-making scheme, any more than was the publication of the "Catechism of the Third Order". Up to date we have not made a copper on the Catechism, nor is it our purpose to traffic in buttons. Our sole aim is to serve the Franciscan Tertiaries and to labor for the spread and prestige of their Order. May we not hope to have the co-operation of all the Reverend Directors and Tertiaries under the jurisdiction of the Province of the Sacred Heart, in this matter?

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS

"For charity that is charity through and through," says *The Ave Maria*, "commend us to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. We confess that it is its spirit and methods alone which in the present day justify for ourselves the concept of organized charity. For a society with such noble aims and practical apparatus for work, and so keen for its own improvement, we have only the highest admiration. One live member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is worth a hundred clubmen, club they never so well."

How long will it be till some Catholic editor will be able to bestow similar praise on the Third Order in this country? Time was when the Third Order served as a pattern after which other charitable organizations were fashioned. In point of fact, was not the founder of the above mentioned society, Frederic Ozanam, himself a Franciscan Tertiary, and did he not draw his inspiration from the Third Order? Now, however, the tables are turned, and some of our fraternities can learn many a thing from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, especially as regards organized charity. We say this not from a desire to criticize; for we are aware that the Third Order in this country has hardly had time fully to adjust itself to the existing social conditions. Yet, if the Order wishes to escape the charge of inactivity, it had better let the process of adjustment take care of itself, and direct its attention to some of the great social needs and evils of the day, that are crying to Heaven for alleviation.

"To avert evil and to promote good," a phrase occurring in the first encyclical of Pope Benedict XV, may be accepted as the motto of the new Pontificate," says *The Ave Maria*. Might this phrase not serve also as a motto for Tertiaries? How full their lives would be, if they would only begin to translate it into practice.

The present Supreme Pontiff is a Franciscan Tertiary and is proud of the title. Are you a Tertiary of St. Francis? If not, why not? If so, you need not be ashamed of your company.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS (TEXAS)

IV

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

WHILE the first mission church in Texas was in course of construction, the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi occurred, May 25. The Fathers resolved to celebrate it with all the splendor possible, as well to show their faith and love toward their Sacramental Lord, as also to impress the Indians with the grandeur of the Catholic worship. Fr. Mazanet describes the festivities as follows: "On the feast of Corpus Christi High Mass was sung. Before the holy Mass, we had a procession with the Blessed Sacrament exposed, a large concourse of Indians being assembled; for we had notified them of the festivities the day previous. The soldiers had been given leave to fire as many salutes as they could during the procession, at the Elevation, and at the close of the holy Sacrifice. Thus it was the will of the Divine Majesty that in that solitude we should celebrate the beautiful feast; and it was a source of great consolation for us that we were able to carry the Blessed Sacrament exposed and to walk in procession as is customary in Catholic countries. After holy Mass, we in the name of His Majesty raised the royal standard, which on one side bore the image of Christ Crucified, and on the other, the picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. A royal salute was fired, and we sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*

in thanksgiving.

"When the church and the dwelling intended for the missionaries had been finished, everything that had been brought for the religious, was carried into these buildings. On the morning of June 1, 1690, a week after the Feast of Corpus Christi, we blessed the church. Holy Mass was then celebrated, after which the *Te Deum Laudamus* was sung in thanksgiving, the soldiers firing a royal salute. The church and village were dedicated in honor of our holy Father St. Francis."

Such was the beginning of the first mission established in Texas by Franciscans from the Missionary College of Santa Cruz de Queretaro. Unfortunately, the Fathers were less explicit in describing localities than is agreeable to the historian, which makes it very difficult, and even impossible, to fix the exact site of many missionary establishments. Writing of the first Texas missions, Dr. Bolton says, "The exact point at which the main Nabadache village stood, I can not say, not having examined the locality in person; but certain data enable us to approximate its location pretty closely.....Our inference from the diaries would be that the first site of the Mission of San Francisco, in the village of the Nabadache (1), was from one and a half to three leagues—from three

(1) One of the Hasinai Indian villages, the scene of Franciscan activity.

to six miles (2)—distant from the Neches River at its nearest point, a league or more farther from the crossing, and still another league—in all some ten miles—from the Neches village on the other side of the river.” (3) The site of San Francisco Mission must, therefore, be sought in the extreme northeast corner of the present Houston County, near the creek which the Fathers, in 1716, named San Pedro Creek.

What follows affords a glimpse of the difficulties the missionaries encountered everywhere under Spanish dominion in their efforts to establish the reign of Christ among the aborigines. (4) First let us see whom Fr. Mazanet left behind to conduct missionary work, and the disposition manifested by the Indians, notably their chief. “After dinner on that same day,” the day on which the temporary church was dedicated, Fr. Mazanet tells us, “our company (of soldiers) left the place in order to return hither (Coahuila); but I remained until the morrow, when I went to join the others on the way. The night before I left the place, I called the chief. I bade him remember that he must take care of the Fathers who remained there (5), and try to cause his people to respect them and to receive Christian instructions. I told him the Fathers would not take anything away from them, nor ask them for anything, but rather they would help his people whenever they were able. The chief replied, ‘I shall take care of the Fathers so that, when you return, they will have no complaint to bring against me. They are perfectly

safe, and may stay.’ I told him that I should be gratified if his brother and some other relatives would come with me to visit our country, and bring back numerous things for them; and that our great captain, the viceroy, was anxious to see them, as he entertained very kind feelings toward them. The chief replied that his brother with two other relatives and a nephew of his would accompany me. Then he thus admonished me, ‘Do not permit any one to demand service from these men whom you take with you, nor to make them work.’ From these words it is evident that they have among them the idea of rank, and that they distinguish their chiefs from the mass of the people.

“From the time of our arrival at the Texas village until we left, I took note of many things, and learnt something about certain men whose conduct proved so different from what it had seemed to be when we were on the road, that I hardly knew them for the same persons after we were in the village. Evidently, some thought that they were to be made rulers of the Texas Indians, and forgot His Excellency’s express orders concerning the undertaking, which orders provided that Captain Alonso de Leon should go as commander of the expedition that was to find out whether there were any Frenchmen in that region, and that Leon and his men should escort thither the priests who accompanied Fr. Damian Mazanet. If the Texas asked for priests and desired Baptism, the priests should stay there; and if the Texas proved quite friendly, and no danger was to be expect-

(2) Dr. Bolton assumes that a league was equal to two miles. That was a “small” league. It is usually taken to equal about two and a half, to two and three-fourth miles.

(3) “Texas Historical Quarterly”, April, 1908, pp. 263; 265.

(4) Likewise under French rule, as the reader will know from reading the account of the missions in Canada.

(5) Fr. Mazanet does not mention the names here, but as given in the beginning, they were Fr. Miguel Fontcubierta, Fr. Francisco Casanas de Jesus Maria, and Fr. Antonio Bordoy.

ed at their hands, no large garrison was to be left behind. If, on the other hand, they proved troublesome, as many soldiers should remain as necessary, according to the advice and with the consent of Fr. Damian Mazanet. It was not in the least necessary for the safety of the religious to leave soldiers among the Texas; for from the first they welcomed us with so much affection and good will, that they could hardly do enough to please us. Yet, in the face of all this, Captain Alonso de Leon made arrangements to leave behind fifty men, under the command of Captain Nicolas Prietto, an incapable and undeserving old man.

"When the time came, the captain told me of his purpose. I replied, 'You are under orders from His Excellency, and if you mean to consult me, the consultation must not take place in private. Call your captains and the religious, and in their presence state what you wish to offer for consideration.' (6) This reply deeply wounded Leon, for his passions had blinded him. He called the captains, and I called the priests. Captain Leon told us that he had planned to leave behind forty or fifty soldiers with an officer for the protection of the priests, and that he was holding this consultation because His Excellency had ordered that, if the soldiers were to be left behind, it should be with my consent. To this I replied that it was not necessary to leave behind a military force, since the people were so peaceable and friendly. In case the religious should need assistance, I requested that three soldiers whom I thought fit for the position should stay here. If he chose to leave behind a greater number, well and good; but with no consent of mine, for I did not wish

more than three to remain. Leon was annoyed by my proposition; so was his friend Captain Nicolas Prietto, who was to stay as the commander of the forty or fifty soldiers. In the end, it was arranged that the three soldiers recommended by me should remain there. They were willing to do so, and were quite content. They belonged to the Zacatecas company. Leon left for the soldiers nine horses, some firelocks, a barrel of powder and some shot, and for the priests he left twenty-six loads (each 275 pounds) of flour, twenty cows, two yoke of oxen, plows with plowshares, axes, spades, and other minor articles.

"On June 2, 1690, we took our departure, and the Fathers who were to stay walked with us a short distance. Then we took leave of one another with many tears of joy and gladness; for these religious did not feel sorrow at being left behind; nay, rather, they gave thanks to God for having merited such a grace as to be called to save the souls of the heathen. We arrived at the Trinity River on the third of June, but found the river so high that we were hindered a whole week from crossing. We followed the road we had come; but, on arriving at the Rio Grande del Norte, we found it so high that we were kept eighteen days from crossing it, and when we did succeed in crossing, it was by swimming at great peril of our lives.....

"There were some points of which I took special note on this journey," Fr. Mazanet relates, and they are worth mentioning here, as they throw much light on mission history in Texas as well as elsewhere. "First, in the preceding year, we had everywhere found Indians, whereas in 1690 we saw not a single one until we inspected Espiritu

(6) The viceroys, not trusting the soldiery on such expeditions, frequently commanded the officers to abide by the decision of disinterested missionaries, with happy results for the Indians. at least. Generally, the soldiery were a drawback, more to be feared than the savage nature of the Indians.

Santo Bay and entered the land of the Texas.

"Secondly, in the year before the soldiers all behaved in a peaceable and orderly manner; but in 1690, scarcely a day passed without some one fighting, or some officer stabbing a soldier, so that the *donado* (secular Tertiary), who had come with me, was generally kept busy attending the wounded. He treated them with tepid wine, which is, they say, an excellent cure for stabs in the head.

"Thirdly, I noted that there were so many horses and mules that the packmules were not missed until some article was needed. The officers themselves knew not the number.

"Fourthly, Captain Leon had a companion, Captain N. N., so honorable that he never failed to play the talebearer and to excite quarrels; so kindhearted that only his friend Leon drank chocolate, and the others lukewarm water; so considerate of others and vigilant that he got up early to steal the chocolate out of the boxes. Perhaps this vigilance was the reason why he left only six hundredweight of chocolate and of sugar, when, by order of His Excellency, Captain Leon

was to leave for the priests twelve hundredweight of each. This fellow was so compassionate towards the Indians that, because he saw how poor they were, and that their clothing consisted of the skins of antelopes and buffaloes, he endeavored to provide them secretly with the articles which His Excellency had sent for them—blankets, flannel, cloth, knives; but this fellow so arranged his almsgiving, by first robbing the Indians of what they had, that his gifts were equal to about one-fourth of his robberies. (7)

"Fifthly, when the Indians brought certain complaints against the soldiers for entering their homes, Captain Leon never attempted to remedy the trouble. In one particular case, when the brother of the chief of the Texas came to us, complaining that a rape had been attempted on his wife, I remonstrated with Captain Leon about his letting such misdeeds go unpunished. I urged that conduct like this would not be tolerated even among Moors and heretics, and should be the more severely reprovved in this case because we had come among these heathen people in order to give an example of right living; but Leon did not say a word." (8)

(7) Fr. Mazanet suppresses the name of the culprit.

(8) Similar misdeeds were reported against military guards of the missions in California from the first. The wonder is that the Fathers could make headway among the Indians in the face of so bad an example. It is clear that the missionaries were quite right in their efforts to eliminate the soldiery as much as possible.

DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH

A good story told of Chief Justice Taney beautifully illustrates the democratic spirit of the Catholic Church. It is said that he once stopped at a small church to go to confession. He found a number of persons white and colored waiting in line, and only one priest to hear them. Some one recognized the head of the Supreme Court of the United States, and offered to step aside and give him place. "No, no, my good man," said the Chief Justice. "Keep your place. We are all equal here."—*Pittsburg Observer*.

ANECDOTES FROM INDIAN LIFE

By Fr. Nicholas, O.F.M.

IT is true that the ordinary Indian, generally speaking, does not rise to great heights in the spiritual life and in christian perfection. It is also true that his financial contributions to the church usually have a copper coloring. Yet as far as personal service to the parish church is concerned, he can not well brook defeat. Indians willingly render services to their parish, whenever they can, and do so with an honest ambition and laudable pride. They have, however, a predilection for church offices. The following few incidents will illustrate the case in point.

Bert Johnson, a white man, had for some years acted as janitor at the little mission church of E....., carrying the wood, sweeping the steps, ringing the bell, taking up the collection during divine services, and performing numerous other odd jobs,—all, of course, without remuneration. It so happened one day that this faithful servant wished to take a much deserved vacation in order to visit a distant relative. Michel Thunderbolt, an Indian living hard by the mission, who had long cast envious eyes at Bert, was not slow to grasp this opportunity of supplanting the absent janitor. He, accordingly, approached the pastor and offered his services, at least for the time that Mr. Johnson would be absent. The priest readily accepted the generous offer, and the happy Indian thenceforth went about discharging his ecclesiastical functions with an exactness and neatness that would have done honor to a Methodist deacon. One fine day, however, his bland smile disappeared from his swarthy features, and his brow was overcast with evident sorrow. Bert Johnson, his worthy predecessor, had re-

turned to the village, and Thunderbolt feared for his job. Well knowing that his claims on the janitorship were not so firmly founded as Bert's, he hastened to the pastor, and presented a new petition to the effect that he be permitted to retain the job.

"Father," he began, "you know Mr. Johnson is back, but he is getting old, and I am quite willing to do the work."

The good priest well knew that Mr. Johnson likewise was only too anxious to resume his former occupation, and at first was at a loss what to answer. Presently he hit upon a plan that proved satisfactory to both.

"Michel," he said, "it will not do to deprive Bert of his work, which he has been doing for so many years. But I am sure he will not object if you carry in the wood and build the fire."

Michel thanked the priest heartily for this unexpected honor, and thenceforth fulfilled his little office to the eminent satisfaction of both pastor and parishioners, faithfully carrying in the wood and making the fire blaze and roar as only an Indian knows how.

Jerome Deer had been appointed by the annual Indian council to attend to the ringing of the bell for services at the mission church, and he did his duty with unswerving fidelity. One day, however, he came to the pastor with a disconsolate look on his face, and asked to be relieved of his job.

"My dear Jerome, what has happened?" asked Father John. "You were always so happy and proud of your work."

"Father," replied the simple soul, "many of the men will not speak to me any more, nor even look at me.

I know they are jealous of me because I ring the bell, and therefore, I would rather give up the job, than see so many dissatisfied faces about me."

"Be consoled, my good man," said Father John, "you must not mind what others think about it. You were appointed by the council, and you undertook the work for the honor of God; so you must go on with it and pay no attention to the others."

The old Indian rejoiced at this recommendation and sound advice, and continued to ring the bell as before.

Dave Clear Sky (Mosachkuot) was quite a handy man about the little church at W..... For many years, he had carried the wood and kept the fire burning, and all this with not a little self-complacency.

He was growing old, and the pastor, Fr. Herbert, was thinking of entrusting his work to younger hands. The old man seemed to have a presentiment of the impending danger, and he was determined to ward it off if possible. When the time for the annual council drew near, he went to the priest and said:

"Father, I am willing to do this work as long as I can; and you know there is no one here who understands it so well as I do."

"Thank you Dave, for your willingness to serve the church," rejoined Fr. Herbert, "but we must wait and see what the council will decide. And then we must abide by the decision of the council."

The council actually decided to place the burden on stronger and younger shoulders, and assigned to Dave, in recognition of his past faithful services, a position of honor but no work. Old Clear Sky was not at all pleased with this arrangement, and from that time on there was a marked change in his church attendance. As soon as he dis-



Charles Wyshisit, Menominee Indian

covered, however, that the new officer in charge of the stove was somewhat slow and remiss in his duty, he began gradually to usurp his old position, until finally he was again in full possession of what he considered his inalienable right.

Nor was he satisfied with doing his own work; for he was ever on the lookout, and captured work wherever he could. On one occasion during the Sunday services, Sam Loud Bear, whose duty it was

to take up the collection, was soundly sleeping during the Credo and Offertory of the Mass. Our ever alert Clear Sky, instead of arousing the sleeper and reminding him of his duty, walked stealthily up to the front of the church, took the collection basket, and passed through the aisles, very careful not to awaken Loud Bear. When he was in the rear of the church, Sam suddenly awoke. Perceiving that he was late, he hastened to the front for the basket, but it was

like many of his white brethren, he had the very bad habit of falling asleep during the sermon. It was then that the hungry dogs, finding the door open and unguarded, would enter the church and cause unpleasant disturbances. The parishioners overlooked John's negligence in this matter several times, but finally grew tired of these molesting intrusions, and determined to appoint a more vigilant dog marshal. A council was called for this purpose. In vain did John re-



JOE BIG BIRD, JOHN BLACKSMITH, JOE TEPIEW, JIM KEWOCHKOK,
Typical Menominees

gone. Turning around, he spied Dave Clear Sky passing proudly from pew to pew, his face beaming with a triumphant smile as he noticed Loud Bear's discomfiture.

Indians are very fond of dogs, and these favored animals often accompany their masters to the house of God, and, if not hindered, will also venture inside the sacred walls. John Fleetfoot had been entrusted with the duty of keeping the dogs out of the church. Unfortunately,

monstrate against the proceeding, which he denounced as an insult and an infringement of his rights. The venerable members of the assembly finally decided, after mature and serious deliberation, to give John another chance. Fleetfoot stalked out of the council hall with the triumphant air of a Napoleon, highly elated over his victory. The cure had its desired effect, and from that time on no sneaking Indian dog ever dared set foot inside the church door, not even during the sermon.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL

By Mary Gearon, Tertiary

IT was a dull, bleak morning in early March. Paul Benton, a first violinist in the Chicago Orchestra, was entirely out of humor with himself and with the weather. At a rehearsal the previous evening, he had had words with the director of the orchestra regarding the proper rendering of a difficult passage in one of Beethoven's symphonies, and had gotten the worst of the argument. A severe cold, contracted on his way home, only served to aggravate his ill temper. For over an hour he had endeavored to play the passage of the symphony as the director wanted it rendered, but with little success. His head was throbbing violently from the cold, and matters were not bettered by the continual prattle and running about of little two-year-old Paul Junior, who insisted on calling his father's attention to all his toys and childish pranks. Paul's patience finally gave out, and picking up the baby, carried it to the kitchen, where his wife was busy preparing luncheon. At he entered the kitchen, he was greeted by the pungent odor of fried onions. This filled his cup of ire to overflowing, and placing the baby on a chair he exclaimed angrily:

"I wish you would keep Baby out here, until I get through practicing. I simply can't do anything while he is around. And then I really do wish you would cook something without putting in those everlasting fried onions!"

Ethel looked up at this remark, and blushed profusely. As Paul turned to leave, he noticed several articles from the delicatessen store on the table. This further served to incense him.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't bake

something yourself for a change. I'm sick and tired of baker's bread, and pie and cake. We might as well eat in a restaurant, as to buy everything from the baker!"

Ethel could hardly believe her ears. Paul had never spoken thus to her before. He had always been so kind and gentle, that she could not imagine he could ever be otherwise. Stung to the quick by his sudden burst of temper, she fell an easy prey to the tempter, who immediately began to whisper thoughts of jealousy into her mind, and almost before she realized what she was saying, she blurted out:

"You boarded before we were married, and I think I am giving you as good meals as you got then! And if you don't like onions, why didn't you say so long ago? But I'm not going to put up with your senseless scolding and am going right home to mother!"

It was now Paul's turn to be surprised, and it now also dawned on him how bitter his words and how unwarranted his anger had been. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, yet too proud to concede his fault at once, he muttered something about not coming home for lunch, grabbed his hat and coat and left the house, slamming the door after him.

Paul Junior, quite unused to such a scene, now began to exercise his vocal cords in true baby fashion, and was at once joined in this by his mother, who sat down at the table, and cried as if her heart would break. The tempter in the meantime, rejoicing that at last he had brought discord into this little earthly paradise, continued to assail Ethel's wounded soul with the wildest imaginable thoughts of jealousy and anger, that she finally decided actually to carry out her threat of

returning to her mother.

Taking the baby with her, she repaired to the bedroom and began to pack her clothes in a trunk. Then her tears started afresh, as she recalled how happy she and Paul had been during the past three years of their wedded life. Their cozy little flat had been fitted up so comfortably, and many were the wedding gifts, sweet reminders of her girlhood friends, that adorned the pretty rooms. Up to this day no cloud had darkened the bright sunshine of their life.

And now, all of a sudden, everything was changed. And Ethel was becoming ever more and more convinced of the fact that nothing else could have caused Paul to speak and act as he did, unless his love for her had grown cold, and had been bestowed on another. As she was occupied with these thoughts, the door bell rang, but she did not heed it. It rang again and again. The caller was evidently persistent. Baby Paul had immediately gone to the window at the first sound of the bell, and then he ran to his mother saying:

"O mamma, Auntie's there."

Mrs. Warner was "Auntie" to all the neighborhood, and was dearly loved by all, young and old. She had a very amiable and charitable disposition, and it seemed there was no sorrow which she could not soothe, no trouble for which she did not know some remedy. She was a member of the Third Order, and, in spite of her penances and numerous works of piety, she was always blithe and cheerful, and diffused whithersoever she went the happy and consoling spirit of the blessed Father St. Francis. Always and everywhere a welcome guest, she was doubly so at the Bentons, whom she loved with a mother's love and often sang their praises as a model Catholic young couple.

When Ethel learnt who her cal-

ler was, she went to the door to admit her, and tried her best to smile and look pleasant. But her red, swollen eyes and quivering voice betrayed her emotion, and it was not long before she had confided the whole affair to her good old friend.

With motherly interest, Mrs. Warner listened to the tale of woe, and then with loving words calmed the poor troubled heart. She showed Ethel the folly of her course of action, and suggested a thousand explanations for Paul's conduct.

"Why child," she exclaimed, "little misunderstandings like this will happen in the best of families. Why, even Mr. Warner and I have our little spats at times, and there is no more lovable person on earth than he!"

At this declaration, Ethel had to smile through her tears; to think that these two good and holy souls, who were both as gentle as lambs, could ever come to words!

"But the method you wish to adopt to remedy the quarrel", continued Mrs. Warner, "leads to the breaking up of the home and even to the divorce courts."

This last remark had its intended effect on Ethel, and she shuddered at the very thought of it. Mrs. Warner noticed that she had gained her point, and then wisely outlined a course of action which would surely set matters aright again.

After her friend's departure, Ethel carefully followed the instructions that had been given her, and anxiously awaited Paul's return.

She was in the kitchen when he came home at five o'clock that evening, and as he immediately retired to the parlor to practice, she left him undisturbed, and kept Paul Junior at a safe distance. At six o'clock she announced dinner, and Paul at once responded to the summons. When he entered the dining

room, he opened his eyes wide with surprise. The table was unusually prettily decked, with a large bowl of sweet-smelling flowers as a center piece, and there were his favorite viands spread out temptingly before him—spring lamb with mint sauce, green peas, mashed potatoes, fresh homemade biscuits, a delicious pudding, and coffee.

He glanced across the table at Ethel, who stood there smiling and

looking prettier than ever in her neat house dress of blue gingham. Tears came into Paul's eyes, and going over to Ethel, he clasped her in his arms, exclaiming:

"O Ethel, forgive me for being such a surly old bear this morning. I actually didn't mean a word I said!"

"No, Paul it is I who should ask forgiveness!" Ethel sobbed, as she rested her head on his shoulder.

DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS

Here at the trysting place,
Waiting for Thee;

Here at the altar rail,
On bended knee.

Waiting to greet Thee, Lord,
Thee by high Heaven adored,
Whom hosts with one accord,
Praise ceaselessly.

Coming—my yearning heart
Trembles and thrills,

Coming, as long ago
O'er Judah's hills

He came, the gentle One,
Jesus, the Virgin's Son,
Calling the sad and lone,
Healing their ills.

Tinkles the happy bell,
Lights softly gleam;
"I am not worthy, Lord!"—
Angels I deem

Earthward gaze enviously,
Wond'ring at what they see;
Lo! My God comes to me
From heights supreme.

Jesus, sweet hidden Guest,
Thou lovest me,
And Thou wouldst have this heart,
Thine own to be.

Take it Beloved, then,
Fairest 'mongst sons of men,
Ne'er may it turn again,
Only to Thee.

Clasped to Thy Sacred Heart,
Mary's dear Son,

Thy love I beg of Thee
Till life is done;
Then by Thy love and grace
Let me behold Thy face,
And feel Thy sweet embrace,
O beauteous One.

Now while my guest Thou art
List to my call:

Guide Thou my wayward feet,
Lest, Lord, I fall.
And through the days to come,
Where'er on earth I roam,
Be Thou my heart's true home,
My God, my All.

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

The management of *Franciscan Herald* was favored recently with a card from our Very Rev. Father Provincial, and was much pleased to hear from him that the *Herald* is very well thought of by the authorities in Rome. The Very Rev. Father left Italy in the latter part of December, and is at present making a visit to Germany. He spent the Christmas holidays at the venerable Franciscan convent of Fulda, and from there went to visit his old home in Silesia.

Rome, Italy.—On November 8, 1914, His Eminence, Cardinal Giustini, solemnly assumed his office as Cardinal Protector of the Order of Friars Minor. The ceremony, which was very elaborate, took place in the church of St. Antony, Rome, in the presence of our Most Rev. Father General, the Most Rev. Fr. David Fleming, Ex-Vicar General, the Very Rev. Fathers of the General Curia, and a notable gathering of other Franciscans from all parts of the world. His Eminence responded most cordially to the address of Father General, and closed his remarks with the words of Cardinal Ugolino, the first Cardinal Protector of the Order: "I tender my services to you, and I am prepared to grant you the assistance, council, and protection you desire. And I beg you for the love of God to be ever mindful of me in your prayers." *Franciscan Herald* voices the wishes of all Friars Minor, in particular of the members of the Sacred Heart Province, in extending to His Eminence a most hearty "Ad multos annos!"—

The Rev. Fr. Liberatus, O. F. M., of the Sacred Heart Province, lately returned from Rome, where he had taken a three years' course in Canon Law at St. Antony's International College. For the present he will be engaged as professor at St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill.

Munich, Germany.—In the early part of December last, the Rev. Fr. Hartmann von An der Lan, the famous Franciscan musician, died after a brief illness in the Franciscan convent at Munich. Father Hartmann was born of noble parents in Salurn, Tirol, December 21, 1863. He entered the Franciscan Order at the early age of seventeen. His great talent for music was soon discovered by his superiors, and he was given every opportunity of developing this gift. After his ordination to the priesthood, he acted as organist in several convents in Tirol, when in 1893 he received his appointment as Musical Director of the church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Two years later, he was made Choir Master of the famous Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli in Rome, and six years after, Pope Leo XIII called him to the Directorship of the Roman Conservatory of St. Chiara. He resigned this position in 1904 to devote himself exclusively to the writing of his great oratorios. In the spring of 1908, Fr. Hartmann came to New York to direct the production of his oratorio, "St. Peter." Unfortunately his American audiences did not know how to appreciate the wonderful music of this friar-composer, and after a year's stay in this coun-

try, he returned to Munich, and from there went on concert tours through Italy, Austria, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. His European audiences were far more appreciative, and everywhere he met with enthusiastic applause. He was often decorated with Orders by the rulers in Europe, yet in spite of all the honors heaped on him, he was ever the simple, unassuming son of St. Francis. His chief works are the oratorios "St. Peter", "St. Francis of Assisi", and "The Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross". Father Hartmann's musical compositions are characteristic for their deep religious tone, and the absence of all attempt at vain display, that so often mars the works of our modern composers. They were written with the sole purpose of glorifying the Creator and causing men to praise Him, and it is this quality in his works that will obtain for the humble friar an eminent place among the great religious musicians of all times.—R. I. P.

Artoacourt, France.—Colonel Louis Ary Turret, commander of the ninety-third regiment in the French army, died at Artoacourt in consequence of a wound received in battle. The colonel was a very practical Catholic, a member of the Third Order, and ever most exact in the observance of the Tertiary Rule. He was also most devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, and belonged to a confraternity, whose custom it is to keep long vigils in the church in honor of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He died as he had lived in communion with his divine Savior.

This is but one example of how Tertiaries, as true sons of St. Francis and ardent patriots, are giving their fellow citizens the most glorious examples of heroism and self-sacrifice. Our foreign exchanges from Germany, France, England, and Spain give glowing accounts of

the Tertiaries at the front, relating that they are not neglecting their frequent Communion and that often when they gather after a battle or after a tiresome march they recite their office and Franciscan rosary in common.

Bordeaux, France.—It will be interesting for the members of the Third Order to learn that the renowned Count Albert de Mun, one of the greatest Catholic French statesmen of our day, who died at Bordeaux on October 5, 1914, and was buried with the greatest honors, was a most fervent Tertiary, and that of all his titles he prized this name most.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the meeting on the third Sunday of December, eighty-seven novices made their profession as Tertiaries. This is the largest number of novices ever admitted to profession at St. Peter's on one day. The Rev. Pastor, Fr. Henry, O.F.M., conducted the solemn services, and delivered a very appropriate sermon on perseverance. During the Christmas holidays, the Rev. Fr. Julian, O.F.M., the ever-accommodating and able business manager of the *Franciscan Herald*, aided the Fathers at St. Peter's both in the confessional as also in the pulpit. It pleased him to be able to take with him one hundred and one new subscriptions and renewals for the *Herald*.—

On January 10, a special meeting of the officers of the Third Order was called for the purpose of organizing our fraternity on a firmer basis. With this aim in view, it was decided to appoint twenty-four promoters, who will assist the regular officers in the discharge of their many duties. This was deemed necessary, because the branch of the Third Order under the direction of the Fathers at St. Peter's, extends over the entire city of Chicago; as we count among our Tertiaries per-

sons from more than one hundred parishes in the city.

St. Augustine's Church.—During the year 1914, seventy-two persons were admitted to the Third Order, and thirty-six novices were professed; eight Tertiaries had the happiness of celebrating their silver jubilee as members of the Third Order, while nineteen members of our fraternity were called to a better life. In September last, the Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M., preached a very successful retreat for the benefit of the Tertiaries, and filled them with new fervor. Much charitable work was done by our Tertiaries during the past year, such as visiting the sick, cleaning and mending cast-off clothing and distributing it to the needy. Many poor children were likewise made happy on the joyous feast of Christmas by numerous gifts from our Tertiaries. Our fraternity was also busily engaged in spreading good Catholic literature not only among members of the Third Order, but also among the inmates of hospitals, poor houses and orphan asylums, many free copies of *Franciscan Herald* being distributed in this way. Nor were our Tertiaries backward when called upon to contribute financially to works of charity, as many poor families, churches, convents, missions, and missionaries can testify.—May this flourishing branch of the Third Order continue zealously to promote the greater honor of God, the salvation of souls, and incite other fraternities to similar activity.

On January 7, one of the cloistered Sisters at the Poor Clares took her perpetual vows. Rev. Fr. Leonard, O.F.M., assisted by the Rev. Fr. Wolfgang as deacon and Cletus as subdeacon, sang the High Mass, whilst Fr. Francis Albers acted as assistant priest and delivered the sermon.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.

—At the regular meeting of the German-speaking branch of the Third Order in December, twenty-seven Tertiaries, who were members of the Third Order for twenty-five or more years, celebrated their Silver Jubilee. After the usual sermon, the Rev. Director addressed heartfelt words of congratulation to the jubilarians. He also reminded them of the many graces they had received from God in the Third Order, and exhorted them to strive ever more and more to walk in the footsteps of their Seraphic Father Francis. Thereupon all publicly renewed their holy Profession. A beautiful golden cross was presented to each jubilarian as a remembrance of the occasion.

During the year February 1, 1914—February 1, 1915, 313 novices were received into the Third Order and 204 made their holy Profession. Throughout the year on the second Thursday of the month, instructions were given to the novices. A brief instruction was also given immediately before the investment, and of late a Catechism of the Third Order was placed in the hands of each Tertiary, that thus all may acquire a thorough knowledge of the Third Order, its aim, obligations, and advantages. The next reception for both the German and English-speaking branches will take place during the present month of February.

West Park, O.—On January 12, at the Poor Clares in West Park, Sr. M. Catherine took her perpetual vows. Rev. Fr. Leonard, O.F.M., assisted by Rev. Fr. Cajetan and Fr. Clarence, sang the High Mass and delivered the sermon.

Indianapolis, Ind.—At the last meeting of the German branch of the Third Order of the Sacred Heart parish, the following officers were elected: Rev. Director and treasurer, Fr. Philip Neri, O.F.M.; prefect, Mrs. Sophie Doer;

assistant prefect, Mrs. Anna Vanier; recording secretary, Miss Helen Fritz; councilors, Mr. Antony Kriech, Mrs. Eliz. Hellström, Mrs. Eliz. Hofherr, Mrs. Gertrude Post. During the past year, the general monthly Communion was introduced with great success. The fraternity will order a beautiful Tertiary banner in the near future. A retreat was given for both branches of the Third Order during the last week of January by the Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., of Chicago, at the close of which the novices were professed, and the new members invested with the habit and cord.

Sacramento, Cal.—The year 1914 was a notable one for the Third Order in St. Francis parish, Sacramento. The monthly meetings were regularly held, and a large number of candidates were admitted to the novitiate, and many novices made their holy profession. The Tertiaries donated one of the handsome new confessionals to the church, and exerted themselves very much during the recent church fair to make the Tertiaries' booth one of the most attractive and successful of all, in their endeavors to help reduce the parish debt. On the feast of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, all the Tertiaries received Holy Communion and offered it as a spiritual bouquet to their Rev. Director, Fr. Leonard, as a Saint's day gift. The new year promises to be a most prosperous one for the local fraternity.

Quincy, Ill.—The Franciscan Sisters in charge of St. Mary's Hospital have treated no less than 1238 patients during the year 1914.

St. John's Mission, Ariz.—The poor Catholic Indians on the Pima Reservation, although they hardly have the means of sustenance, have given of their poverty the neat sum of \$20.75 for the persecuted and exiled priests and religious of Mexico. Truly, this is the Widow's

Mite, and it will surely bring as great blessings to the humble givers as to the suffering recipients.—

During the present school year, 255 Indian children are attending the boarding school at St. John's Mission, and this number is rather increasing than diminishing. On December 6, eighteen children were baptized, most of them being Papagos, and on December 13, six girls and twenty-four boys received their first Holy Communion. The simple but impressive ceremony took place during High Mass at ten o'clock. In the afternoon of the same day, these children were enrolled in the confraternity of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The annual retreat for the Indian children was held on December 3, 4, 5, and the devotion and recollection of these poor children of the desert was very edifying and consoling.—

Father Justin, O.F.M., who has charge of St. John's Mission, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a large box of clothing and church articles from the Rev. Rector of St. Joseph's College—a Christmas present to the Indian school. As this school depends entirely for its support on the alms of the faithful, Fr. Justin would be exceedingly pleased and very thankful if others would imitate this good example, and send of their abundance to the needy mission.

Joliet, Ill.—A plan is being worked out by Fr. Peter, O.F.M., chaplain of the penitentiary, Joliet, Ill., by which inmates will be given an opportunity to earn money, with which to contribute toward the support of their wives and children. The plan has the approval of Warden Allen, and if it is sanctioned by the authorities, it will enable the men to form a prisoners' mutual benefit association, in which their earnings will be placed in a general fund for the relief of the most needy of their families.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

The mid-winter vacation began on December 23, and was heartily welcomed by all the students. As this vacation is spent at the college, relatives of many of the boys came to pay them a visit of several days, and were greatly pleased and edified at the beautiful Christmas celebration. The midnight solemn High Mass and Holy Communion in the College chapel was the principal religious feature, and filled the hearts of all with true Christmas cheer. The second solemn High Mass was sung at 8:30 o'clock on Christmas morning. The remainder of the day, with the exception of the solemn Vespers and Benediction in the afternoon, was spent by the boys in reading their many letters from the dear ones at home and examining and greatly relishing the contents of their Christmas boxes. Most of the Professors, who had assisted the secular clergy in the morning festivities, returned to the College towards evening, to take part in the Christmas tree celebration. Four different entertainments were given in the dramatic hall during the holidays; the programs were largely made up of farces and comic sketches, and never failed to provoke peals of laughter. The principal comedy staged was "The Private Secretary."

On Sunday afternoon, December 27, the College branch of the Third Order had a unique celebration in honor of the Holy Child Jesus. The most notable feature of the celebration was the procession, in which a statue of the Infant Jesus was solemnly carried through the chapel by members of the Third Order garbed in the large Tertiary habit.

The last three days of the year 1914 were spent in the holy exer-

cises of the annual retreat, which was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago.

The result of the Latin essay contest, which took place on December 15, was made public on January 13. The names of the contestants with the three highest averages in each class are as follows: *VI Class*: Joseph Kola, 95.50; Lawrence Vonder Haar, 89.13; Herbert Wagner, 87.39.—*V Class*: Raymond Wilhelm, 92.61; Aurelius Brumleve, 91.30; Robert Limacher and Joseph Martin, 89.57.—*IV Class*: Raymond Duling, 93.66; Frank Kiefer, 92.00; Felix Bienek, 90.50.—*III Class*: Paul Eberle, 94.38; Antony Kriech, 93.85; Charles Michels, 91.25.—*II Class*: Henry Aretz, 97.67; William Wernsing, 94.50; Harry Weber, 93.67.—*I Class*: George Grosskopf, 99.50; Jerome Reisch, 99.00; Louis Savidge, 96.00.

The happiness of the new year has already been clouded by the premature deaths of Leo and Peter Limacher, the brothers of Robert and Alphonse Limacher, two of our students from Minooka, Ill. Robert and Alphonse were called home several days before the death of Leo, who died Sunday afternoon, January 17. On Tuesday, January 19, his brother Peter, who had been ill for a number of years, followed him to the grave, dying of grief and a broken heart. The double funeral took place from St. John the Baptist Church, Joliet, on Thursday, January 21. On the same day a Requiem Mass was sung in the College chapel for the two boys, at which the faculty and all the students were present. May God, Who in His inscrutable Providence has taken the two boys to Himself, console the sorrowing family in this their sad hour of trial!

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

On December 6, the St. Antony's Literary Circle held its regular meeting, and rendered a very interesting program. Hugo La Vies gave a very instructive historical survey of the "California Bear Flag Republic"; Jos. Ehrenfried read a paper on the dignity and beauty of manual labor; and Mr. Joseph Mueller entertained us with an essay on "The Accomplishments of Great Men". All numbers received well merited applause.

Christmas at St. Antony's was a day of festivity and joy. We arose at 3:30 o'clock Christmas morning, and assisted at the conventual Mass in the College chapel, at which we all received Holy Communion. Then we repaired to the Old Mission for solemn High Mass at 5 o'clock, at which the College choir sang the Mass with great credit to themselves and their Rev. Director. It is hardly necessary to mention that we were not entirely given over to the spiritual joys of the great feast, and enjoyed our bountiful Christmas cheer in true college boy fashion. Among the many gifts we received, the basket ball outfit presented by our Rev. Fr. Rector was especially appreciated, and we are all now eagerly awaiting the completion of the court.

On the evening of December 29, a dramatic and musical entertainment was given in the College hall, and it is generally conceded to have been one of the best performances held in years. The audience was regaled with the heartiest laughs and is very thankful to the players for the delightful program.

On Wednesday, December 30, the students enjoyed a picnic in the beautiful mountains overlooking Santa Barbara.

ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS COLLEGE

On December 17, Christmas vacation began, and most of the students left for home. The semi-annual examinations immediately preceded the vacation.

Among the religious societies of our College, the Third Order is quite prominent. On the feast of St. Francis twenty-three boys were received as novices, and at the November meeting, four novices were professed, and at the December meeting three others.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated especially as the patronal feast of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which, as a rule, every student of this College is or becomes a member. On that day fifty-six boys were enrolled.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English Branch of the Third Order:

Bertha Frank, Sr. Agnes,
Catherine Reddy, Sr. Elizabeth,
Elizabeth Petrie, Sr. Mary,
Mary Wren, Sr. Alice,
Anna Cunningham, Sr. Antony.

German Branch of the Third Order:
John Schmakowski, Br. Antony,
Francis X. Wagner, Br. Joseph,
Mary M. Brabant, Sr. Margaret.

St. Augustine's Church:

Valentine Hermann, Br. Bonaventure,

Wilhelmina Wagner, Sr. Angelina.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Anna Walsh, Sr. Agnes,
Anna Theil, Sr. Barbara,
Mary McManus, Sr. Antonia,
Catherina Bolden, Sr. Agatha,
Mary Gilbert, Sr. Clara,
Catherina O'Mally, Sr. Agatha.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Sol. Church:

Hattie Duval, Sr. Elizabeth,
Mary Johannes, Sr. Collette.

San Francisco, Cal.

John Kast, Br. Francis.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

FEBRUARY, 1915.

DEDICATED TO THE
SEVEN DOLORS OF MARY

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	M.	Bl. Andrew, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
2	T.	Purification of B. V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
3	W.	Bl. Odoric, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
4	Th.	St. Joseph of Leonissa, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
5	F.	SS. Peter Baptist and Companions, 1st and 3rd Ord., M. M. (P. I.)
6	S.	St. Agatha, V. M.—St. Dorothy, V. M.
7	S.	Sexagesima Sunday. —Bl. Antony of Stronconio, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: The parable of the seed. Luke VIII, 4-15.
8	M.	St. John of Matha, C.
9	T.	Bl. Giles Mary, 1st Ord., C.—St. Apollonia, V. M.
10	W.	St. Scholastica, V.
11	Th.	Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes.
12	F.	Seven Holy Founders of the Servites , CC.
13	S.	Bl. Jane of Valois, W.—Bl. Viridiana, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.)
14	S.	Quinquagesima Sunday. —St. Andrew Corsini, Bp. C.—St. Valentine, M. Gospel: Jesus gives sight to the blind man. Luke XVIII, 31-43.
15	M.	St. Romuald, Ab.—SS. Faustine and Jovita, MM.—Translation of the body of St. Antony of Padua.
16	T.	Bl. Philippa, 2nd Ord., V.
17	W.	Ash Wednesday. —St. Hilary, Bp. C. D.
18	Th.	St. Marcellus, P. M.
19	F.	St. Conrad, 3rd Ord., C. (P. I.)
20	S.	St. Raymond, C.
21	S.	1st Sunday of Lent. —St. Angela Merici, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.) Gospel: Jesus tempted by the devil. Matt. IV, 1-11.
22	M.	St. Margaret of Cortona, 3rd Ord., Penitent. (P. I.)
23	T.	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
24	W.	Ember Day.—St. Matthias, Apostle.
25	Th.	Bl. Sebastian, 1st Ord., C.
26	F.	Ember Day.—St. Ignatius, Bp. M.
27	S.	Ember Day.—Bl. John of Triora, 1st Ord., M.—Bl. Essochium, 2nd Ord., V.
28	S.	2nd Sunday of Lent. —Bl. Thomas of Cora, 1st Ord., C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions. 4th, on the first Saturday of every month, usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M.

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THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
III. TO CLOTHE THE NAKED

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1915.

NO. 3

CONSUMMATUM EST

MY God, I ask, let me receive,
I seek, O let me find!
I pray, I knock, open to me,
For I am poor and blind.

Scatter the clouds that hide Thy Face,
Let light upon me shine,
Break every bond that holds my soul,
And make me wholly Thine.

More than I dare to ask or think,
Give me, my God, my All.
The very dogs eat of the crumbs
Which from Thy table fall.

There is no word, however hard,
Impossible to Thee,
If Thou but will it Thou canst make
A saint even of me.

Then let me run the race with speed,
And reach my promised rest,
There, lifting up my eyes to Thee,
Say "Consummatum est!"

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Tertiary.



ST. BENVENUTE, BISHOP OF OSIMO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

MARCH 22

THIS illustrious son of St. Francis was born at Ancona, in Italy, in the first part of the thirteenth century, of the noble family of the Scotivoli. From his early youth, he united with remarkable gifts of body and mind a great love of piety, and thus laid the foundation of that virtue and learning which were to make him so great an ornament of the Church.

After he had completed his elementary education, Benvenute was sent by his parents to the University of Bologna, one of the most celebrated seats of learning in Italy, to take up the study of civil and canon law. In the midst of the distractions and dangers which frequently threaten the virtue of youth removed from the watchful care and guidance of parents or guardians, our Saint did not lose sight of his spiritual welfare, but strove to grow in virtue as well as to advance in wisdom and learning. He was greatly assisted in his pious endeavors by the friendship which he had formed with Silvester Gozolino, a fellow-student, who afterwards founded the Benedictine congregation of the Silvestrines, and who is today venerated as a saint. "A faithful friend," says Holy Scripture, "is a strong defence: and he that hath found him, hath found a treasure" (Ecclus. VI, 14). The advice and example of a good friend preserve us from going astray, help

us to rise if we have fallen, console and strengthen us in difficulties and trials, and incite us to persevere and progress in the fear of the Lord. "He that feareth God, shall likewise have good friendship: because according to him shall his friend be" (v. 17). Thus Benvenute and his friend, mutually encouraging and helping each other, made rapid progress in piety and virtue, as well as in their studies, though obliged to associate with youths whose lives were not always free from disorders.

Having completed his course of studies and received the degree of Doctor of Law, the Saint returned to Ancona, burning with the desire to labor for the glory of God. After a fervent preparation, he received Holy Orders, and such was the esteem in which he was held on account of his piety and learning that, to the satisfaction of all, he was appointed archdeacon, or assistant, of the Bishop. In this important office, all his thoughts and labors were directed to the honor of God and the salvation of souls. The fame of his wise administration and, especially, of his holy life spread far and wide, and induced Pope Alexander IV to call him to a field of labor that was sadly in need of cultivation.

In the struggle between the Popes and Frederick II, who strove to subject not only the Italian cities

but also the Church to his imperial sway, the city of Osimo, which lay in the Papal States, allied itself with the party of the Emperor. In punishment, the Pope transferred the episcopal See from Osimo to Recanati, which had remained faithful. The intrigues of the enemies of the Popes and the consequent disturbances and rebellion had caused great havoc and bitter feelings among the people of Osimo. To remedy these evils and to recall the misguided inhabitants to their allegiance, Pope Alexander IV sent Benvenute to them, appointing him administrator of ecclesiastical matters in the district. The Saint obediently repaired to his difficult field of labor, and by his wisdom, gentleness, and firmness succeeded in calming the fury of the opposing parties and in obtaining from all complete submission to the Pope.

Urban IV, the successor of Alexander IV, rejoicing at these happy results, determined to restore to the city of Osimo the episcopal See of which it had been deprived for twenty years; and looking about for one most capable and worthy of exercising the office of bishop and governor of that part of the Papal States, his choice at once fell upon Benvenute. "Benvenute," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "is remarkable for his irreproachable life, his knowledge, his zeal for spiritual things, and his ability in the administration of temporal affairs. He is a man after our own heart. We have, therefore, appointed him pastor and Bishop of the church of Osimo, with the firm trust that, by his tact, with the aid of Divine grace and the help of the Holy See, he will increase the prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, of this church; that he will restore the city to the glory of its first estate, and confirm it in the allegiance which it owes to the Mother of all churches."



St. Benvenute

The Saint humbly submitted to the will of the Sovereign Pontiff and accepted the heavy burden, but begged for permission to postpone his episcopal consecration in order to carry out his ardent desire of entering the Order of St. Francis. His request was granted, and Benvenute joyfully hastened to a convent of the Friars Minor, and received the habit of the Order. He strove with the greatest fervor, by the practice of prayer, humility, obedience, poverty, and self-denial to acquire the spirit of the Seraphic Father, and thus not only to sanctify himself, but also to draw down the blessing of God upon his labors for the welfare of the flock entrusted to his care.

When he had finished the novitiate and had taken the vows, the Saint received the episcopal consecration, but till his death, he wore the habit of St. Francis, and faithfully observed the Rule which he had embraced. As Bishop, he labored unceasingly for the honor of God, the glory of His Church, and the spiritual and temporal well-being of his people. He preached the word of God with great zeal and fervor, visited the towns and villages of his diocese, and by his prudence and firmness put an end to quarrels and strifes, removed abuses, and encouraged and strengthened the good in the practices of the Christian religion. He often met with opposition, vexations, and insults, and drew upon himself the hatred of great and powerful persons. But he bore all with patience and resignation, and relying on the grace and assistance of God, stood firm and immovable in all matters concerning the rights of the Church and the purity of doctrine and morals, and God often deigned to testify, by signs and miracles, to the merits and labors of His servant.

These arduous labors, carried on with the greatest zeal for thirteen years, at length undermined the strength of the Saint, and brought on him a fatal illness. When he felt his end approaching, he caused himself to be carried into his cathedral church, and there, after the example of St. Francis, to be laid on the bare floor, that he might depart from this world in the practice of mortification and poverty. Praising and glorifying the greatness and goodness of God, and filled with heavenly consolations, he passed to his eternal reward on March 22, 1276, or, as others say, 1282. His body was entombed in the cathedral church of Osimo. On account of the many miracles wrought at his tomb, he was canonized by

Pope Martin IV about the year 1285.

REFLECTION

St. Benvenute, as we have seen, was most zealous in the performance of his duties as pastor of his flock. He always bore in mind that "there is no power but from God" (Rom. XIII, 1), that, therefore, the spiritual and temporal welfare of many had been entrusted to his care by God Himself, and that he should one day have to render a strict account of his stewardship. Conscious as he was of his unworthiness and weakness, he unceasingly besought God to assist him in his arduous duties, and thus he obtained that enlightened prudence, courage, and strength which enabled him to do so much for the honor of God and the salvation of souls.—Like St. Benvenute, every Christian must strive to perform with great exactness the duties which his position in life demands of him. Be it that he has authority over others, or is dependent on others, let him ever bear in mind that it is so ordained by the infinite wisdom of God, and that the wisdom of God "reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly" (Wisd. VIII, 1). Our future reward will not depend on our high or low position in life, but on the manner in which we have fulfilled the duties connected with this position. We must labor for the honor of God and the welfare of our fellow men, that is, for our own welfare, and not to gratify pride, avarice, or any other selfish passion. Like St. Benvenute, we must also strive, by prayer and the reception of the sacraments, to obtain the grace and assistance of God, that we may fulfill our duties at all times and under all circumstances in such a manner that we may one day join the saints in the glory of Heaven.

Fr. Silas, O.F.M.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

26. MODIFICATION OF THE RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

"And whosoever shall follow this rule peace be upon them and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." (Gal. VI, 16.)

For a period of more than six hundred years, the Rule of the Third Order had done excellent service in the Church of God. Guided by it many had ascended the heights of virtue and holiness. Many, too, filled with the spirit of this Rule, had done great things for their fellow men. In the course of time, however, circumstances had changed, and for this reason Pope Leo XIII, himself a Tertiary, decided to modify the Rule of the Third Order to suit present circumstances.

"We saw," he says in his encyclical, "that the Rule of the Third Order, which Nicholas IV, Our predecessor, approved, is not in all points suited to the present age and present customs. Hence, since the duties prescribed could not be fulfilled without excessive difficulty and inconvenience, it has hitherto been necessary to dispense with a majority of the most important rules on the petition of the associates; and that this could not be done without injury to the common discipline will be readily understood."

We shall now note the more important modifications and the reasons for making them.

In the first Rule, we find the prohibition: "The members shall not carry arms except for the defence

of their faith, the Church, and their own property." This regulation was, as we have already seen in a former chapter, of the greatest importance, whereas in our own day it has lost all significance, owing chiefly to the political changes that have taken place in the world since those days. The Church is, however, still being attacked, and in a manner perhaps more to be feared than if it were by military force—it is by the war which a wicked and hypocritical press is now continually waging against it. In perfect accordance with this new form of warfare, the Holy Father changed the above regulation of the Tertiary Rule into the following:

"Let them not allow any books or papers, from which injury to virtue can be feared, to be brought into their houses or read by those who are under their care."

It is the sacred duty, therefore, of Tertiary parents to observe this regulation of their holy Rule most conscientiously. They should never permit their children to read bad books and papers, and when they are in doubt as to whether a book or paper is good or bad, they should consult the priest. Tertiaries should also be very careful in regard to book agents, lest they buy some book or paper which appears to be good, but in reality is not permissible to read. Our holy Mother the

Church has very good reasons for forbidding certain books and papers to her children, and a person would be a very poor Tertiary indeed, if he would be negligent in obeying this precept. Of such disobedient children, Holy Church could well speak in the words of the Prophet: "Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised me!" (Is. I, 2.)

☩ But what is to be said of the ordinary daily press? May a Tertiary read these publications? Tertiaries will be very careful about reading such publications, for they are often veritable wolves in sheep's clothing. They contain deadly poison, which the unwary reader imbibes almost unconsciously until his whole system is filled with it. Under the guise of non-sectarianism, they advocate indifference in religion, which is a godless system and leads to infidelity.

Tertiaries should support, to the utmost of their power, the good press. This they can do by contributing themselves to its columns, and especially by gaining subscribers for Catholic publications. Indeed, it should be a point of honor for the Tertiaries to crush in this manner the evil press of our day. "Charity begins at home," as the proverb says. Hence Tertiaries should take a special interest in their own press. In families where one or more members are Tertiaries, there certainly books and papers relating to the Third Order should not be wanting. In fact, Tertiaries should take pride in giving their unstinted support to the Third Order press, and should not rest until it takes rank with the best in the land. To encourage Tertiaries in their support of the press, let us hear what Pope Pius X says of the importance of the Catholic press.

"We do not as yet grasp the im-

portance of the press. Neither the clergy nor the laity occupy themselves with it as much as they should. Old people say 'That is something new, and formerly many souls were saved without bothering about newspapers.' That is easily said 'formerly, formerly.' But they do not stop to consider that formerly the poison of an anti-Christian press was not spread as it is now, and that consequently the antidote of the Christian press was not so necessary as it is now. We have nothing to do with 'formerly' but with 'now.' It is a fact that to-day our Christian people are deceived, poisoned, and ruined by publications hostile to religion. In vain will you build churches, found missions, open schools, and do other good works: all your endeavors will amount to nothing, if you do not know how to use the Christian press both as a defensive and as an offensive weapon."

May all Tertiaries take these words of their great and saintly fellow Tertiary well to heart. The Catholic press is a lasting bond of unity between the clergy and the laity; the constructor of Catholic thought and Catholic opinion in regard to questions of interest for Catholics; an organ of appeal and defence; the exponent and defendant of Catholic doctrine and practices; the monitor against the dangers to faith and morals; the voice crying to Catholics to defend their rights; the mirror of Catholic life; the powerful pillar of the pulpit and the supplement of the parochial school; the antidote for the poison of the evil press; the destroyer of non-Catholic slanders and prejudices; the blessing of clean, wholesome Christian reading for the home.

To continue with the changes made in the rule of the Third Order. The original severity was mitigated in several points. Formerly, many

fast days were prescribed, whereas at present there are only two fast days. Likewise the Office was reduced to twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glories. Why these changes? Pope Leo XIII says in his encyclical, "In our days the zeal of Christians has decreased. Hence it was necessary to mitigate the original austerity of the Third Order."

In regard to the former indulgences granted to Tertiaries, much confusion had arisen. For this reason Pope Leo XIII abolished all the old indulgences, and granted new and richer favors and indulgences to the members of the Third Order.

It would lead us too far to con-

sider all the changes in detail. What has been said, proves clearly that His Holiness, Leo XIII rightly deserves the title "Reformer of the Third Order."

Since the former rigor of the Tertiary Rule has been mitigated so much, Tertiaries should be all the more zealous in its perfect observance. Those who faithfully follow its precepts, and exercise as far as they can the apostolate of the Catholic press according to the intention of the Holy Father, will realize the truth of the words of St. Paul: "Whosoever shall follow this rule, peace upon them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God."

PRAYER FOR PEACE

(To be said by order of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV on March 21.)

Dismayed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy most loving Heart as to our last hope. O God of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge; O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy Sacred Heart Thou didst shed forth over the world divine Charity, so that discord might end and love alone might reign among men. During Thy life on earth Thy heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men; in this hour made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed and with slaughter, once more may Thy divine Heart be moved to pity. Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster. Do Thou inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness, do Thou heal the discords that tear the nations asunder; Thou Who didst shed Thy Precious Blood that they might live as brothers, bring men together once more in loving harmony. And as once before to the cry of the Apostle Peter: *Save us, Lord, we perish* Thou didst answer with words of mercy and didst still the raging waves, so now deign to hear our trustful prayer, and give back to the world peace and tranquillity.

And do thou, O most holy Virgin, as in other times of sore distress, be now our help, our protection, and our safeguard. Amen.



THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

II. TRUE JOY

"Joyfulness of the heart is the life of a man, and a never failing treasure of holiness." (Eccl. XXX, 23.)

Among the many but thoroughly practical rules of perfection which St. Paul gave the first Christians, we repeatedly meet with this admonition: "Rejoice always!" St. Paul, however, not only admonishes them to be happy and cheerful, he also indicates the source of their constant joy: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice." (Phil. IV, 4.) All else over which we may rejoice is fleeting and subject to change.

The fear of the Lord alone is constant and unchangeable, and fills the heart with an indescribable happiness. "How great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord," exclaims the Psalmist, "which thou hast hidden for them that fear thee! Which thou hast wrought for them that hope in thee!" (Ps. XXX, 20.) St. John Chrysostom says, "Whosoever fears God as he should and confides in him, has the source of all pleasure and every joy. Do you desire a joyful heart?" he continues. "Then seek it not in riches, nor in health, nor in honors, nor in power, nor in lust, nor in any other passing thing. Be mindful only of the wisdom, which is from God, and strive after virtue." And in "The Imitation of Christ" we read, "God alone, the Eternal, the Immeasurable, who fills all things, is the consolation of the soul and the true joy of the heart."

True joy, therefore, can only come from heaven; in fact, according to Fr. Ambrose de Lombez, it is a participation of the joy of the Blessed in heaven. It is an echo of the heavenly music, heard on the hills of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will!"

It is deeply rooted in our hearts, and we can be deprived of it only by ourselves. The greater progress we make on the road of perfection, the greater will be our joy; on the other hand, the more sinful we are, and the more we abuse God's grace, the less real joy will be our portion. Just as the fish can not live out of water, so we can not have real joy if we are separated from God, in whom, as St. Paul says, "we live, and we move, and we are."

Also those joys, that spring from the proper use of the goods of this world, are true joys, because they, too, come from God. God gives his gifts, temporal and spiritual, to man. To one he gives five talents, to another two, to another but one. But man is only the steward of his possessions. As long as he bears this fact well in mind, and considers God to be his Lord and Master to whom he must one day render a strict account of his stewardship, so long will he use his possessions wisely and justly, and so long, too, will he possess true joy. "This joy is a gift of heaven," says Fr. Ambrose de Lombez, "a precious fruit of peace with God and a sweet solace in the troubles of life." This joy fosters gratitude toward God, and serves to strengthen the bond of love between man and his Creator. It awakens in man the spirit of charity, and the desire of aiding his fellow men. It exerts, finally, a most beneficial influence on our lives, serving as a relaxation in our work and assisting us to fulfill our duties with ease and alacrity.

This real joy, the joy of the children of God, is unknown to the world, so much so that the world does not even believe in its existence. Yet, it is an undeniable fact that more real joy is to be

found among the children of God, whether they live in the midst of the world or behind cloistered walls, than can be found among the irreligious and in the haunts of vice. Of course, the world will not agree to this statement, for it will ever blaspheme what it does not understand, and it can not understand how virtue and penance can ever beget joy.

Hence a commentator on the Rule of the Third Order writes: "The world that speaks of penance only with contempt and ridicule, is suffering from a severe case of confused ideas; it does not even understand the true meaning of penance and penitents. Penance is nothing else but a struggle against the passions and cravings of the flesh, against 'concupiscence of the eyes, concupiscence of the flesh, and pride of life.' This struggle removes the hindrances, and makes level the way that true joy may enter into the soul."

The same is conceded by Father F. W. Faber to be the cause of the exuberant joy of the religious. "If the saints are such gay spirits and the monks and nuns such unaccountably cheerful creatures," he says, "it is simply because their bodies, like St. Paul's, are chastised and kept under with an unflinching sharpness and a mortified discretion. He that would be joyous, must first be mortified, and he that is mortified is already joyous with the joy that is of pure, celestial birth."

Now we understand the words of St. Peter of Alcantara: "O happy penance, that has obtained for me such happiness!" and also the saying of St. Jerome: "In spite of penitential tears and heart-rending sighs, I am sometimes so joyous that I fancy myself already with the Angels." We know now, dear Tertiaries, that penance and joy perfectly agree, and we can only wish that all things else in this world agreed as well. But why are there

so many who still doubt the joy and happiness of the good? It is because of their envy. They see and feel that they themselves are not happy despite the pleasures of the flesh and the world to which they give themselves, and they hence are loath to admit real happiness in others. Their opinion, however, on this question will not diminish the joy and happiness of the children of God, nor will it increase their own joy.

"No one," writes Bishop Keppler, "can live without joy; not even the Christian soul following the path of perfection." Joy, then, far from being an enemy of penance and the Third Order, is a necessary element thereof. "God loves a cheerful giver," says the Apostle, and Tertiaries, above all, should never forget this. You have given yourselves to God, and now he demands not only your faithful service, but he demands that you tender it to him gladly and cheerfully. Only then will your service bring you merit. Thus we read in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, "In every gift show a cheerful countenance and sanctify thy tithes with joy." (Eccl. XXXV, 11.) The greater our cheerfulness in serving God, the greater also will the honor be, we pay him. St. Francis, our holy Father, would never permit any sadness among his brethren, "because," he said, "that is proof that the spirit is not willing and the body too slothful for good."

Let Tertiaries, therefore, ever bear in mind what Father Faber says of joy in doing good, which he calls the atmosphere of heroic virtues: "It is doing no injury to the mortified character of high sanctity to say that joy is one of the most important elements in the spiritual life, and nothing is more common than cases in which persons are kept back from great attainments or from persevering in their vocations by the want of joy."

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART II.

16. Retreat With Flying Colors

Iquitos is situated on the boundary line of Peru and Brazil. In those days, it was not populous, having only about two hundred inhabitants, who, excepting a garrison of fifty frontier militia, were mostly traders. They had no priest, and so they were sadly demoralized. Feeling somewhat improved in health after my trip on the river and a short rest, I resolved to hold a mission for them, so the good people would at least do their Easter duty. At first, but few attended the discourses; but, by degrees a change set in. Their religious courage revived when they heard that they could with comparative ease safeguard their souls even in that out-of-the-way place. I experienced great spiritual consolation over this mission. Nearly all the inhabitants went to the sacraments, after not having seen a priest for five years.

I remained at Iquitos fifteen days. The governor gave me letters of introduction for the remainder of my journey. Also, he provided me with a guard to conduct me safely to Laguna, commending me warmly to the governor of that settlement. These letters of commendation were a very substantial help to a person in my position, since by their aid I could obtain guidance and provisions along routes where otherwise there would have been never a soul to help nor a morsel to refresh me.

It took six days to reach Laguna, so called from a great lagoon in the vicinity. The town numbered three hundred inhabitants, who also were without a priest. Though not as

neglected as the people of Iquitos, they possessed very little knowledge of their holy faith. I invited them to comply with their Easter duties, and the greater number followed the invitation. I remained there eight days, but sorry to say, I was so weak that I could not preach.

Against my departure the governor had a little boat equipped and manned to fetch me away to the Jesuit mission on the Napo river. We set out and journeyed on for five days, and then the crew refused to accompany me any farther. I had to hire another crew, promising them everything possible, if they would take me to my destination. These men belonged to the tribe of the Japari, a vast tribe roving far up and down the Napo. They made a business of trading with the Europeans, and seemed to be of a quiet disposition. They brought me a number of children for Baptism, and made no objections to the baptizing of infants in danger of death. Some of them who understood Quichua, allowed me to instruct them in the faith, and they were very eager listeners. They begged me to remain with them; but as they did not belong to our district, I could not do so. However, I promised them to return the next year, when I would have regained my health.

All the way up the Napo I found no tribe but the Japari. They live on a peculiar food called japisca. It is a root. They roast it, and that gives it a taste something like the potato. But it is very hard to digest. I remained four days with this tribe, and picked out a crew to row me up stream. A Christian from Iquitos was one of the crew;

he had remained faithful to me, and he continued faithful to the last.

17. Jungle Ambulance

After rowing on for seven days, I was seized with a severe colic; and my fever returning at the same time, I grew so helplessly sick that I just could go no farther. And yet I dared not tarry, for then my crew would have deserted me. There was no choice but to make a virtue of necessity and proceed on my journey.

When we had been nine days under way, we reached a Christian settlement. A Padre was stationed here; and he, hearing that there was a missionary down by the river on the point of death, came immediately to see me. And really, I was so wretchedly sick that I knew neither what I did nor where I was. They carried me very tenderly to the house of the Padre, where I was given Extreme Unction. The Padre's name was Sebastian, and he hailed from a prominent Roman family. He knew a little about medicine, and what he knew he turned to good account on me. In consequence, I was somewhat relieved and could enjoy a little repose. An old crony, who likewise seemed to know something about the art of healing, came to see me. She declared that I had the scurvy and needed an operation to remove the worms from my intestines. The operation was successful, and within a week I had regained sufficient strength to continue my journey. Thus I reached the Jesuit center, from which place I wrote to the guardian of our convent at Quito to send me a transport to the capital.

The Jesuits of this center managed a number of reductions which they had founded some twenty years ago. They did all they could think of to nurse me back to health. Yet

it was a month before I could think of continuing the trip to Quito. The Jesuits also supplied me with everything, even warmer garments, which I would need in crossing the Andes. Also, they gave me letters of introduction to the towns along my course, and appointed two strong natives to carry me, as animal mounts would have been useless on the mountain trail. The carriers bore themselves marvelously, climbing up and down the crags like the veriest mountain goats, and bringing me in eight days to a point where I could mount a burro for Quito.

As to the people and country along my road, I can say nothing. I was so weak and sick, that I could hardly move. At Quito, experienced physicians were summoned to my aid, and they all declared my case an extremely acute one, as the malady had become inveterate from neglect. Every feasible remedy was employed to restore my health, but without success. Only after the lapse of many weeks, was I strong enough to leave my sick bed.

18. Old Times and New

During my stay at Quito I had leisure to notice the difference between the old and the new order of things in Ecuador. The people were no longer the people of the days of Garcia Moreno, that looked up to their priests with reverence, and followed their advice. Gone was the bright example of the great President, gone from their midst the powerful, all-embracing genius, that used to dispense justice rigidly according to law and right, that used to protect religion and its servants, while it bent humbly beneath the powerful hand of God. A spirit of boundless license prevailed, and if one opened his mouth to preach against public corruption, he was laughed at, and indeed was no longer sure of his life. Just to mention

one instance to confirm this statement.

A distinguished Franciscan one day preached in our convent church, laying stress on the decline of discipline and decency that everywhere stared one in the face. It was hardly two hours after, that a body of twenty-five soldiers headed by an officer of the line appeared on the scene to arrest the Father. But, it was at a time when there were still in the hearts of the people love and respect for the Franciscans. In a twinkling there was an immense concourse of people on the plaza of the church. Some mounted the belfry and rang the bells to summon the citizens to the Father's rescue. We in the convent had not had time to learn what the trouble was, before the soldiers, terror stricken at the sight of the angry mob, rushed into our cells for protection. Some prominent gentlemen hastened to the Father that had preached the sermon, and begged him to make his escape with them to the Spanish consulate, where he would be safe. The Father, however, did not want to go, declaring he was ready to lay down his life, if need be, for the words he had uttered. But Father Guardian, to avoid greater mischief, ordered him to make his way to the Spanish consulate accompanied by four other Fathers. All along the street the crowd kept up its cry, "Long live the Padres!" The government sent more troops to the scene to save its prestige, but they did not succeed in dispersing the crowd. The latter took on such a menacing attitude toward the soldiers, that a street battle seemed inevitable; whereupon, the government succumbed and called off the troops.

19. Crooked Paths

Before I go on with my story, I would like to set down a few words on the death of Joseph Ignace

Checa, Archbishop of Quito, of whose death the infidel government of Ecuador was certainly not guiltless.

A little after the move against the Franciscans and the expulsion of the other religious, the plan was laid to do away with the Archbishop, who had been an intimate friend of Garcia Moreno. The Archbishop was of mild disposition and conciliatory ways. Some set him down as weak-kneed, but that was by no means correct. He was very cautious, and did not wish to precipitate matters; but, for the rest, after his death there were found among his effects, copies of letters directed to the new president, wherein he warned that worthy to stop persecuting the Church and to deal out justice evenhandedly to all. Finally, seeing that his representations were not heeded, he published a pastoral full of sublime dignity and power, wherein he made the government responsible for the countless evils caused by its senseless methods of opposition and persecution. From that time on the Archbishop's death was a settled matter.

To remove Moreno, they had found the profligate Rayo. For the Archbishop they found a like tool in the person of a fallen priest, who had been suspended by the Archbishop for unbecoming conduct, and who thirsted for revenge. The government officials suborned him with money and with the promise of immunity; and with that this new Judas determined to carry out his dastardly deed on the following Good Friday.

While the faithful crowded about to venerate the holy cross, the hypocritical members of the government among them, the abandoned wretch secretly poured strychnine into the wine that was prepared for the sacred rites. Noticing something strange in the taste, the Archbishop turned to the canon who assisted at

the ceremonies, and asked, "Why not give me the ordinary wine?" The canon declared it was the usual wine from the prelate's own palace, but tasted it, nevertheless, himself. He also noticed the poignant taste, but added that it might be all right,—he did not think the wine was spoiled. Then the Archbishop again took up the chalice in which the sacred particle of the Host still remained, and saying in a half-whisper, "The will of God be done!" he consumed the wine. In about two minutes, he as well as the canon sank to the floor, exclaiming that he was poisoned. The canon experienced no fatal results because he had eaten previously; but the beloved prelate had to be borne from the altar, still fully robed in his sacred vestments, to his palace. He did not, however, reach it alive, but at the door of the cathedral, almost on the very spot where a few years previously Garcia Moreno had died, he breathed forth his soul. Just a few seconds before his death, he whispered something to his confessor, and received general absolution.

20. Sequels

The people were wild with excitement. They wanted to mete out summary justice to the suspected authors of the crime; but the president and the members of the cabinet had disappeared. The cries of rage and grief of the faithful were awful to hear; the cathedral fairly rang with them. Promptly an autopsy was performed on the corpse to establish the fact to a certainty. Two of the operating physicians, who were well known as Free Masons, declared that death was not due to poison but to apoplexy. But another physician quietly cut off a piece of the stomach and tossed it to a dog, which died almost the very instant it ate the morsel.

The actual murderer was discovered in the sacristy. Tortured with remorse and in despair like Judas, he confessed the shameful deed, and admitted likewise that he had been bribed by government officials, who had also promised him immunity in case of success. Of course, the government was incensed at the imputation, and to prove its innocence and to efface the general impression, it condemned the culprit to death after formal degradation. Of these proceedings as well as of the death of the venerable Archbishop I was an eye witness.

In these two men, Garcia Moreno and Archbishop Checa, the republic of Ecuador suffered an inestimable loss, even if only the material side of affairs is considered. I once heard Moreno say, that when he took up the reigns of government, the state had a debt of two hundred million dollars, while at the moment—it was a year before his death—it had a surplus of seventeen million. The new government, however, succeeded, within two years, despite the confiscation of so much church property, in piling up a debt of three hundred million!

To continue with my narrative. As the temperature of Quito was too low to agree with me after spending so many years in hotter climes, and as I continued ailing, I obtained permission to go to Guayaquil. So I made my third journey across the almost impassable Andes. But, as I had acquired a little experience in mountain climbing and was fairly well acquainted with the country and the people, the journey was far easier than the two former trips, and before long I found myself safely stowed away at Guayaquil.

THE LORD'S ANOINTED

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

MR. Joseph Hadley treaded his way through the brightly lighted street toward his home. Was it true that his business had failed—that he was utterly ruined? It seemed to him that he was going through a terrible nightmare—a horrid dream. Yet, it was all too true, for the lurid headlines of the evening papers blazened it forth, and he could even hear the newsboys shouting out the awful intelligence as he passed along.

He stumbled blindly up the steps of his palatial home. His wife met him in the hall, and gasped in alarm at the sight of his pallid face, drawn with suffering and mental anguish. Sinking into a chair, he brokenly told the pitiful story of ruin and failure, while his only son, Eugene, stood listening with his arm encircling the trembling form of his mother.

After a few minutes, Mr. Hadley arose, and went into his library, closing the door with the injunction that he was not to be disturbed. Some hours later when Eugene had returned home from Confession, he knocked softly on the library door, intending to say good night to his father before retiring; but there was no response. Opening the door, he entered to find Mr. Hadley, his head bowed on his arms which rested on the desk before him.

"Father!" the boy said gently touching his shoulder, "I came to say good night." But his father neither moved nor spoke. He had been stricken with paralysis, and death had come swiftly.

A few weeks later found the Hadley family leaving their magnificent home for a less pretentious dwelling, and it was with an aching heart that poor Mrs. Hadley left the old place where with her husband and children she had lived so many hap-

py years.

At the time of his father's death, Eugene was planning to enter a novitiate—the first step in the religious vocation to which he felt himself called. But now, at one blow, his hopes had been shattered, for it devolved on him to care for his widowed mother and invalid sister, who felt almost as keenly as Eugene, the great sacrifice he was called on to make.

"I can never be a priest now!" These were almost the first words the boy uttered when he realized that his father was dead. So he was not destined for the priesthood after all, nor would he ever stand in the holy place to offer the tremendous Sacrifice. How he had longed and prayed for the time when he might be the custodian of the Eucharistic King, one of the Lord's anointed.

Bravely Eugene set out to find employment, and before long he found a place in a grocery store. Later, he began to attend night school, and when he had qualified for a career in the business world, he secured a position with a large and influential law firm.

Despite the heavy cross that lay on his soul, Eugene was always cheerful and pleasant, and became very popular with his associates in the office, while the energy with which he applied himself to his work, won the esteem of his employers, who very soon increased his salary considerably. Years flew by, but in spite of his success and good fortune, his heart cried out incessantly for the priesthood. "Quis ascendet in montem Domini, aut quis stabit in loco sancto ejus? Who will ascend the mountain of the Lord, or who will stand in His holy place?" Through the depths of his soul these words were ever

sounding.

One morning, a young man employed in the office with Eugene happened to notice him entering a church; for, although it meant much personal inconvenience and sacrifice, Mass and Holy Communion were his daily source of strength. At the office that day, his friend began to banter Eugene good-naturedly, in the presence of the other employees.

"Say, fellows, you'll be surprised to know that the Pope has got Eugene under his thumb, all right. You could have knocked me down with a feather this morning when I caught sight of our friend here going through the door of the church on Webster Street."

Another in the group gave a low whistle of feigned astonishment. "Suppose it takes all his loose change to pay for getting absolution. What about it, Gene? Say, you're not such a bad actor that you need be looking up some one to forgive your sins," he continued grinning good-humoredly.

"See here, I know something about Confession myself," interposed Irving Campton, another of the office corps, a handsome-faced young man, who had formed a warm liking for Eugene Hadley. "In my case, however, it was what might be termed a near Confession," he said smiling. "One night when I was a youngster of eleven or twelve, I was passing by a Catholic church, and seeing a number of people going in and coming out, I thought I'd investigate and see what was up. I had never been in a Catholic church, so I went in cautiously, not knowing what I might be getting into. Sneaking rather shame-facedly into a pew near the door, I noticed that a number of people were kneeling here and there, and besides a lot of people were going in and out of several little curtained places on one side of the church.

This excited my curiosity, and leaning over the back of a pew where a man was kneeling, I asked in a loud whisper, as I jerked my head toward the little green curtains, 'What are those people doing?' The man looked around startled, and then realizing, no doubt, that I was a heretic, answered, 'They are going to Confession.' After a few minutes, he went out.

"I was always a venturesome spirit, so I made up my mind to go to Confession. Seeing a man slip into one of the places, I arose, and took up my position near by, so as to be next. Through an opening in the curtain, I could see that the man was kneeling, and resolved to do likewise. In a short time, he was out, and I was in. In an awkward attempt to assume a kneeling posture, down I came with a thump on my knees, thankful that it was dark enough to cover my confusion. Presently, a slide was pushed back revealing the dim outlines of a kindly face beneath a crown of silvery hair. A gentle voice repeated some words that were entirely unintelligible to me, and then there was a pause. Feeling that I ought to break the silence, I stammered out, 'Good evening, sir. I'm not a Catholic, and I just came in to see what Confession's like. I hope you won't be mad, sir.'

"An amused smile passed over the face before me. 'O no, I'm not mad, my boy. Come and see me some day, won't you, when there is more time to talk. I live right next door'. I was greatly pleased at his friendliness. 'You bet, I'll come and see you,' I answered, 'but what's your name?' 'Father Victor,' he answered, 'and now you had better go because there may be others waiting. Good bye and may God bless you, my child'. He raised his hand and made the sign of the cross. Then the slide closed again, and boys, when I came out of the

church a minute later, I felt wonderfully peaceful—I can't describe it exactly, but perhaps Gene here will understand," he added smiling at his friend.

"Well, about a week later, I called at the house adjoining the church, and asked to see Father Victor. Great was my disappointment to learn that he had that morning left for a distant post of duty, perhaps never to return. I often think of his words, and it may seem foolish, but when I recall how he raised his hand and traced that sign above me, I've always felt that something mysteriously sacred was behind it all,—something that has made my life better, somehow."

* * *

"Gene, I want you to take me to your church some time," Irving said that evening when they were alone together, and his friend gladly proposed that Irving accompany him to High Mass on the Sunday following. During the holy Sacrifice that day, Irving watched with rapt attention every movement of the officiating priest, and at the solemn moment of consecration he knelt reverently with the rest.

Outside, after Mass was over, he questioned Eugene eagerly. "What is the Mass anyway? Tell me about it." The Unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law—the Real Presence—these were themes as dear to Eugene Hadley as his very life, and his face glowed as he talked. Irving listened earnestly and breathlessly to the forceful explanations, and a strange light burned in his eyes as his companion finished speaking.

"You believe all that, do you?" he said in low, tense tones. "You believe that your priests have that tremendous power—why man, how can you think that way, and then hang around an old office? Why Eugene, if I believed as you do, nothing on earth could prevent

me from being a priest!"

He looked searchingly into Eugene's face, and saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

"Irving, that is the sole desire of my life—you can never realize what a terrible sacrifice it was," he answered brokenly, and then told his whole story to his friend.

"Old boy, I'm awfully sorry for you." Irving's voice was vibrant with emotion and sympathy. "Gene," and he gripped his friend's hand, "if it were in my power, I'd do anything on earth to help you get there, indeed, I would!"

The friendship between the two young men was more closely cemented than ever from that day forward. Often during working hours in the office, Eugene would glance up to find Irving's dark eyes fixed earnestly and tenderly on him.

* * *

One morning, Irving came into the office in a particularly jubilant frame of mind.

"Say, Gene," he exclaimed as he seated himself at his desk, "you've heard me speak of my sister Gladys, who has been studying music in Europe for the last three years. Well, she returned last night, and really she's a marvel! Can't you come up to-morrow night? I want you to meet Gladys and hear her sing."

Eugene accepted the invitation, and on the next evening, called at the Campton home. Gladys Campton was a handsome, dark-eyed girl, and, as her brother had declared, possessed a truly fine voice.

"Gene here has a voice, too, I can tell you sis," Irving announced when the girl had finished singing a charming little ballad. "Pick out something he knows, and just watch him distinguish himself, too," he went on enthusiastically as he led Eugene to the piano.

Gladys selected another piece of music which she and Eugene sang

together, their voices blending perfectly.

"Didn't I say he could sing!" Irving exclaimed delightedly. "That was simply great!"

Gladys turned, and fixed her eyes on Eugene. "Mr. Hadley, your voice is superb!" she said.

After that evening, Eugene and Gladys very frequently sang together. Both being passionately fond of music, they found much pleasure in each other's company.

"Bring your friend up to-night, Irving," Gladys said to her brother one morning. "I've got a new song that I want him to try. It will suit his voice admirably."

A frown suddenly knitted Irving's brow. "Gladys, I want to tell you something," he said. "It was to be kept a secret, but, perhaps, I should tell you after all. Eugene Hadley intends to become a priest—yes—just as soon as he can see his way clear," he added, while a horrified look stole over his sister's face. "At present, there are difficulties in the way. He is the sole support of a widowed mother and an invalid sister; so, to carry out his desire, is simply impossible—for the present, at least. Nevertheless, he is to be a priest, and not for worlds would I have his resolution shaken through anything you might inadvertently do or say. Don't treat him as if he were some ordinary fellow—"

"Some ordinary fellow!" Gladys interrupted with warmth. "Please remember that I do not number 'ordinary fellows' among my friends, Irving. Eugene Hadley going to be a priest!" she exclaimed. "Is he going to throw himself away utterly—"

Here the telephone bell rang, and Gladys hastened away to answer it, welcoming this opportunity to hide her chagrin.

Irving passed out of the house and down the street toward the

office. "Throwing himself away—" he repeated his sister's words. "Little does Gladys know what the priesthood stands for in his eyes. Suppose his chance should come," he mused, "and he found his old desire gone—O we must be careful! Eugene's got to be a priest, that's all about it!"

As the two friends passed up the street from the office that evening, Irving affectionately passed his arm through that of his friend.

"No nearer the goal than before, old man?" he asked gently. Then without giving his companion an opportunity to reply, he went on, "Say, Gene, you don't ever feel inclined to give up this idea of the priesthood—of abandoning your ideal and being like other fellows, do you?"

Eugene looked at his friend with wondering eyes. "O no, Irving, I'll never change my resolution," he answered, rather weakly his companion thought.

"Gene," and Irving's voice trembled as he spoke, "I'd hate terribly to see you change your mind, and—finally marry, perhaps. I want to see you stick it out, Gene,—yes, even if the desire of your life is never realized!"

Then he abruptly changed the subject. When they parted, Eugene walked slowly up the street, and reaching the church entered, as was his unflinching custom. Kneeling there in the Divine Presence, Irving's earnest words came back to him. "Gene, I'd hate terribly to see you change your mind, and just be like other fellows!" Did his friend suspect that the vocation on which his whole soul seemed bent, was losing its attraction for him? Was it not true, after all, that of late he had been thinking so seldom of the priesthood—that Gladys Campton and the songs they sang so splendidly together were uppermost in his

thoughts?

He bowed his head on his hands, and prayed fervently. "Dear sacramental Lord, forgive me if I have been untrue to thee. Thou art, indeed, my first Love, aye my whole desire. Let me follow thy Will blindly—thy Will, not mine, always. And O, if it is possible, let me one day ascend to thy mountain, Lord, and stand in thy holy place!"

As he prayed, the sacristy door opened. Eugene raised his head, and in the dim twilight—for night was fast approaching—he saw a man with a forbidding countenance and roughly dressed, approach the altar. The man did not notice Eugene kneeling in the rear of the church, and began prying at the tabernacle door with a small hatchet. The terrible truth flashed on Eugene in an instant. Rushing forward, and leaping over the sanctuary railing, he found that the sacrilegious miscreant had already gained access to the Holy of Holies.

"Don't you dare to touch that, you miserable wretch!" Eugene cried out, his eyes flashing fire, as the man turned his devilish features toward him. Then quick as a flash, he seized the ciborium, and clasping it tightly to his breast, started down the altar steps. A pistol shot rang out—the drunken villain had added murder to sacrilege—and Eugene lay in the holy place with his Eucharistic Lord resting on his bosom.

* * *

Meanwhile, Irving on his way down the street toward his home, chanced to remember something his mother had asked him to purchase at the drug store. Retracing his steps, he hurried along in the direction his friend had taken.

"Very likely, Gene's in there now," he soliloquized as he was passing the church. "He's visiting his Best Friend, as he says. Poor Gene! How I do want to see him a

priest.—What's that?" he exclaimed, as a shot rang out on the still evening air. The next moment, a ruffian ran out of a side door of the church and made for the alley.

"My God, what has happened!" Irving gasped as he bounded up the stone steps and entered the church. At first, he could hardly see anything in the dim light, but advancing toward the sanctuary where the ruby light flickered unsteadily, a ghastly sight met his eyes. In an instant, Irving was kneeling by his friend's prostrate form and strove in vain to staunch the flow of blood.

"O Gene, Gene, it is I, Irving your friend!" he cried frantically, lifting the poor victim's head in his arms.

Slowly Eugene opened his eyes and stared wildly about.

"It is I, Gene. Don't you know me?"

"Irving," Eugene whispered, while a smile played on his pallid features, "Irving, I've been true to Him, I've been true to Him!" and then fell back lifeless on the bosom of his friend. And then Irving noticed for the first time the golden ciborium pressed closely to the now silent heart.

* * *

It is five years since Eugene Hadley gave up his young life for his sacramental Lord at the foot of the altar. A newly ordained priest stands at that same altar, and offers his first Sacrifice—his Lord and God under the form of bread and wine. His face is aglow with fervor and love, his eyes moist with tears of joy, his whole being thrilled with the thought that he of all men is a Priest of God, that he has ascended the mountain of the Lord and is standing in the holy place.

The world knew him as Irving Campton, but henceforth he shall be called Father Albert, the Lord's anointed.

A GREAT INDIAN MISSIONARY GONE TO HIS REWARD

By Fr. Chrysolom, O.F.M.

The Reverend Joseph Specht, S. J., one of the most famous Indian missionaries in the Lake Superior country, died on Saturday, February 6, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. His remains were taken to Sault au Recollet, Canada, for burial. The solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at Steelton, Ont., by the Rev. T. Lussier, S. J., of Sudbury, assisted by the Rev. Ragaru, S. J., of Cutler, as deacon, and the Rev. Simon Lampe, O.S.B., of Cloquet, Minn., as sub-deacon. The Right Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of North Bay, preached the funeral oration. A large number of priests, both regular and secular, assisted in the sanctuary.

Father Specht was born in Alsace, on November 5, 1853, and came to this country after finishing his classical studies in 1871. On October 1, 1872, he entered the Jesuit novitiate, was professed on October 2, 1874, and ordained priest at Fort William, Ont., on May 22, 1880. From the time of his ordination until the day of his death, Father Specht was connected with the Indian Missions, where he labored untiringly among the Chippewas and Ottawas of the Lake Superior country.

Father Specht was an ideal Indian missionary, laborious, self-sacrificing, and very pious. In all his labors, he sought not human praise but only the salvation of his poor charges. His first field of labor embraced Fort William and many other missions in Ontario, besides the missions in north eastern Minnesota, and at Lake Nepigon, Long Lake Grand Portage, Grand Marais, and Beaver Bay. From 1898-1910, he was stationed at Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron, where he had an ideal Indian missionary field. The three greatest enemies of the Indian are whiskey, money, and the white man. All these were conspicuous by their absence from the happy island, and faith and every Christian virtue reigned supreme.

In 1910, Father Specht was sent to Sudbury, Ont., where he remained until 1913, when he took charge of his last mission at Garden River. Falling ill in December 1914, he was taken to the hospital at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., where he remained until his holy death. May God, the Lord of the vineyard, raise up other apostolic men to continue his work among our Indian people. For the Indians are not dying out as some would have us believe. There are far more Catholic Indians, if we include those of mixed blood, at the present day, than there were some forty years ago. Flourishing Indian missions with churches and schools are now to be found in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Manitoba, and Ontario, which are in charge of the Oblate, Jesuit, and Franciscan Fathers.

Father Specht, who spoke the Chippewa language fluently, was wont to journey from one station to the other giving missions. Thus he also came to the Franciscan missions at Bayfield, Odanah, and Courtes Oreilles. The Fathers always entertained the highest respect for the veteran missionary, and bewail his loss as one of their own brethren. In him *Franciscan Herald* also loses a valued subscriber, for Father Specht had from the beginning given his hearty support and words of praise and encouragement to our humble publication. We recommend his soul to the kind prayers of our readers. R. I. P.



AN INDIAN MAIDEN—MODEL TERTIARY

By —W. S. J.

WHEN the news of her death spread over the Reservation, there was an outburst of sorrow among the Indians that has rarely been equalled. So spontaneous and genuine was their grief that it surprised even Fathers and Sisters at the Mission, who had known the young woman for years. And the reason clearly seemed to be that she had indeed pleased God, and was, in consequence, beloved by her people more, perhaps, than they themselves realized.

Clara Condelario, of Mexican and Sioux Indian descent, was born and reared on Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota. At an early age she entered the Holy Rosary Mission School as one of its first pupils, and from the beginning showed extraordinary traits of character. Having completed her studies at the Mission, it was the young girl's desire to consecrate herself to the service of God in the religious life. Health, however, would not permit of this; so, determined to do what she could for God, Clara entered the Third Order of St. Francis, taking the name of Sister Antonia, and obtained permission to remain at the school. Here it was that the good soul spent practically all the rest of her days, helping the devoted Sisters in their labor of love for the little Sioux.

Unpretentious and commonplace though her duties, her life was still one of generous zeal for the interests of the Sacred Heart and the salvation of her people. It was her delight to spend hours at work in the church, particularly in preparing the altars for great feasts. She longed for the courts of her Lord, and the King of kings in turn seemed to welcome with pleasure the services of a heart so simple and devoted.

But her work did not end here.

As was aptly pointed out in the "Herald" for December, 1914, the service of the sick, the poor and suffering is one of the prominent characteristics of the Franciscan Orders; and Clara Condelario seemed to have deeply imbibed this Franciscan spirit of charity. As an officer of the St. Mary's Society for Indian women she not seldom played the part of the Good Samaritan in performing corporal works of mercy. In fact she was remarkable for kindness and self-sacrifice in this respect. Nor did the spiritual needs of her neighbor pass unheeded. It was no rare occurrence for Clara to admonish and exhort visiting Indians to good works, especially to the reception of the Sacraments. That her advice was not resented is witnessed by the general esteem and favor she enjoyed among her people.

Added to all this was the beautiful example of her daily life, her unassuming, yet solid and practical piety, her kindness, humility and patience. In weekly Confession and daily Holy Communion she sought and found her strength and comfort.

Working, praying and suffering in union with the Heart of Christ, no wonder that her charity for God and man was augmented with each passing day. And thus it was that having served her Master faithfully for years as a true daughter of St. Francis, she could leave this world in peace to join the countless children of her Seraphic Father in their eternal triumph.

Clara Condelario died as she had lived, on January 19, 1915, after a lingering illness of many weeks, borne with edifying patience and resignation. At her own request she was buried near the graves of several Franciscan Sisters in the Mission cemetery—within the shadow of the cross.

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed is the servant who does not regard himself as better when he is esteemed and extolled by men, than when he is reputed as mean, simple, and despicable; for, what a man is in the sight of God, so much he is and no more.—St. Francis.

2. Oh happy exchange! To forsake earthly goods for heavenly goods, to merit the things of heaven by the sacrifice of the things of this world, to gain a hundred for one, and to attain to the life of the Blessed!—St. Clare to Bl. Agnes of Bohemia.

3. I know of no greater joy in this world, than to help the poor sinners and rescue immortal souls from the power of satan.—Bl. Leopold Gaiche, 1st Order.

4. A soul that is wanting in truthfulness and sincerity is as a broken mirror in which the grace and light of the Holy Ghost cannot reflect properly. Serve the Lord, therefore, in simplicity and uprightness, but be also open and sincere with all men.—Fr. Augustine Ilg, 1st Order.

5. What is this earth? Pure nothingness. What is heaven? God entire. My dear children, be not attached to the things of this world, but bestow your affections on the things above. Think of the happiness which is to last always, whilst the shadow of this world will soon vanish forever.—St. John Joseph, 1st Order.

6. The denial of our own will should be more esteemed than the abandonment of all the riches in the world. There is no surer and easier way to heaven than willingly to deny one's own will. Jesus strove to do only the will of his Heavenly Father; why should we choose to follow our own?—St. Colette, 2nd Order.

7. Faithfulness in small as well as in important matters is the secret of perfect holiness.—Abbe de Segur, Tertiary.

8. We have gained much, when through our care we have saved one soul.—St. John of God, Tertiary.

9. No tongue can express the peace an innocent soul enjoys, that puts a good construction on everything, and judges no one.—St. Catherine of Bologna, 2nd Order.

10. Almsgiving is a pious stratagem by means of which, so to speak, one purchases souls; for, by it one places the poor under an obligation to work for their own salvation.—St. Angela of Merici, 3rd Order.

11. A Christian woman ought to be ready to interrupt her exercises of devotion when her household affairs require her presence.—St. Frances of Rome, Tertiary.

12. St. Catherine of Bologna, 2nd Order, often reminded the nuns how short and precious time is, "How great is the blindness of men," she would exclaim, "who count as nothing this inestimable gift, and who use in offending God the greatest gift he has given them."

13. It is more perfect to suffer patiently than to perform good works. — St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

14. Bl. Peter of Treja, 1st Order, was united in the bonds of a holy friendship with his fellow religious, Bl. Conrad of Offida. Like two seraphs they roused in each other the love of God, were rivals in the perfect observance of the Rule, especially in what concerned poverty and holy prayer.

15. The holiest man is not he who holds the holiest station, but he who best fills the duties of the state in which Divine Providence has placed him. — St. Lidwina, Tertiary.

16. We must esteem others as better than ourselves, think that our faults are very serious, our good works of little value, consider the least offence against our neighbor as a very great fault, and the services we render as of small account. — Bl. Peter of Siena, 3rd Order.

17. May your intentions in the discharge of your duties be so pure, that you may have no other aim in your actions than the glory of God and the salvation of souls. — St. Angela Merici, 3rd Order.

18. God can not grant special favors to his enemies. He who wishes to be heard, must confess his sins and do penance, and then God will certainly grant his petition. — Bl. Salvator, 1st Order.

19. Our Blessed Savior himself deigned to recommend to St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent of the Third Order, the special devotion to His foster father, St. Joseph. "It will be pleasing to Me if thou wilt daily pay a special homage of praise to the virginal and blessed St Joseph. Thou shalt do so by dwelling on these words: Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

20. Bl. John of Parma, seventh minister general of the Order of Friars Minor, was always smiling and gracious; his manners were polished and full of charity; he was liberal, humble, gentle, benign, and patient, a man of prayer, merciful and compassionate.

21. The words "servant of God" signify to have a great charity toward our neighbor, to follow in all things the divine will, to confide in God, to bear up against our own defects and to endure with forbearance the imperfections of others. — St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

22. A man becomes truly rich through the things of heaven and poor through those of earth; therefore, naturally desire the one and despise the other. — Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

23. A true servant of God, whilst preserving above all in his heart sorrow for his sins, ought to show exteriorly great spiritual joy. — St. Francis.

24. When asked why he took so many precautions against the least danger of sin, Bl. Rizziero, 1st Order, answered, "If I did not act with extreme prudence, I should perhaps expose myself to the danger of losing, by a just judgment of God, the graces he has bestowed on me. Watchfulness is always necessary."

25. Believe me, there is no more powerful means to obtain God's grace than to seek the intercession of the holy Virgin.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

26. The stars are always in the firmament, but we see them only at night. When misfortune casts a gloom over our lives, then we search for and find the eternal stars.—Dr. Francis Hettinger, Tertiary.

27. St. Francis looked upon the day on which he had suffered nothing for the love of God, as one on which the Divine Majesty had, as it were, forgotten and abandoned him.

28. Practice solid piety, and do not be taken up with short-lived devotions, which are only a fitful blaze.—St. Joseph Cupertino, 1st Order.

29. The great efficacy of persevering and humble prayer is illustrated in the life of the Bl. Paula Gambarara, Tertiary. Ill-treated in the most rude manner by her unworthy husband and her servants, she poured forth her sorrows at the foot of the Cross, offering to God all her humiliations, penances, and prayers for the conversion of her husband. God finally deigned to accept her prayers and tears in behalf of the Count, who entered into himself and became a sincere penitent.

30. Our Crucified Savior once appeared to Bl. Angela of Foligno, 3rd Order, and said to her, "He who wishes to find grace ought always, whether in joy or in sorrow, to keep his eyes fixed on the wood of my Cross".

31. The Third Order teaches in the spirit of its holy Founder true liberty, the liberty of the children of God, which consists in this that it makes the members free from sinful pleasures and sinful attachment to this world; it leads the members to true equality, which is based on justice and mutual love, and it teaches them true brotherhood in the practice of this selfsame charity.—Count Huyn, Bishop of Bruenn, Tertiary.

A ROYAL TESTAMENT

Archduke Ferdinand of Austro-Hungary and Duchess Sophie, his wife, who were assassinated in Serajevo last June, have left a most edifying bequest. The Archduke and his wife, who were both devout Tertiaries, had succeeded in renovating the church at Hall, in the Tyrol, where Archduchess Margaret of Austria lies buried, and introduced perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The letter of foundation obliges the nuns to pray for all the personal and political enemies of the Heir Apparent and his wife. The Sisters are to implore the Lord to bless all those who wish to do evil or have done so to the Archduke and Archduchess. This includes the Servian assassins. A grander monument of their truly Catholic spirit Archduke Ferdinand and his wife could not have left as an inspiration to future generations.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ST. JOSEPH AND THE FRANCISCAN ORDER

It may be not generally known that the universal veneration now accorded to St. Joseph is owing to a very great extent to the sons and daughters of St. Francis of Assisi. For from the very infancy of the three great Orders of St. Francis, this special devotion to St. Joseph went hand in hand with their well known and tender devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary. St. Francis himself bore a childlike devotion to St. Joseph, and his numerous sons and daughters inherited this holy trait from their spiritual father and have always cherished it as a most precious heritage.

Thirty years after the death of the Seraphic Father, Friar Ubertino of Casale exerted all the powers of his eloquence and his pen to spread among his pupils at the university of Paris a special devotion to the foster father of the Savior. His zeal in this matter was assiduously emulated by his fellow friars, and many of the greatest Saints and Blessed of the three Orders of St. Francis are no less remarkable for their love and devotion to St. Joseph than for their ardent affection for the Mother of God. Among the most prominent we may mention St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

For over a century, the Franciscans had been celebrating the annual feast of St. Joseph as a private devotion, when in the year 1399, at the general chapter held at Assisi, this feast was made obligatory for the entire Order, and in the following century, at the general chapter celebrated at Salamanca, Spain, March 19 was chosen as the day on which the feast of St. Joseph was in future to be solemnized. The famous Franciscan Pope, Sixtus IV in 1476, extended the feast to the entire Church, giving it a special office and Mass. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a renowned son of St. Francis, Cardinal Ximenes, prime minister of Spain, placed the kingdom, over which he ruled, under the special patronage of St. Joseph, and ordered that his feast be commemorated with great solemnity throughout the kingdom. Charles II of Spain, a devout client of St. Joseph, and a member of the Third Order, obtained from Pope Innocent XI the decree declaring St. Joseph the special patron of the kingdom of Belgium.

One festival in the year, however, was not enough to satisfy the piety of the people, and the feast of the Espousals of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, which had already been permitted to the Franciscans by Pope Paul III, was granted to all the countries that solicited it in 1725. It was reserved by Divine Providence to one of the greatest successors of St. Peter, who was at the same time a most fervent and humble Tertiary and singularly devout to St. Joseph, the great Pope Pius IX, to add new luster to the cult of this eminent servant of God. In the year 1847, he authorized the celebration of the Patronage of St. Joseph for the whole Christian Church and in 1870, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the august presence of many Cardinals and Bishops, and other high dignitaries among whom the Most Reverend Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor occupied a prominent place, the Supreme Pontiff solemnly proclaimed St. Joseph the heavenly Patron of the universal Church. Finally, the Tertiary Pope, Pius X, raised the

patronal feast of St. Joseph to the rank of a double of the first class with an octave, and also approved a litany of the Saint for public use.

This is briefly the history of the devotion to St. Joseph in the Seraphic Order. And well have the sons of St. Francis acted in furthering the veneration of the foster father of the Redeemer. For St. Joseph is pre-eminently the model to which they all should look for guidance, uniting as he did in so perfect a manner the active with the contemplative life. He is above all a model for Tertiaries, for he lived as an ordinary laborer in the world, yet remained ever in the closest and sweetest communion with Jesus and Mary.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The frontispiece of the present issue is an illustration of the third corporal work of mercy: To clothe the naked. In the foreground of a winter landscape, a poor woman is seated before a sacred image, by the wayside. Her scanty clothing affords her but little protection against the inclemency of the weather, and the half-frozen infant on her arm is vainly seeking shelter on the bosom of its mother. Want and sorrow are written on every feature of her pinched and haggard face. Seeing her pitiable condition, a richly attired passer-by instantly divests himself of his cloak, and presents it to the beggar woman. The look of deep and tender compassion with which he regards her, leads one to believe that the well-filled purse that hangs from his girdle, will be made to relieve her other pressing needs.

"When thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh." This divine precept was originally given to the Jews of old; but it applies also, and especially, to Christians. Indeed, the practice of this work of charity is one of the most stringent duties of Christian charity and at the same time one of the most meritorious of good works. Happy for us, opportunities of performing this work of charity are not at all rare. In large cities, especially, there are many persons whose clothing is so ragged and threadbare that they can hardly venture outdoors in winter without exposing themselves to the danger of contracting fatal diseases. There are hundreds and, perhaps, thousands of poor children who for want of necessary garments can not attend church or school. It is true that of late years benevolent associations, notably the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, have been very active in providing such destitute persons with proper raiment; but the demands made on these organizations are so great and the field of charity so extensive that there is ample room for individual activity.

Tertiaries certainly will not be remiss in the discharge of this eminently Christian duty. If they can not personally come to the aid of their needy brethren, they will at least regularly contribute to the relief fund of their fraternity. In this connection, we should like to call the attention of our readers to an article in the present issue, in which one of our missionaries tells of the havoc wrought by the flood in the Indian village of Tshuchutsho, Arizona. These poor Indians will be very grateful for cast-off clothes and discarded furniture. *Franciscan Herald* will gladly furnish information as to the articles most needed and the manner of sending them.

"LORD, SAVE US. WE PERISH!"

From the beginning of his pontificate, the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, has done all in his power to terminate the great European conflict or, at least, to mitigate its horrors. But, he well realizes the futility of his own, as indeed of all human, efforts, unless seconded by devout and humble prayer. For this reason, he has set aside two days of public supplication, on which Catholics might direct their petitions to the God of hosts "that he may pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster." The day of prayer designated for the extra-European countries, is Passion Sunday, March 21.

Says the pontifical decree: "In the morning, immediately after the Conventual or Parochial Mass, the Most Blessed Sacrament shall be exposed, and shall remain exposed to public veneration till evening; and it is desirable that arrangements be made whereby children also should take due part in the public adoration. In the hope that Almighty God may pour forth in yet greater abundance His Divine Grace, the Sovereign Pontiff exhorts the faithful to approach the Sacrament of Penance and to receive Holy Communion, and grants to all those, who, after Confession and Communion, shall pray for some time before the Most Blessed Sacrament while solemnly exposed, a Plenary Indulgence."

Surely, we need not admonish our readers cheerfully to respond to the urgent appeal of the Sovereign Pontiff and Father of Christendom. Never was the world so much in need of prayer as in this the darkest hour of its history. Never was the cry of the Apostles: "Lord, save us, we perish!" more appropriate than now when the frail bark of Christian civilization is tossing on a turbid sea of blood and tears. Yet, though the waves run high, and threaten to engulf the vessel, should we despair? On the contrary, the greater the need, the greater should be our confidence in God. In his own good time, he will rise and command the winds and the sea, and there will come a great calm. Meanwhile, let us not be idle and unconcerned spectators of the gruesome scenes of carnage and destruction daily enacting on the battle fields of Europe, but let us endeavor by prayer and penance to appease the wrath of an offended God.

WHY A THIRD ORDER EMBLEM?

Elsewhere in this issue, will be found a description of the emblem we have had designed for the members of the Third Order. This emblem is made in two styles: as a button with screw back for men, and as a brooch with catch pin back for women. The first consignment of these emblems has lately arrived, and we are now in a position to fill all orders promptly. We assure the Tertiaries that these emblems are highly artistic as well as attractive, and well worth the price. But our readers need not take our word for it. They can convince themselves of the truth of our statements by calling on their Director and examining the specimens we have sent him.

But what need is there of procuring and wearing these emblems? None whatever. Why, then, have we had them made? We have done so for sundry weighty reasons, the *first* of which is that St. Francis prescribed an outward badge for Tertiaries, which was nothing else than the large habit formerly worn by the members of the Third Order. The wearing of this garb, however, is now no longer permitted, except on rare occasions, and the cord and scapular which take the place of the

large habit, may be worn only beneath the outer garments, which makes the use of some other outward distinctive, if not imperative, at least desirable. *Second*, the Tertiary button will serve as a means of mutual recognition. Tertiaries, no matter of what country or race or nationality, are all members of the same family, and as such they are commanded by their Rule to love and to aid one another. But, how can they do so if they have no means of recognizing one another? *Third*, the emblem will have a restraining influence on the members, and will be a silent yet eloquent reminder to them to "walk worthy of their vocation." *Fourth*, it will help to make propaganda for the Third Order. If the members constantly wear this emblem, and always and everywhere act consistently with their high calling, they will draw attention to their rule of life, and many a one who has never known it, will be led to admire and to love it and eventually to embrace it. *Fifth*, it will lend prestige to the Order. Too long has the Third Order of St. Francis been regarded by many as a "gens lucifuga"—as an association shunning the light. But why should Franciscan Tertiaries fear publicly to appear as such? They have every reason to be proud of their affiliation with the great family of St. Francis, and there can be no harm in letting others know it. *Sixth*, every other association has some distinctive, by which its members may be known, and we can see no earthly reason why the Third Order should form the only exception.

These are the reasons why we have provided an emblem for the members of the Third Order in this country, and why we now advocate its use. So far as we are aware, ours is the only emblem of its kind on the market, and we should like very much to see it adopted by all the fraternities in the United States, so that thereby the solidarity of the various fraternities may be strengthened. The inscription on the button is international in character, which permits its being worn by Tertiaries of all nationalities.

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MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

V

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

AFTER reaching the capital of Mexico, Father Damian Mazanet, accompanied by three Indians, had an audience with Viceroy Gaspar de Galve, who, hearing of the successful founding of Mission San Francisco de los Tejas, at once assembled his council. It was resolved to send another expedition into Texas, both by land and sea. In his decree of November 18, 1690, the viceroy ordered Mazanet to join the expedition, and asked him to choose with the consent of the Commissary General five companion Friars from the missionary college of Santa Cruz de Queretaro. The expedition was to be lead by Don Domingo Teran de los Rios, then governor of Coahuila and Texas. He was to have fifty soldiers, and forty seamen going by ship from Vera Cruz were to act in conjunction with him.

The object of the undertaking was threefold. In the first place, it was to be a missionary enterprise. Therefore, all the resources were to be utilized chiefly for the enlarging of the mission already established, and for the founding of eight other missions. The natives were to be kindly treated, and not forced into slavery nor abused in their property or persons. In the second place, Governor Teran was to ascertain whether any French or other Europeans had settled there.

In the third place, the country to the north was to be thoroughly explored and the habits and the beliefs of the Indians observed and noted. The expedition was fully supplied with ammunition, provisions, large herds of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and goats. The use and dispensing of the provisions and supplies were placed in charge of Fr. Damian Mazanet as commissary. The military affairs of the expedition were left to the commander.

The party set out from the Sabinas on May 26, 1691. The Franciscans who joined the troops as prospective missionaries to the Indians, were Fathers Francisco Hidalgo, Nicolas Prevo, Miguel Estela, Pedro Fortuni, Pedro Garcia, Ildefonso Monge, Jose Saldana, Antonio Miranda, and Juan de Garaicoechea. Three "donados" or secular Tertiaries also accompanied the Fathers. According to Fr. Espinoza (*Cronica Serafica*, 412) only two of the missionaries were from Queretaro College, four from the Province (presumably of the Holy Gospel), and four belonged to the Alcantarine Franciscans. He gives no names, however. On the way, the Fathers renamed all the rivers. Thus the Nueces was called San Norberto; the Medina, San Basilio; the Trinidad, Encarnacion; the Brazos, San Francisco Solano; the Guadalupe, San Agustin, etc.

On June 18, a band of Indians met the expedition bringing letters from the Fathers at Mission San Francisco. The news contained in these letters, induced Father Mazanet to urge the utmost haste. The Colorado or San Marcos river was reached about June 27. Here the party was delayed very much, as they had to cross and recross the stream three times. Moreover, Captain Martinez took twenty soldiers to meet the expedition that was to come by sea from Vera Cruz to Espiritu Santo Bay. He returned, on July 18, after a fruitless search. Governor Teran wanted to make a longer halt to wait for the other troops to join him. But, at a council of war, Fr. Mazanet and the other Fathers insisted that the expedition should proceed at once to relieve the wants of the poor missionaries and soldiers, who for fourteen months had received no aid, and were in the greatest straits. The council, accordingly, overruled Teran, and the expedition continued its journey. The Brazos river caused another delay of two days, and another day was lost in crossing Trinity river with the great herds that accompanied the troops.

Impatient over these repeated delays, the Fathers with a few soldiers went ahead from Trinity river to bring succor to their needy brethren at the mission. They arrived at San Francisco mission on August 2, on the feast of our Lady of the Angels. Here they learned to their sorrow that only two of the three Fathers survived: Fr. Antonio Bordoy at Mission San Francisco, and Fr. Francisco Casanas at another mission, of which more presently. Fr. Miguel Fontcubierta had gone to

his heavenly reward on February 5, 1691. With his two companions he had attended stricken Indians during an epidemic of malignant fever, that carried off three hundred victims within a single month. About three thousand of the friendly Tejas died of this fever during 1690-1691. The missionaries endeavored to secure as many as possible for heaven, and at last Fontcubierta himself fell a victim to his zeal, a martyr of charity.

The mission which Fr. Casanas had founded in October 1690, the second mission in Texas, was dedicated to the holy Name of Mary—"La Mission del Santisimo Nombre de Maria." According to Dr. Bolton, who sums up the evidence, this mission among the Neche Indians, was located directly across the Neches river east of Mission San Francisco; hence, in what is now southwestern Cherokee County. (1)

"The labors of the Fathers had not been without reward. They had succeeded in inducing a number of the Indians to receive Baptism, among them the great Xinesi, head of the Asinais tribes. The chief was baptized on his death-bed, but miraculously recovered, and according to Fr. Francisco Casanas became a 'very good Christian, for he has given me his word that he will do nothing other than what I tell him'. But the work of conversion had been necessarily slow on account of the numerical weakness of the missionary force, the difficulty of learning the native languages, and the indifference of the Indians. The leaven was too small to lighten quickly so large and ponderous a loaf." (2)

(1) See Dr. Colton, "Texas Historical Quarterly," April 1908, 263-266.

(2) R. C. Clark, "Texas Historical Quarterly," January 1902, p. 143.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLOOD AT TSHUCHUTSHO, ARIZONA.

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

I and my Indian parishioners had been anxiously awaiting the beautiful feast of Christmas, the more so because a kind friend had made us a present of a pretty crib. Nothing seems to make such a deep and lasting impression on the mind and heart of the Indian as pictures and statues, and I was naturally expecting great results from this newest ornament to our little desert church. During December it had rained very much, which was quite an unusual occurrence for this part of Arizona. In consequence of the rains, the roads were in very poor condition, and the trip from our convent to my mission was a hazardous undertaking. After waiting for several days, I finally found a Mexican who agreed to take me to the village. On our way we had to cross a small creek, which ordinarily is quite shallow, but which was now so swollen that an extra team had to be employed to enable us to ford it safely. The Indian chief had previously taken my wagon to the mission to fetch the meat, bread, and coffee for the Christmas feast. We were destined, however, to celebrate our Christmas festival this year much in the same manner as the first Christmas was celebrated in the cave at Bethlehem.

The day before Christmas, I put up the crib in the church with the help of my catechist, while the Indians were busy making dams around their poor huts to keep off the water, which continued to rise higher and higher. The wagon with the provisions had come as far as the creek on the Wednesday before Christmas, but unhappily could not cross over, as the creek was already

about 200 feet broad and very deep and swift.

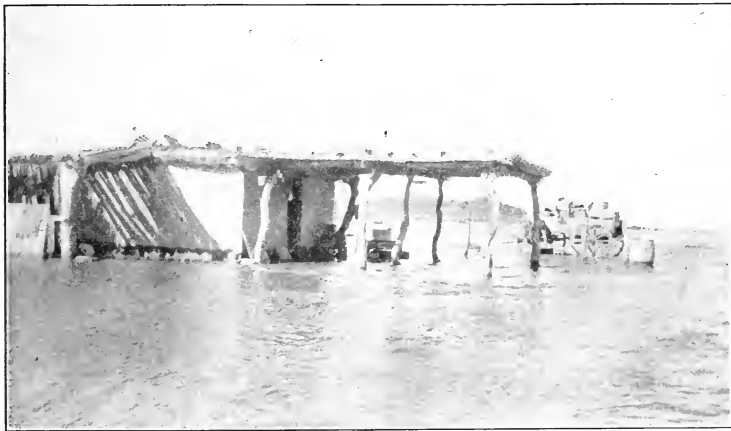
Towards six o'clock on Christmas eve, the old chief in charge of the wagon, called to us from his side of the creek, "Flee to the mountains, for a great flood is coming!" Most of the Indians, however, paid no attention to this warning, and we had the usual evening devotions in the church after all who wished had gone to Confession. At about ten o'clock, an Indian came to me to ask my opinion of the flood, for he thought the water was continually rising. As it was quite dark already and I could not easily see the extent of the flood, I told him that I did not think it dangerous to remain, the more so as the church and the houses in the neighborhood were still well above the water. The bell was rung for the midnight Mass, and I was much surprised to see so few Indians present, as they had all attended the midnight services on the previous Christmas. As I learned later on, they feared the rising flood, and had already taken refuge in the nearby hills. The church and the houses in its immediate vicinity are on a slight elevation, and we still felt secure. I accordingly began holy Mass and was just at the *Sanctus*, when some one called into the church, "Flee to the hills or you will be drowned!"

The catechist quickly went to the door to learn the extent of the flood, and then informed me that the water was already at the church door. I immediately broke off with the Mass, and some of the Indians made for their huts to save what they could, principally blankets, while the rest of us hurried to the mountains. A large dam about twelve

miles above the village up in the mountains had become weakened from the constant rains, and could no longer check the raging flood, that rushed with a mighty roar down into the peaceful valley. We waded through the water, which in places reached to the hips. The current too was very strong, and we had all we could do to keep from being swept along by the torrent. The midnight darkness served only to increase the danger. At last we reached the foot hills, and immediately set about to build a fire of

mired the patience and resignation of the poor Indians during this sore trial. Each one seemed to forget himself, and was anxious only about the welfare of the others. One young woman, who had scarcely recovered from a sickness, was especially concerned about the old women and children, giving them dry clothing and placing them near the fire, although she herself was shivering with the cold in her wet clothing. Verily, charity is not the least of the poor Indian's virtues!

Thus we spent the long, cold



Flood at Tschuchutsho, Arizona, Dec. 1914

brush wood to dry our clothes. Not satisfied with having saved ourselves, we did all we could to give assistance to those who were still in danger. One man waded into the water twice to rescue his old father and mother, the latter almost ninety years of age, who had the misfortune to fall into the icy waters, and was brought half-dead to the dry land. Despite the great disappointment and the great loss due to the flood, no one was heard to complain. I greatly ad-

Christmas night in a cave on the hillside, silent and hopeful. The following morning a heavy fog covered the valley. When it lifted, we beheld a broad expanse of rushing dirty water, that looked like a great river, dotted here and there with the Indian huts which had been able to withstand the surging waters. After some time, several of the men ventured to their homes to obtain food and clothing. On returning, they reported that almost all the food was either washed away

or spoiled, especially the beans, their main article of food. Furniture, saddles, poultry and numerous other household goods were seen floating on the surface. Towards noon the chief invited me to dinner, which was served in three courses: half an onion, tortillas, and dirty coffee! Truly, an ideal and appetizing Christmas feast! I relished it nevertheless, and it was the only meal I got that day.

In the afternoon, accompanied by the chief, I made my way through the deep water to the church, and to my great joy found that the water had reached only to the foundation, and thus nothing had been spoiled in the interior.

The poor Indians, however, suffered great losses. Many have no homes, as their huts have been swept away by the flood, while others have lost almost all their stock, furniture and other chattels. I immediately sent a note to the government officials for assistance, and the sufferers have thus been somewhat alleviated. Nevertheless, the poor people that lost all their belongings would be extremely thankful for any aid that generous readers might send them in their great need. Happily no one lost his life, and for this we are grateful to the Infant Jesus, whom it pleased to send us sorrow rather than joy on the great feast of his Nativity.

TURN FOR TURN

Jesus, my King, I have crucified Thee;
 Now it is Thy turn to crucify me.
 Make Thou the cross—be it only like Thine,
 Mix Thou the gall, so Thy love be the wine.
 Shrink not to strip me of all but Thy grace;
 Stretch me out well, till I fit in Thy place.
 Here are my hands, felon hands, and my feet;
 Drive home the nails, Lord, the pain will be sweet.
 Raise me, and take me not down till I die,
 Only let Mary, my Mother, stand by.
 Last let the spear, while I live do its part,—
 Right through the heart, my King, right through the heart!

M. G.

THE TERTIARY'S EMBLEM



The accompanying engraving illustrates a badge designed by *Franciscan Herald* for the use of the members of the Third Order. The outer circle is in blue enamel and bears the inscription, "Deus meus et omnia", which means "My God and All". On the lower portion of this circle we find the initials "III. O.S.F." These initials signify "Third Order of St. Francis". Within this circle on a golden back-ground

we see the picture of two crossed arms in white and brown enamel supporting a red cross that rises above them. These two arms represent our Blessed Savior and our holy Father St. Francis, while the cross is the symbol of our redemption. This simple emblem is replete with deep meaning, and embodies, as it were, the Tertiary's entire rule of life. It should serve as a mark of membership in the Third Order of St. Francis and as a constant reminder to the Tertiaries of their holy Rule and its sacred obligations.

The duties of Tertiaries are twofold, and both these duties are beautifully symbolized in their emblem.

The first duty—personal sanctification—is typified by the ground colors, blue and gold, together with the two crossed arms. The blue circle symbolizes the virtue of humility, a virtue that should adorn every true child of the humble St. Francis. The golden center, the heart of the emblem as it were, signifies the seraphic love with which the heart of every Tertiary should be inflamed—a love more precious and lasting than gold, a love unalloyed with earthly effections. The blue rim encircles the golden center to indicate that even the purest love of God or sanctifying grace is not safe unless protected by the barrier of constant and deep humility. Furthermore, the two crossed arms remind the Tertiaries of their Blessed Father's conformity to Jesus Christ, and incite them to follow him in this respect by zealously imitating his virtues, especially his deep humility and seraphic love. St. Francis seems to call to them in the words of the Apostle, "Be ye followers of me as I also am of Christ."

The second duty of the Tertiaries—effective charity toward their neighbor—is symbolized in their emblem by the cross. The cross is the symbol of Christ's infinite love for men. This symbol should urge the Tertiaries on in their efforts to save immortal souls for Him Who died for them. It should give them zeal and courage and strength to continue the battle of the Cross against the gates of hell, that all men may be brought under its benign and saving influence. The cross seen in the emblem is the Tau cross, so called because it has the shape of the Greek letter Tau (T). This method of forming the cross is very ancient, and goes back even to the days of the Old Testament. "Go through the midst of Jerusalem," thus spoke the Lord God to the destroying Angel, "and mark Tau upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof". (Ezech. IX, 4). Its use in the Old Law was figurative of the Cross of the Savior, from which all blessings were to flow. The Tau cross was very dear to St. Francis, and its use in the Tertiary emblem is, therefore, most appropriate. And moreover, as the Tau cross resembles a crutch in form, it indicates the fraternal charity that Tertiaries should practice and signifies the readiness with which they should support the weak and assist the destitute by the faithful performance of the corporal works of mercy.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—In consequence of the terrible earthquake in Rome and vicinity, by which over 30,000 persons lost their lives, many people are homeless and penniless. Some fifty boys from three to fifteen years of age, who have suddenly become orphans, are at present living in the Franciscan Convent at Rome, until homes have been found for them. Although the shocks were quite severe in the neighborhood of our international college, no damage was done to the buildings.

Palestine.—The entrance of Turkey into the European war is making itself seriously felt among the Franciscan missions in the Holy Land, which comprise all the convents and stations of the Order in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt and the island of Cyprus. The personnel of these missions is made up of more than 500 religious of the Order of Friars Minor, who have jurisdiction over 63,000 souls, speaking eleven different languages. The Franciscans maintain 33 sanctuaries, 9 convents, 42 residences, 28 parishes, 18 mission churches, 34 chapels, one seraphic college, six houses of study, five free dispensaries, two orphan asylums sheltering 350 orphans, and one printing office. They also conduct one commercial college, 10 trade schools and 52 elementary schools, which are attended by 4,000 pupils. The Franciscans, moreover, maintain 415 houses where poor families are lodged gratuitously, besides which they give support to several thousand poor. In addition to these institutions, they

have nine hospices for pilgrims, in which, without compensation, a cordial hospitality has always been extended to visitors, regardless of creed or nationality.

For over seven hundred years the members of the Franciscan Order have worked to gain possession of the sacred shrines, to restore them, to beautify them, and to keep them open for Christianity. This has not been done without great sacrifice, but the Franciscans, aided by the alms of Catholics the world over, have remained steadfast and loyal to the trust confided to them by Holy Church. For centuries they have battled with hatred and rancor, they have suffered imprisonment, hunger and death, and the depleted ranks of the unselfish and self-sacrificing missionaries have been constantly filled by their confreres from every country.

The present war threatens to be no less severe on the Franciscans and their missions than the cruel treatment meted out to them in the past. Fortunately, their good services to the people are not entirely overlooked just now, for the Turks have left them in possession of their convent of St. Savior, in Jerusalem, but from nearly all of their convents in Armenia, Upper Syria and Galilee they have been driven out. In Nazareth, however, permission was obtained to leave a few religious in the Convent of the Annunciation.

Putumayo, South America.—The *London Times* recently published a detailed account of the Putumayo Franciscan Missions, based on the

first report of the Special Commissioner of Putumayo, South America. It is an official tribute, unbiased and independent, to the earnest, unselfish work of the Franciscan Fathers in Putumayo. The report states:

"Missionaries had to be transformed into sappers and priests into engineers. The most striking result of this metamorphosis has been the making of a good mule-road, some 80 miles long, from Pasto, the capital of the Province of Narino, across the Andes to the old penal settlement of Mocoa, on the edge of the Amazon forests, and beyond. In the course of this work it was necessary to cross the highest Cordillera, to skirt giddy precipices, to pass over frozen regions, and to drain profound morasses: all of which, says the Most Reverend Father, has, with the help of God, been done.

"The Friars have also proved themselves notable builders of cities.

"Amid all this the spiritual mission has not been neglected. Flourishing schools, served by Marist Fathers and Franciscan Sisters have been established."

Japan.—The Reverend Fr. Superior of the German Franciscan Mission in northern Japan writes to his brethren in Germany that they are being very well taken care of by the Japanese government during this perilous war time, and are permitted to exercise their holy ministry at the mission unmolested. During the past year, these missionaries have baptized two hundred and ten heathen Japanese. Their hospital at Sapporo continues to be well patronized.

Paris, France.—Fr. Blaise de Medionde, O.F.M. Cap., died quite recently near Paris of wounds received in a battle by the explosion of a shell. Particulars of his holy death were sent to his religious superiors. He lay quite still, fully conscious, repeating the sweet

names of Jesus and Mary, and received the last Sacraments most devoutly. Before leaving for the front, he bade his Bishop good-bye, saying, "I belong to the 249th infantry regiment. It is made up of soldiers who come either from the Landes or Basque country, to which I belong. They have no military chaplain. As you know, many of them speak little French, and the Basque language is difficult to understand. I have asked to be sent to the front in hopes of being able to exercise my ministry among them, and I rejoice to think that my request has been granted." The noble priest was indeed a martyr of charity, exposing himself to the danger of death, rather than deprive his countrymen of the consolations of religion during the trials and horrors of war.

Aisne, France.—A young Franciscan, Fr. Gonzalve de Bellaing, of the eighteenth, Infantry in the French army, was promoted by his Colonel for distinguished services to the honorable post of ensign in the regiment.

Germany.—The Franciscan Province of the Holy Cross can surely not be accused of lack of patriotism. This Province has sent eight Fathers as regular army chaplains, forty-two Fathers, fourteen Clerics, and fifty-two Lay Brothers as nurses, and one hundred and six students, of whom thirty-eight are Clerics, as soldiers in the ranks. Till now three Clerics and one Lay Brother have been killed, and a number of others have been wounded. The large convent and "St. Francis House" of the Third Order at Dueseldorf, the convent at Paderborn, and the two Houses of Retreat at Hardenberg and Werl have been converted into hospitals for the wounded. In the Convent at Dueseldorf, are only English, French and Belgian wounded. The other convents of the Province have been

notified to prepare for the reception of other wounded soldiers.

Victoria, B. C.—On February 2, the chapel of the Poor Clares, in Victoria, British Columbia, was the scene of a celebration witnessed for the first time within its sacred walls. The occasion was the solemn investment of the first novice for this Community since the arrival of these nuns from New Orleans, La., in 1912. Immediately after the festal Vespers, at the joyful sound of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, a young lady dressed as a bride, and accompanied by her sister entered the chapel, and proceeded to the gorgeously decorated high altar, where the Right Rev. A. MacDonald, assisted by the Right Rev. Mgr. J. Leterme, awaited her. The Bishop then delivered an eloquent sermon in his usual masterly style, choosing as his text the words: "Mary hath chosen the better part," and portrayed in glowing words the beauties of the cloistered life. After the sermon, the young lady retired, and next appeared clothed in the somber garb of the nuns at the chapel grate. His Lordship then addressed her with the words, "Since you have changed your dress, you will also change your name. In future you will be known as Sister Mary Victoria Clare of the Infant Jesus." The nuns had promised Our Lady of Victory, so much honored at New Orleans, to name their first novice after her, and now they kept their promise. The impressive ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Many friends of the Convent had come with the parents and relatives of the novice to be present at the service of investment, and they were all deeply impressed with what they heard and saw. The following priests occupied seats in the sanctuary: the Rev. D. MacDonald, Rev. W. Fisser, Rev. J. F. Silver, Rev. F. Benson, Rev. A. J. Vullingsh,

Rev. F. Francis, S.M.M., Rev. Ron-den, S.M.M., Rev. Wm. Cortenraed, S.M.M. Prof. B. Bantly and Mr. F. Lehl assisted by the talented cathedral choir rendered excellent music for the occasion.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the week prior to the Sunday Quinquagesima, a three days' retreat was preached by the Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., under the auspices of the St. Aloysius' Young Men's Sodality, and was well attended. The members of the sodality received Holy Communion in a body at the 8 o'clock Mass on Quinquagesima Sunday.—

The different Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society made their annual retreat at St. Peter's Church, under the guidance of the Rev. Fr. John Joseph, O.F.M., who delivered three lectures. The retreat commenced on Ash Wednesday and concluded with Holy Communion the Sunday following.—

The Lenten sermons are being delivered every Friday at 7:30 p. m., by the Rev. Fr. Donulus, O.F.M.

St. Antony's Hospital.—The Franciscan Sisters in charge of St. Antony's Hospital, Chicago, report that during the year 1914 they received 2532 patients, of all creeds and nationalities. Of these but 172 died, and the most of these were brought to the hospital in a dying condition.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.—The Rev. Fr. Antony Moll, O.F.M., died at Cleveland, O., on February 14, after a brief illness. He was born in Cologne, Germany, and came to this country when yet a boy. After finishing his classical studies in the former Franciscan college of St. Joseph, at Cleveland, he entered the Order on February 7, 1880. He completed his higher studies in the Convents of Teutopolis, Quincy, and St. Louis, and was ordained priest at the last named place on April 26, 1886. As his

health was at that time extremely poor, the young priest was sent to Quincy, and later to Nebraska to recuperate. On regaining his health, he was made pastor of St. Antony's Church near Quincy, where he remained about eight years. On being removed from this parish, he labored successively at Jordan, Minn., St. Peter's, Chicago, Washington, Mo., and finally at Cleveland. Here he had charge of various charitable and educational institutions and was a most indefatigable worker, while his genial character and engaging manners won for him hosts of friends. He also filled the office of Director of the German branch of the local Third Order and was a zealous supporter of *Franciscan Herald*.—R. I. P.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The retreat which was given under the auspices of the Third Order, at the Sacred Heart Church during the last week in January, was a remarkable success. It was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Christopher, O. F. M., of Chicago. The members of the parish as well as of other parishes responded beyond expectations to the invitation to attend the retreat, and the spacious church was daily taxed to its capacity, especially at the evening services. The eloquent and highly instructive sermons were very much appreciated, and they are certain to bear abundant fruit. On Sunday morning, January 31, the Tertiaries received Holy Communion in a body, and in the afternoon, the solemn reception of new members and the profession of novices took place; 128 candidates were invested with the cord and the scapular of the Third Order, and fourteen novices were professed. Among the new members there are many young men and women, and Fr. Christopher publicly commended them for placing themselves under the banner of St. Francis. He called the retreat "a record breaker," and was much

pleased with the enthusiasm exhibited. The Reverend Fr. Andrew, Fr. Gaudens, and Fr. Philip Neri, the local Director, assisted Fr. Christopher during the investment and at the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The retreat closed with the imparting of the Papal Benediction and the singing of the *Te Deum*.

San Francisco, Cal.—The largest gathering of Franciscan Tertiaries ever seen at St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, assembled on Sunday afternoon, January 17, to hear Right Rev. Bishop Hanna preach and to receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at his hands. Bishop Hanna's discourse was full of eloquence and Franciscan zeal. His interest in things Franciscan is well known, many of his best known lectures and writings being devoted to the cult of the Seraphic Saint. The Bishop's eloquence was at its best when he told of the high ideals of St. Francis, and of the sensible and practical methods used by him to achieve those ideals; and thus he set forth the example and pattern which the life and works of this great Saint hold up to all men, but especially to the members of his three Orders.—

On January 27, five Mexican refugee priests arrived in San Francisco on the Pacific Mail liner *Peru*, bringing with them fresh tales of outrages suffered at the hands of the Carranzistas. They were the Rev. Juan Quintero, Rev. Hilario Morales, Rev. Sixto Acosta, and the two Franciscan Fathers, Fr. Antonio Salazar, Provincial, and Fr. Antonio Gomez. During the night of January 3, they were all taken from their several abodes, and imprisoned at Mazanillo. They were not permitted to take with them their breviaries or any article of clothing except what they actually wore. Without a blanket to cover them, they spent two long dreary

weeks in prison. Finally, on January 18, in answer to their appeal, the jailer offered to let them take their chances of reaching the wharf, but would not guarantee them protection from the mob. News of the proposed liberation spread through the city, and soon the street was lined with frenzied people and brutal soldiers. The prison doors were flung open and, like hunted animals, the priests made a dash for the ship. They were made the target of missiles of all sorts, and the cruel soldiers even severely wounded the poor victims with the points of their bayonets as they ran the frightful gantlet. At last they reached the bay where they were taken on board the *Peru*. Their fare had been paid by some kind-hearted Mexicans, but that was all; and when they arrived at San Francisco, they were penniless, their only property being a small blanket. Dressed like tramps and weak and sick from exposure and ill treatment, they were, nevertheless, quite resigned, and were very thankful to God for their deliverance from their persecutors. The two Franciscans were warmly welcomed at the Franciscan Convent of St. Boniface, and the secular clergy of the city gave asylum to the other priests.

The Old Mission at San Luis Rey has been turned over by the Province of the Sacred Heart to the Franciscan refugees from Mexico, these martyrs and confessors of the Faith, where they may continue to serve God unmolested in prayer and good works, until it pleases Him to lead them back to their native land, now so sadly torn by persecution and civil warfare.

New York, N. Y.—We give the following account of a favor, granted lately to a young lady in New York through the intercession of St. Antony, as we have received it from the Ven. Bro. Benedict Simon, O.F.M.

In the beginning of January, a young lady called at our Franciscan Monastery at W. 31st Street, hardly able to speak and with tears streaming down her cheeks. The Brother porter noticing her extreme grief, invited her to a chair in the parlor. Casting her eyes about the room, she soon observed a picture of the great Wonder Worker of Padua, that hung over the porter's desk. Throwing herself on her knees, she cried aloud, "Oh dear St. Antony, turn not a deaf ear to my petition. You have helped others, and I know you can and will help him!" After this sudden burst of emotion, the young lady seated herself, and began to relate her story.

"About four month ago, Mr. began to feel a peculiar pain in his right foot. Nothing but a slight sore, barely noticeable, seemed to cause the pain; nevertheless, it went on increasing, until we were obliged to call in a doctor. On examining the sore, he pronounced it a cancer. His folks, unwilling to believe this distressing information, consulted a specialist, who confirmed the doctor's diagnosis, and moreover, declared that the foot would have to be taken off. At last we consented, and to-morrow is the day fixed for the operation."

Here the young lady again burst into tears and sobbed, "Oh, St. Antony, save his foot at least for my sake!" "Yes," replied the Brother, "if it is the holy will of God, St. Antony will surely grant your request. Take this little vial which contains a petal of a lily that was blessed on the feast of St. Antony and apply it to the foot. If you have faith, St. Antony will do the rest. Since many of his clients have been cured in this way your friend might also be cured."

Taking the vial, she kissed it and then departed. On the following day, the Brother was summoned to

the convent door, and found to his great surprise the young lady in company with Mr. standing before him. "Well, what has happened now?" inquired the Brother. "We have come," replied the young lady, "to give thanks to St. Antony for the great favor bestowed on Mr. When the surgeon came this morning to perform the operation, he was amazed at the sudden change that had taken place in the foot, and hence cancelled the operation."

Omaha, Neb.—Sister Mary Ann died in the Convent of the Poor Clares, Omaha, on February 2, at the ripe old age of eighty-five years. On the morning of Candlemas day, although she was feeling somewhat ill, she insisted on going to the chapel for her blessed candle and on taking part in the procession. Shortly after the services she became so ill that the last sacraments were hurriedly administered to her, whereupon she passed quietly away.—R.I.P.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

The examinations for the first session of five months took place on January 26, 27, 29 and 30, the first two days being devoted to written work and the latter two to oral examinations. In the absence of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Rev. Father Rector was delegated to preside. The following students received the highest general averages in their class: *I Class*: Jerome Reisch, 99.11.—*II Class*: Ruben Adams, 96.43.—*III Class*: Antony Kriech, 93.87.—*IV Class*: Henry Pinger, 93.80.—*V Class*: Robert Limacher, 92.67.—*VI Class*: Joseph Kola, 95.62.

The student Tertiaries, who now number about sixty members in their fraternity, were much pleased to be able to add fifty new books to their special library, which contains at present some 400 volumes.

ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS COLLEGE

On January 8, Mr. Wm. Barry died at St. Vincent's Home for the Aged. He had been connected with this college for thirty years especially as doorkeeper, until old age

forced him to relinquish his post and retire to the Home in 1910. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Fr. Rector, assisted by two other Fathers of the college faculty. Students were pallbearers and sang the Requiem.

From Friday evening January 29 until Tuesday morning February 2, the students made their annual retreat, which was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Titus, O.F.M.

Mr. Emil Trefzger, the champion typewriter, was here on February 11, and gave an exhibition of his skill to the boys.

OBITUARY

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:
Rev. Fr. Antony Moll, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., English Fraternity of Third Order:

Mary Murphy, Sr. Joseph,
Catherine Wilbauer, Sr. Angela,
Helen Grady, Sr. Elizabeth,
Catherine Meisch, Sr. Rita,
Catherine Ponsonby, Sr. Elizabeth,
Mary Burns, Sr. Mary Frances.

Pine Ridge, S. D.

Clara Condelario, Sr. Antonia.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO
ST. JOSEPH

MARCH, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	M.	Bl. Mathia, 2nd Ord., V.
2	T.	Bl. Agnes of Prague, 2nd Ord., V.
3	W.	St. Titus, Bp. C.—St. Cunegundis, Empress. (P. I.)
4	Th.	St. Casimir, King, C.—St. Lucius, Pope, M.
5	F.	St. John Joseph, 1st Ord., C.—Feast of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross. (G. A., P. I.)
6	S.	St. Colette, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)
7	S.	3rd Sunday of Lent. —St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D. Gospel: Jesus casts out a devil. Luke XI, 14-28.
8	M.	St. John of God, C.
9	T.	St. Catherine of Bologna, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)
10	W.	The Forty Holy Martyrs of Sebaste.
11	Th.	St. Frances of Rome, W.
12	F.	St. Gregory I, the Great, Pope, C. D.
13	S.	St. Peter Nolasco, C.—Bl. Roger, 1st Ord. C.
14	S.	4th Sunday of Lent. —Bl. Peter of Treja, 1st Ord., C.—Translation of the body of St. Bonaventure, 1st Ord. C. D. Gospel: The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. John VI, 1-15.
15	M.	SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, M.M.
16	T.	Bl. Peter of Siena, 1st Ord., C.
17	W.	St. Patrick, Bp. C., Apostle of Ireland.
18	Th.	Bl. Salvator, 1st Ord., C.
19	F.	St. Joseph, Spouse of the B. V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
20	S.	Bl. John of Parma, 1st Ord., C.
21	S.	Passion Sunday. —St. Benedict, Ab., Founder of the Benedictines. Gospel: The Jews try to stone Jesus. John VIII, 46-59.
22	M.	St. Benvenute, 1st Ord., Bp. C. (P. I.)
23	T.	St. Peter Damian, Bp. C. D.
24	W.	St. Gabriel, Archangel.—Bl. Didacus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
25	Th.	Annunciation of the B. V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
26	F.	Feast of the Seven Dolours of the B. V. M.—Bl. Rizzerius, 1st Ord.
27	S.	St. John Damascene, Bp. C. D.—Bl. Peregrine, 1st Ord., C.
28	S.	Palm Sunday. —Bl. Mark of Monte Gallo, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Matt. XXI, 1-9.
29	M.	Bl. Paula, 3rd Ord., W.
30	T.	Bl. Angela of Foligno, 3rd Ord., W. (P. I.)
31	W.	Bl. Mark of Bononia, 1st Ord., C.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1st, every Tuesday after confession, holy communion, and visit to a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope; 2d, once every month on a suitable day, usual conditions; 3d, on day of monthly meeting for those who attend, usual conditions. 4th, on the first Saturday of every month, usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M.



THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
IV. TO HARBOR THE HARBORLESS

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 4

RESURREXIT

MOTHER of our Redeemer, thou whose soul
Hath known a sorrow deeper than the sea,
Thy tears to-day are tears of holy joy—
The Easter dawn brings back thy Son to thee.

Brighter than morn that o'er Judea's hills,
Steals with the scent of springtime in its breath,
Fairer than lilies once thy pure hands reared,
Beside the little home at Nazareth,

He comes to thee again, all strong and fair,
The risen Christ, the King, thy Son divine;
Vanished the marks of sin's debasing power—
No cruel thorns the sacred brow entwine.

A Conqueror He, come glorious from the war
'Gainst hosts of hell; the grave hath lost its sting;
The Cross hath triumphed over every foe,
The Man of Sorrows is our God, our King.

'Mid flash of angel wings a glad refrain:
"Rejoice! for He is risen as He said."
Rabboni! touch our souls, we humbly pray,
Lest in our sins we lie entombed and dead.

Bind with Thy fetters, Lord, our wayward feet,
From pride, from self, we pray Thee, set us free;
Casting aside the winding sheet of sin,
O let us rise this Easter day with Thee!

Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.



ST. BENEDICT OF SAN FRADELLO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

APRIL 3

THIS servant of God, known also as St. Benedict the Moor, was born at San Fradello, in Sicily, in the year 1526. His parents were Ethiopians and slaves of a rich Sicilian. They had embraced the Christian religion, and so distinguished themselves by the fidelity with which they fulfilled their duties toward God and toward their master, that the latter granted freedom to their first-born child. This child was our Saint.

From his earliest childhood, Benedict's mind and heart were inclined to heavenly things. He early manifested a love of solitude, prayer, and mortification; and by his gentle disposition and innocent life so gained the admiration of the people of his native town that, when he was scarcely ten years old, he was called "the holy Moor."

His fervor in prayer and in the practices of virtue increased as he advanced in years. Employed to tend the flocks of Vincent Manasari, his father's master, he not only was most exact in fulfilling his duties, but also found time to satisfy the longings of his heart for communion with God in prayer. On feast days, it was his custom to spend hours in fervent adoration before the tabernacle, in a solitary church in the country. His piety, his color, and the lowly condition of his parents often drew upon him the ridicule and scorn of others;

but he bore all with undisturbed patience and courage, and applied himself with greater confidence and fervor to the service of Him who deigns to reward with abundant graces and imperishable glory those who serve Him in the spirit of humility and self-denial.

Benedict thus served Almighty God in simplicity and innocence of heart, while tending the flocks and tilling the soil, until his twenty-first year, when he received the call to a more perfect state of life. It so happened, as one of his biographers relates, that the Saint was one day working in the fields with several laborers who indulged in gibes and insults at his expense, and he bore their uncharitable remarks with his usual gentleness and patience. All this was witnessed by a passing religious, the venerable Stephen Lanza, who, with permission of the Pope, had retired to a hermitage near San Fradello, and who together with several disciples was leading a life of perfection by observing the Rule of St. Francis to the letter. Struck by what he observed, he approached the men, severely reprimanded them, and said, "You now ridicule this poor negro, but know that his name will soon become famous." A few days later, Benedict joyfully accepted the invitation of the holy religious to forsake the world, as it had always been the desire of his

heart to serve God in a religious community, though he had not hoped that this desire would ever be realized on account of his color and the condition of his parents. He now sold his few possessions, bade farewell to his parents and friends, and joined the disciples of Stephen Lanza.

In his new mode of life, Benedict gave himself up to the most fervent practice of every virtue. The austerities practiced by the pious hermits did not satisfy his longing for self-denial and mortification; his food consisted of bread and herbs, his bed was the bare floor. He spent entire days and nights in prayer and contemplation and in works of penance. To escape the veneration of the people who were attracted by their saintly lives, Benedict and his brethren changed their abode several times, and at length settled in the neighborhood of Palermo. Here Stephen Lanza passed to his eternal reward, and the hermits, admiring the heroic virtues of Benedict, chose him superior of their community.

In 1562, when the Saint had already spent fifteen years in solitude, Pope Pius IV withdrew the approbation of the Congregation of Hermits of St. Francis given by his predecessor in 1550, and ordered the religious either to separate or to join one of the Orders already existing in the Church. Obedient to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the disciples of the venerable Stephen Lanza left their dear retreat. Benedict, after many fervent prayers in which he invoked the inter-



St. Benedict of San Fradello, The Moor

cession of the Blessed Virgin, felt himself moved to enter the Order of the Friars Minor. He repaired to the convent of St. Mary of Jesus, near Palermo, and, at his urgent request, he was admitted as a lay brother in 1564.

"He was a veteran in the exercise of virtue," say the Annals of the Order, "and it was not necessary to lead him on and urge him to make his life conform to the will of God, which he had sought to follow for so many years." His humility, obedience, love of poverty, charity, and love of prayer edified all. He was first employed as cook, a position in which he could satisfy his desire to live "hidden with Christ," and exercise his charity

toward his brethren, especially the weak and infirm. His thoughts and aspirations were always directed toward heavenly things, so that his many labors became for him the source of innumerable graces, and the means to advance from day to day on the path of perfection.

The respect and veneration which the brethren bore the humble lay brother, was manifested in a striking manner when, in 1578, the convent of St. Mary of Jesus was erected into a house of Recollection, and there was question of choosing a guardian or superior. Though men of virtue and ability were not wanting, the superiors, guided by the spirit of God rather than by the lights of human wisdom, and believing that the eminent holiness of Benedict, his supernatural lights, and great prudence would compensate for the lack of acquired knowledge, elected him to the important office of guardian.

Great was the consternation and confusion of the humble Saint, but he was obliged to submit to obedience. Relying on divine assistance, he took upon himself the heavy burden, and strove to guide his subjects more by example than by words in the exact observance of all religious exercises. All his actions manifested great humility and genuine love of his brethren. He was the first at all exercises of the community, the first at every labor of charity. In the midst of his labors and cares, he remained united with God, and spent in prayer and contemplation the time not devoted to his duties and to works of charity.

When the term of his office had expired, Benedict was chosen vicar of the same convent and also appointed master of novices. In this new position, he again manifested an extraordinary prudence and charity, and with great wisdom guided

the young religious entrusted to his charge on the paths of spiritual life. He appeared endowed with the gift of infused knowledge, which enabled him to speak with great clearness on difficult questions of theology and passages of Holy Scripture.

After several years, the Saint, to his great joy, was again placed in charge of the kitchen. But his hopes of being able to lead a hidden and obscure life were not realized, as the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and brought many to the convent to seek his aid and counsel in their afflictions and troubles. The most distinguished persons, among them the archbishop and the viceroy of Sicily, came to converse with him and to recommend themselves to his prayers. The blind, the dumb, the lame, and persons sick with various ailments hastened to the convent, and begged his prayers and blessing, and went away cured. So great was the veneration of the people for the Saint that, whenever he left the convent, they crowded round him to kiss his hand, touch his habit, and recommend their needs to his prayers. The Saint tried to escape these marks of respect and traveled as much as possible by night, but the more he tried to avoid honors, the more did God glorify him.

At length the Saint was to receive the reward of his faithful service. After suffering with heroic patience the pains of his last illness, he entered into the joy of his Lord on April 4, 1589, at the very hour revealed to him by God. At his tomb, to which the faithful came in great numbers to pray, many sick and afflicted obtained health and consolation. The fame and veneration of Benedict spread from Palermo to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Mexico, and Peru. Benedict XIV beatified him in 1743, and Pius VII canonized him on May 24, 1807.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

27. APPROBATION OF THE RULE

“How often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings?” (Matth. xxiii, 37.)

Jesus Christ wished to gather the inhabitants of Jerusalem, as the hen calls to her chickens and shelters them under her wings to give them warmth and protection. St. Francis, ever anxious to imitate our divine Savior, also wished to follow him in this respect, and to give to the many Christians whom he had gathered about him that protection which they could justly demand of him. While he was seriously considering this matter, he had the following vision.

He saw a small black hen with so many chickens that she was unable to shelter them all under her wings; some, in consequence, ran about her seeking shelter and warmth. On awakening, he recognized himself in the hen. “The Lord has given me so many brethren,” he said, “that I am unable to protect them. There remains, therefore, nothing for me to do except to place them under the Holy Roman Church that she may cover them with her wings.” He then went to Rome to place his Orders under the protection and guidance of the Holy See. Pope Honorius III granted his request, thus approving the Third Order, at least indirectly. A second indirect approbation was given by the same Pope in 1224. In his bull *Cum*

illorum, of December 1, he says:

“The Brethren of Penance meditate on the last things. They do not follow the vanities of the world, but rather Jesus Christ. In the spirit of humility, they practice penance with contrite hearts, they chastise their bodies and bring them into subjection to the spirit, so that they deserve the very special favor of the Apostolic See.” This, certainly, was great praise for the members of the Third Order, coming, as it did, from the Vicar of Christ himself.

“The Three Companions” write in the year 1264, that each of the three Orders of St. Francis was approved at that time by Pope Honorius III, but the approbation of the Third Order was only indirect. The solemn approbation was reserved for a later date. It was given in 1289. A few changes were made in the Rule, which was then solemnly approved by Pope Nicholas IV, in the famous bull *Supra montem*. It opens thus:

“Upon the rock of Catholic faith rests the foundation of the Christian religion. The true devotion of the disciples of Christ, inflamed with the fire of love, enlightens the nations that sit in darkness by the preaching of the word of God. The holy Roman Church possesses and preserves this faith. This solid foundation of the Christian religion can not be destroyed by waves and

storms. This is the right and true faith without which no one can please God nor find grace before His divine Majesty. This faith opens the way to happiness and promises an eternal reward.

"For this reason, has that glorious Confessor, St. Francis, the Founder of this Order, (Order of Penance) shown the way of salvation by instructing his children in faith and requiring them to profess and preserve it and to live according to it. By so doing, they will certainly travel the road to salvation, and after this life obtain eternal happiness."

Here the Pope inserts the text of the Rule in the bull, and then concludes as follows:

"It is, therefore, not allowed for anyone to weaken our regulation or boldly to oppose it. If any one should dare to do this, may he know that he will thereby incur the anger of God, and of His holy Apostles Peter and Paul.

"Given at Reate in the second year of our reign, August 27. Nicholas IV."

The Third Order was also approved later by two General Councils of the Church: in the General Council held at Vienna in 1311, and in the Fifth Lateran, in 1512-1517.

The last solemn approbation received by the Third Order of Penance was that of Pope Leo XIII. After modifying certain portions of the Rule to suit modern conditions, he approved it in the renowned en-

cyclical *Misericors Dei Filius*, which closes with the words:

"We will that all and everything decreed above, hold good and stand and be valid for ever, notwithstanding all Constitutions, Apostolic Letters, Statutes, Customs, privileges, and other rules issued by Us, or by Our Apostolic Chancery, and all else to the contrary. Let no man, therefore, act in opposition to these Our Letters, in any particular. But should any one dare any such infringement of these letters, let him know that he will incur the wrath of God Almighty, and of His Apostles Blessed Peter and Paul.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on May 30, in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord 1883, and in the sixth year of Our Pontificate."

The Catholic Church, therefore, was to take under her protecting wings the many children of St. Francis, and well has she done so. And just as little chickens immediately answer the call of their mother, so, too, should the Tertiaries at once answer the call of their protecting and guiding Mother the Church, and ever show themselves obedient to her advice and admonitions. Indeed, it would be very sad if Tertiaries would pay no heed to the Church, and would she not then be justified in repeating the words of her divine Founder, Jesus Christ: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and you would not?"

A JEW'S SACRIFICE

One of the last acts of a Jewish military chaplain named Bloch, the chief Rabbi of Lyons, was to enable a wounded Catholic soldier to kiss a cross in accordance with his request.

Peculiar interest attaches to his death. He was in the midst of the fighting, tending wounded Jewish soldiers, when he was called to the side of a dying trooper who was a Catholic. This poor fellow begged the Rabbi, whom he probably imagined was a priest, to hold before his eyes the symbol of his faith and give him his blessing. While he was holding a crucifix before the soldier and whispering words of comfort to him, the Rabbi fell dead, a victim of a shot from the enemy.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

III. THE TERTIARY A VOTARY OF JOY

"The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is in the tabernacles of the just." (Ps. cxvii, 15.)

POPE Pius X, when still Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, once made the following remarkable statement: "In the Third Order we have a powerful means of saving society. Because the Third Order can instil again into society the spirit of obedience and Christianity, the spirit of discipline and submission, the spirit of peace and happiness." In the Third Order, therefore, did this great Tertiary Pope perceive the power and at the same time the means of procuring and fostering peace and joy in the hearts of men.

Every human being longs for joy as something necessary for its very existence. This desire of our heart is inborn, and although it can be entirely satisfied only in the next world, yet even in this world of sorrow and trial it is not doomed to utter disappointment. For whithersoever we turn, we perceive some sort of joy, since nature, to use the words of Bishop Keppler, is as lavish in creating joys, as she is in budding forth the countless flowers. Indeed, there are joys in nature, joys in the family, joys in society. And what shall we say of the endless joys to be had in the vast family of Jesus Christ, in the Church, with all her joyous feasts and celebrations? Verily, there is no dearth of joys in this world, but there is a sad lack of persons desirous of procuring these joys.

Happily, we can assert that the Third Order is capable of furnishing such persons as are filled with this true joy, as it also combines in itself the means of obtaining it. To understand this, let us consider the Rule of the Third Order in a new

light, that is, from the standpoint of joy.

There is no reward without previous exertion. Thus it is also with joy. If we wish to reap joy, we must earn it. What then must Tertiaries do to obtain the true joy and peace of heart that their holy Order has in store for them? In the first place and above all, they must perform their duties and fulfill their pledges made to God. In the Rule we read: "All who enter the Third Order, whether men or women, shall make a year's novitiate: then, making the profession prescribed by the Rule of the Order, they shall promise to observe the law of God, to obey the Church, and, if they fail in their profession, to make the required satisfaction." (Chap. i, 4.) This is the first means offered them by the Rule to obtain joy. True joy, as we have seen in a former treatise, can come only from heaven, and springs from the union with God, the source of all good.

The Tertiary, therefore, who strives to fulfill this his promise made to God, who keeps the commandments of God and of the Church, who nobly performs the duties of his state of life, will also partake of this true joy. It will no doubt cost you considerable trouble and pains, dear Tertiaries, to remove from your hearts all that is displeasing to God; but, for this trouble you will be abundantly rewarded with the spirit of peace and constant joy. "Keep a good conscience and then thou shalt always have joy;" and again, "If there be joy in the world, certainly the man whose heart is pure possesses it." These two sayings of the Ven. Thomas à Kempis, teach us that we can have true joy only when our heart is free from sin, when we ob-

serve the commandments and perform our duties to the best of our ability.

When the sky is clear, the sun can shine directly on the earth and refresh us with his warmth and beauty. When our soul is pure and free from sin, the rays of divine grace can also enlighten and fill us with the brightness and cheer of heaven. Great was the joy of David when he was informed that the king was pleased with him. (I Kings xxviii, 5.) But greater still is the joy of the soul that serves God, the King of kings, faithfully, because it can rest assured that it is pleasing to him. "The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is in the tabernacles of the just." (Ps. cxvii, 15)

"Everywhere and always," writes Father A. M. Weis, O. P., "has it been observed that exactness and earnestness in the service of God are rewarded with serenity of soul and happiness." And Bishop Kepler asserts, "For those who live up to their belief, the bounds of enjoyment are set by duty, by obedience to the commandments, by the rules of physical and spiritual health, by the love of God and one's neighbor. Within these bounds all legitimate sources of joy flow in fuller and purer streams than in the world.—The Christian has the first claim on the rich harvest of joy gathered from the fields of the earth, even in this life, namely, the joys offered by nature, by the home, by society, by art, not excepting food and drink. The Christian has first claim to these things, because, as St. Paul says, 'for the faithful above all hath God created them.'"

Your obligation to keep the commandments, dear Tertiaries, is a double one; you are obliged thereto as Catholic Christians and as members of the Third Order. Be ever on your guard, therefore, to repel all who might attempt to rob you of your joy; remove everything that

is displeasing to God, and you will never be wanting in true happiness. It is true, the dangers are great and manifold, and the enemies who wish to rob you of your purity of soul, and thereby of your joy, are numerous and powerful. But do not let this discourage you. Even of the just man, we read in Holy Writ that he shall fall seven times, that is, often; but we also read that he shall not remain in his sin, but shall rise again. (Prov. xxiv, 16.) Sin is certainly a reason for sorrow and sadness; but the Saints consider it of such importance for us to be glad and even joyful, that they do not hesitate to say, even if one falls into sin, he should not lose courage and become downcast and dejected; one's sorrow must be tempered by the hope of forgiveness. St. Francis on a certain occasion rebuked one of his companions, who was downcast, and said to him, "If thou hast sinned, repent and confess, and ask God for forgiveness, and say with the Prophet, 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.'"

Try to serve God faithfully, and in this service place all your diligence. Should you, nevertheless, fall occasionally, then do not be discouraged, because, after all, we are men and not angels. God knows our weakness; he does not wish us to be sad, but with all the more courage to rise and ask him for more strength. "As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame (our nature); and he remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. cii, 13, 14.)

The Church, our ever provident Mother, furnishes us with sufficient means to rise again from our fall, to regain the purity and peace of heart we have lost by sin, and to begin anew the struggle against the enemies of our happiness. These means are the holy sacra-

ments; above all Confession and Holy Communion. "The sacraments are intimately related to joy. They restore it when absent; they ennoble and sanctify it, if it is merely natural. Confession is a relief for life's grief and weariness, a safety-valve for the terrible pressure of the sense of guilt. The Sacrament of the Altar opens up an infinite realm of mystical joys." (Bishop Keppler.)

But the Rule of the Third Order is not satisfied with the annual reception of the sacraments; it prescribes that the members receive at least once every month. (Chap. ii, 5.) In our own day, however, the Vicar of Christ has advised the faithful to receive Holy Communion frequently, even daily; and the Tertiaries, who should always take the lead, will surely not be the last to follow this admonition. Oh! if all men would understand how much peace and joy and grace they can obtain from these sacraments, they would frequently approach the tribunal of Penance, and still more frequently appear at the table of the Lord to receive there the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and with it ineffable joy and peace of soul.

"The vitality imparted to our bodily system by solid nourishment brings along with it a certain sense of comfort, which inclines us to joyfulness no less than to action. Similarly, in Holy Communion Jesus comes to put truth into our minds and order into our affections; he brings with him that peace and joy of which he is the source; he causes us to realize the truth of his words: 'My yoke is sweet and my burden is light.' The secret of the joy of the soul which Communion causes, is that it increases charity and moves us also to love God—

"Communion, therefore, is a source of joy. It dispels sadness and despondency, makes us experience su-

pernatural pleasures and inebriates the soul with the gentle sweetness of the divine goodness. It is not strength alone that it gives us, but heartiness as well. Taking the Eucharist into account, we can hardly wonder at the dauntless courage of the martyrs. They had taken care to fortify themselves with the Body of Christ. Need we marvel, either, at the delicate purity of so many virgins, who, during the period when the passions are most lively, and although beset with snares, keep both body and mind unsullied. It is in Communion that they conceive a distaste for sensual pleasures and are buoyed up with the joy of the Blessed." (Lintelo, S. J.)

The Rule commands the Tertiaries, moreover, to immediately make their peace with God, should they be at enmity with him. "Let them examine their conscience every night as to whether they have perchance done anything of the kind (i. e. used improper language or committed any other sin); if they have, let them do penance for the fault." Every evening, therefore, the Tertiaries should examine their conscience to learn whether during the day they have done aught that might disturb the purity of their soul, and diminish their peace and joy. If they find themselves guilty of anything they should at once repent of it, perform some little act of penance, and make the resolution to do better in the future. If they have sinned grievously, they should be determined to receive the sacrament of Penance as soon as possible.

Let Tertiaries, therefore, often think of the words their holy Father St. Francis once addressed to one of his companions, who was extremely downcast: "Why are you so sad? Have you offended God? If such is the case, then make peace with Him at once, and do not trouble others with your sadness."

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART III. IN THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON

1. A Venture

It was in 1878 that I reached Guayaquil, hoping there to recover sufficient strength to resume the missionary life. As a matter of fact, in four months my former vigor was so far restored that I felt able to return to the interior. The routes previously pursued into the interior, either down the Napo or through Peru, were altogether too long to suit me. I, therefore, chose a different route for the present trip, although it had not yet been tried by travelers. Accompanied by three young Spaniards, I set out for Cayambe, intending by a short cut from that point to reach one of the tributaries of the Amazon. The Bishop at Cayambe received us very hospitably. There we completed our preparations for the journey inland, and then mounted burros for a Jesuit mission in the interior. After a stay of five days at the Jesuit mission, we struck out afoot through the jungle for the Morona River. The tramp took six days, and so strenuous was it that two of my Spaniard companions had quite enough of it and turned back. I never heard of them again, and do not know whether they reached home or not.

One day, we came across an Indian who was armed with bow and arrow. No sooner did he catch sight of me in the Franciscan habit than he cast his quiver aside, and greeted me very warmly, offering to conduct me to his tribesmen. He had met Franciscans before, and had no fear of our party. He said he had heard of our coming—I do not know from whom—and had been looking for us. I was very glad to meet him, for he

was able to direct us, and I had a lurking hope that through him the whole tribe might be won over to the Faith.

It took three days to reach the village. There may have been 300 persons present, all living in well appointed lodges. They gave us an effusive welcome, with plenty of meat to eat and chica to drink. They were lost in wonder at my gun, and their wonder increased when they saw me fetch down some small birds with it. They thought the weapon would be just the thing to defend them against a neighboring hostile tribe. But alas for our vainglory!

2. Fatal Honors

In a few days, as soon as all the tribe would have assembled, there was to be a council of war. First, however, a new chief had to be chosen, and that was ordinarily done by giving each newcomer a trial shot with bow and arrow, the best marksman getting the position of chief, the rest being made his subalterns according to the extent of their skill. The night after our arrival, war was declared, and the resolution formed to appoint me chief, as I had the best weapon, and could use it to the best advantage. I understood very little of these deliberations; but my Indian guides understood all very well, and advised me of each new turn in the discussion.

The next day at noon, a committee of the most distinguished braves came to me, and informed me of what they had unanimously resolved. I was in a predicament. What could I do? To accept their proposal would have been contrary

to my calling as a priest, to refuse it would have been a dangerous affront. At length, I proposed to them through an interpreter who understood Quichua, to make my Spanish companion chief, offering for my part to do what I could to bring the war to a happy close. After much deliberation, they agreed, and chose my companion, who, for that matter, was much more robust than I, and handled the gun quite as well.

Thereupon, a generous carousal began, at which much chicha was drunk. This beverage is very intoxicating. It is prepared from the leaves of the chicha plant, the leaves being chewed by the squaws and spit into jars where the mixture ferments. The very thought of the disgusting liquor was nauseating, and I found it impossible to do more than taste it. My companion, however, who, although a Spaniard, was more used to Indian ways, drank very freely—much more than he should have drunk; and as the liquor began to take effect, he fell to boasting about his dignity of high chief. While I kept close within my lodge, he went with the chieftains before the camp to give them an exhibition with the gun. But in his drunken condition, he managed it so unfortunately as to kill one of the bystanders.

From that moment, their mind was set against us. I knew nothing of the accident, and went to learn from my interpreter what had caused the change, for their lowering looks were only too evident to me. But my guides had already fled being quite certain of the fate that awaited us.

3. Anxious Moments

That night there was a wild orgy. The women sang and danced and laughed hysterically—it was a regular witches' sabbath. I knew from experience that there was trouble

a-brewing, especially, when the women would fall to dancing and singing. Meantime, a human skull, which looked like the skull of a European, was tossed from hand to hand, each person juggling it and shouting boastful praises of the might and prowess of the tribe.

Next, a council was called in my presence. They told me I might retire for the night, but I wanted to learn the cause of the trouble, and remained awake. I could understand only a few words, which, however, boded no good for my companion and me. Nevertheless, he lay there sleeping as if nothing had happened. The council over, I approached one of the men who understood Quichua to learn the upshot of the meeting. But, he put me off with a lot of irrelevant nonsense, whereupon I took to promising, if he would only tell the truth. I took him to my lodge, showed him all my things, and said:

"I know what you are going to do; I heard it all and understood some of it very well. I just wish to know why your people have become threatening toward us, and then I will see whether you can tell the truth and whether you mean well with me. Now, you can have anything you want from my lodge if you speak the truth; but if you do not, why, I will kill you!"

As I stood before him spear in hand, he quaked with fright at the sudden threat, and confessed the whole plot.

"We have resolved," he said "that to-morrow at daybreak your companion shall be slain and eaten; he killed one of our most distinguished braves yesterday. If you are satisfied to join counsel with us, nothing shall befall you, and you shall be made our high chief; but if you do not, you also must die. Be prudent, therefore, and do what they expect of you; then it will be well with you and with us."

Now, indeed, I was at a loss for advice! There was but one way out of the difficulty, and that was to flee. But whither? We did not know the road by land; besides, they could easily overtake us. There was nothing to do but to seize the canoe, or rather dugout, that lay moored at the river bank—the only vessel they had—and escape by means of that.

4. The Escape

I awoke my companion from his heavy sleep. At first, he would not believe my representations; but seeing the skull stuck on a limb, he was seized with terror, and urged me to leave with all haste. After the orgy, the natives had retired to their lodges to sleep. Only a single guard had been left to patrol the camp. I approached him and said it was for me to watch that night as there were things about the moon that only I understood. He was only too glad to be relieved, and let us have our way. We proceeded very cautiously to pack our most necessary things, and put by a stock of provisions. One of the sleepers awoke and asked what we were doing; but I told him to sleep on, as I had replaced the guard.

The tribe of Indians who had received us so hospitably and from whom we were now taking such an unceremonious leave, were Campos Indians. They are not very numerous, but very bold in war, and hence are much feared. They are tall and very muscular, and as a tribal mark they wear the lower lip perforated and hung with a gold or silver ring. These Indians are not cannibals by habit, eating human flesh only as an act of special vengeance. Just at this time they were at war with the Japaris of the Napo river, from which I concluded that the Napo was not far distant.

The river into which we had launched our dugout was the Mo-

rona, so called from a tree which grows very abundantly along its shores, and from which a very healing balsam is derived. The stream was extremely rapid. We had not been on it half an hour, when the canoe capsized, and sent us floundering into the water. It was well that we could both swim or we should have been devoured by the fish or by the many alligators that infest the stream. Of the articles we had brought with us, we could save but little, for this was not the only time we had tumbled into the water. All our trouble was owing to the fact that we did not know how to manage the dugout. Finally, we had nothing left but our gun, and at present that was as good as nothing, since we had no ammunition.

When we had got into our boat again, we continued to drift down stream, living poorly enough on fruit for the next eight days. After undergoing untold sufferings, we reached a spot where the Morona joined a larger stream. We breathed freely now, for we could hope to find men or boats along a stream of its size. Our hopes, happily, were not deceived.

5. Friends

The great stream into which we had drifted was no other than the Amazon. After two more days of anxiety, we spied from afar several Indians in the act of boarding their canoes. We steered straight for them. But as soon as they caught sight of us, they fled headlong into the thicket. We made for their deserted canoes, and fell to devouring the provisions we found there.

Having somewhat allayed the pangs of hunger, we were suddenly confronted by a very old Indian, so old that he could scarcely make his way through the brake. He asked us in Quichua who we were, whence we had come, and what our errand

was. As he wore clothes, we concluded that he was a Christian, and asked him where his friends had gone. He answered that they had fled in fear; for there were bad men in the neighborhood, and they had taken us for some of that party. I then told him that I was a priest, and that they need have no fear of me, that God had sent me to do good to them. At first he was loath to trust me; but after examining my tattered and bedraggled habit a little more closely, he seemed to recognize my calling, cast himself at our feet, and begged pardon for doubting our word. He then called loudly for his tribesmen to approach. This they did, and hearing how matters stood, they tendered us the same marks of respect. Then they conducted us to their village, which was about a day's journey distant.

All the inhabitants were Christians, belonging to the Franciscan missions of Brazil, with Manaos as the center. There was a chapel in the village with an image of our Savior Crucified and of Saint Antony of Padua; but the good people had not seen a priest for seven years, the distance from Manaos being very great and the number of missionaries very small. Sad to say, I could only hear Confessions and administer Baptism, as all my utensils, including the sacred vestments and the portable altar, had been lost in the river.

We dispatched a messenger to the next mission, Caldaro by name, which was about a four days' journey down the stream. An Italian Franciscan, Joseph dell' Orto, dwelt there with a lay brother. He immediately sent a well manned boat to bring us away to the mission. Two weeks went by before the boat reached us, during which time I recovered greatly from the exhaustion of my late adventures, and so I was ready to depart at once. It was a sad parting for those good

Indians. I had to promise them to return as soon as possible to administer the holy sacraments to them, if possible the very next year.

The crew of our boat consisted of six men, who all understood Portuguese; so I got along very well with them. After a voyage of five days on the mighty Amazon, we reached Caldaro, where we were heartily welcomed by the resident missionary. As he intended soon to make an official trip to Manaos, we resolved to accompany him and introduce ourselves to the Father Superior of the missions.

6. New Scenes and New Prospects

It may have been ten days after our arrival at Caldaro that a steamer laden with India rubber came down stream, on the way to Manaos. The captain was an Italian, who very gladly agreed to give us free passage to the center. During the journey, which lasted about nine days, we were treated with every courtesy by the crew.

The trip down stream, especially by steamer, is full of charms. The smoothly gliding stream, the silent forests primeval stretching in endless vistas along its course, the ever changing forms and modes of animal life, the brilliant plumage of the birds—all make a profound, never-to-be-forgotten impression.

At Manaos we found Father Manuel Mancini, Vice-Prefect of the missions, a man of vast experience in the missionary field. He had just come down from Bolivia, where he had been founding new missions, along the Madeira, the great tributary of the Amazon. He had read in the papers the tragic fate of a Franciscan missionary, who by all accounts had gone astray in the wilds of inner Ecuador and, as report had it, had been devoured by the savages; the name had escaped his memory. Recognizing in me the ill-fated missionary, he fell on

my neck in unrestrained joy, and congratulated me on my escape. Also, he dispatched a messenger to the prefect of the district, who was engaged in the vicinity, to enquire what should be done in my case.

Fr. Prefect himself arrived three days later. He knew me by name, as he had seen my name in the catalog of the Ucayali missionaries, with whom he exchanged correspondence. He had long been thinking of requesting help from the Ucayali district for the Upper-Amazon missions, where there was a great dearth of priests. His joy at my arrival was, therefore, all the heartier. He urged me to remain in the district until he could request Propaganda to transfer me permanently.

The missions of the Upper-Amazon belonged to the district of the

Bolivian Franciscans. However, the Brazilian government encouraged and supported them in the most liberal fashion. It allowed a quarterly payment of 100 milreis (about \$55.00) for each missionary, and of 200 milreis for the Fr. Prefect. Besides we had free claims and free passage on all government vessels. Manaus, our center, was a little town at the time, numbering about 3000 inhabitants, though it has since developed rapidly. There was only one church, and it was in charge of two secular priests. The three Franciscan missionaries of Manaus were continuously engaged in greater or lesser expeditions into the interior, hunting up the Christians that were scattered everywhere, besides gaining neophytes from among the natives.

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April morning,
 April airs were abroad;
 The sheep with their little lambs
 Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
 Pass'd me by on the road;
 All in an April evening
 I thought of the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
 With a weak human cry,
 I thought on the Lamb of God
 Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
 Dewy pastures are sweet;
 Rest for the little bodies,
 Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
 Up on the hill-top green,
 Only a cross of shame
 Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad;
 I saw the sheep with their lambs,
 And thought on the Lamb of God.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

CHECKMATE

By Fr. Martin Knauff, O.F.M.

IN Paris, the proud metropolis of France, an ancient and richly appointed café is still pointed out to the sight-seeing public. Time out of mind, so say the cab-drivers, this famous landmark served as the rendezvous for the most renowned and skilled chess players of the continent.

During the reign of terror, as in fact throughout that entire period of wanton bloodshed and plunder, this café, so much frequented in former days, received but a passing patronage. A few journalists and students were about the only persons to visit their old haunt, and even these few felt little inclination to indulge in their favorite pastime, as long as the land of their birth heaved in the throes of the great revolution. In those days, royalty and nobility were but sounding words, and precarious, indeed, was the lot of king, noble, or royalist. To-day free and unfettered, to-morrow chained in the darkest dungeon, or suffering death on the blood-stained guillotine amid the savage jeers of a half frenzied mob, this was the sad lot that faced them all.

The windows of this café were often the sad witnesses of heart-rending scenes—scenes at the sight of which even the sturdiest and bravest turned away in horror and disgust. Before them an almost endless procession of innocent victims filed by to an ignominious death for no other reason than to satisfy the whims of a horde of bloodthirsty tyrants.

The incident, we are about to relate, took place in the early part of March, 1793. Dark, leaden clouds lowered on the city; the day was bleak and dreary; the wind sighed in the doorways, and whirled up dust in the forsaken streets. The grand portals of a pretentious pal-

ace in the Rue de St. Honore were thrown open, and a man came forth with a quick stride, his person well muffled in a dark-brown cloak. Down the avenue he strode toward the café. In spite of an evident attempt to hide his identity, every one seemed to recognize him, and stepped shyly aside when yet several paces distant. Who was the mysterious person? No other than that monster of blood and iron—Maximilian Marie Isidore de Robespierre, the evil genius of the French Revolution. His countenance breathed defiance, and the dark ferret eyes that glistened under his black, heavy eyebrows, reflected the cruel, sinister workings of a mind bent on death and destruction. Hundreds, yea thousands, had passed to death before his eyes without making the slightest impression on his stony heart.

Notwithstanding these cruel deeds of blood, Robespierre was very fond of chess, and was one of the few that daily made their appearance in the café. Although not an expert, still his gaze and the whole bearing of the man, inspired such fear in his opponents, that the most adroit often gave way, fearing more the dreaded consequences of victory than the disgrace of defeat. In consequence, Robespierre often sat alone without an opponent for the game.

On this bleak March day, however, he had hardly been seated when a player presented himself. It was a stranger, a youth of slender proportions. Fair of complexion, with skin almost transparent, and features so soft and refined, he seemed more a tender maiden than a brave youth. A quivering smile played about his well formed lips, and two large blue eyes fairly

sparkled with excitement. Raven locks encircled his brow, and rippled down in graceful ringlets from under a cap of green velvet. Hastily he cast a surveying glance at the players as he entered the café. He was evidently seeking some one. It was the tyrant. Drawing near, the youth took his place opposite Robespierre, and without a word of greeting or challenge made the first move in the line of pieces that stood on the chess board. The Dictator moved in turn—the struggle was on. A deep mysterious silence reigned throughout the spacious hall. Not a whisper, not a sound was heard save the sighing of the wind in the tree tops without and the crackle of the flames in the fireplace within. Ever and anon a spectator approached to follow in silence the moves of the players. The strange, mysterious youth sat there with bated breath. Every nerve and every muscle in his handsome countenance was strained. Once only did he raise his soft blue eyes, only to drop them again in terror as he met the sharp glance of the tyrant. In vain he sought to conceal his inward emotion; yet his every move was that of a master. Minutes of painful delay stretched into eternities of painful anxiety; the tension had reached its height—another move—the unknown youth was the victor.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the tyrant, "well done! Shall we play another game?"

The youth agreed, but on one condition.

"What is your condition?" asked Robespierre with most unwonted condescension.

The young man looked the Dictator straight in the face, and spoke in a voice purposely muffled, yet not without passion:

"I desire the pardon of one condemned to death. My prize, therefore," he added, laying stress on

each word, "shall be a human life."

In dead silence, the bystanders closed in, and awaited the outcome. Out-generaled and defeated in the first game, Robespierre drew his chair closer to the table and bent over the board as the battle lines drew nearer. Flushed with his victory, the young man played with more ease and greater attention. His sallies became bolder, while the battle array of the tyrant wavered; and in eighteen minutes his army was scattered and routed. In a voice quivering with hopeful expectation the youth sprang to his feet, and cried out:

"Checkmate! The prize is mine!"

The spectators stood amazed, and admired the courageous youth, but said never a word for fear of the tyrant. Irritated and humbled, Robespierre swung back in his chair and pushed the chess board aside. With frowning look he accosted the victor:

"Who is it? Whom must I save from death and disgrace?"

"It is the young Count Luigni, condemned to suffer death at sunrise to-morrow."

Almost mechanically Robespierre wrote out the document of pardon and affixed his name.

"I commute the sentence," he said. "I will spare the life of the Count, but he must leave France forever. Since you are his friend and since you have saved his life, you may, if you choose, accompany him into exile. The officer in charge of the prison will give you passports insuring your safe conduct."

God was with our youth. No further questions were asked. With joy on his countenance, with peace in his heart, he departed for the prison. There he found the Count. Seventy days had the poor victim of the revolution languished in a dark and dismal prison, receiving hardly the necessaries of life. Not one faint ray of light en-

tered his damp cell to cheer his broken spirit. No one had been permitted to speak to him, not even the priest who sought to bring him the consolations of religion. Who then can describe the joy of his heart, when our youthful hero, or rather heroine, entered to lead him forth to freedom! Heroine, indeed! For the brave youth was none other than the Countess herself, his faithful and courageous wife. Opening wide his arms, he clasped her in tender embrace and imprinted a kiss on her pale brow, while both wept in silence.

After this first burst of emotion had subsided, the Count learnt from his wife how she had obtained his freedom, and together they fell on their knees and raised their hands and hearts to heaven in gratitude to God for His goodness and mercy.

That same night, they departed

for sunny Italy. Though the Count had lost all earthly possessions in France, he still had an estate, a peaceful villa, in northern Italy, on the southern slopes of the Alps, on the shores of beautiful Lake Como. Here the two arrived after a toilsome journey, and here under new skies, amid the picturesque forests of this romantic region, far away from the strife and turmoil of the revolution, they lived in security and contentment. For them trial and persecution had been but stepping stones to higher things; and the faith and love that they had plighted to each other at the altar had been clarified, perfected, and sanctified by the fires of tribulation. God blessed them with five sweet children, two boys and three girls, the joy and pride of their lives and the consolation of their declining years.

ITE AD JOSEPH

To Egypt, Nile-enrichèd land,
 Came Jacob's famine stricken sons
 To ask from Pharaoh's plenteous hand,
 Relief for Israel's suffering ones,
 When from the ruler came reply:
 "Ite ad Joseph!"

When Mary for the Child divine
 Sought refuge from dread Herod's sway
 'Neath shadow of the ancient sphinx,
 A Voice directing e'er the way,
 In all her wanderings seemed to say,
 "Ite ad Joseph!"

And now 'mid nations' frenzied strife
 The Church's voice pleads not in vain
 For peace to each grief-stricken soul,
 For mercy from on High to gain.
 Faith whispers as in days of old,
 "Ite ad Joseph!"

Rose M. Cooper, Tertiary.

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed is that servant who does not speak through the hope of a reward and who does not manifest everything, and is not hasty to speak, but who wisely foresees what he ought to say and to answer.—St. Francis.

2. If we were only more generous and could forget ourselves and allow ourselves to be led by grace, we could obtain the grace of conversion for many a sinner. Besides caring for our own soul, we should labor and pray, that the kingdom of our Redeemer spread more and more over the souls of those redeemed by Him.—Sr. Ernestine, 2nd Order.

3. St. Benedict the Moor, born in slavery, was admitted into the Franciscan Order as a simple lay brother, but was later elected superior of a large convent. His government, so pleasing to all, was based on love for his brethren and on contempt for himself.

4. Whoever does not detach himself from all creatures, can not devote himself wholly to heavenly things.—Bl. William of Scicli, 3rd Order.

5. A man will be held accountable even for the graces he has not received; because if he had corresponded zealously and faithfully with those that were showered on him, he would have obtained many more that were not given him.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

6. Bl. Bentivoglio, of the First Order, was full of tender compassion for the poor; for, the charity which burnt in his heart, caused him to behold in them the most perfect image of Jesus Christ.

7. As soon as the Ven. Mother of Calvary, of the Second Order, had been clothed in the habit, our Blessed Lord said to her in prayer: "My spouse, I require four things of thee: first, that thou shouldst keep thyself in deep humility; second, that thou shouldst practice great poverty; third, that thou shouldst trust entirely to My divine Providence; fourth, that thou shouldst practice blind obedience."

8. O Lord, who didst lead Bl. Julian to the height of heavenly glory by the paths of humility and innocence, mercifully deign to grant us the grace to walk in his footsteps, and to attain to Thee by purity and humility of heart.—Prayer on the feast of Bl. Julian, 1st Order.

9. Men wear themselves out with plans and projects and are grief-stricken if they fail. Oh, how much more reasonable would be their sorrow, if it were on account of their sins!—St. Joseph Cupertino, 1st Order.

10. Oh, how great a rewarder is our good God, who so bounteously repays the trials endured for love of him.—Bl. Charles of Sezze, 1st Order.

11. The Ven. Pudentiana, of the Third Order, was so obedient to her Father Confessor, that she departed this life only after having received his wonted benediction and his verbal permission to do so.

12. In a discourse on the Third Order, Bl. Angelo of Chiasso, of the First Order, exclaimed: "O most holy Rule, how wrong are they who criticise thee! O Rule, source of every good, what chastisements do they deserve, who murmur at thy prescriptions!"

13. To put off one's conversion, is to bind the soul with fetters that daily become stronger, and to accustom it to self-neglect—but woe to the man who has begun to neglect his inner self!—Silvio Pellico, 3rd Order.

14. The employer of labor who deals fairly and honestly with his workmen, fulfills the law of neighborly charity in a nobler sense than he who throws money to be scrambled for by the crowd; for such an employer shares his brains and energy as well as his money, and so fulfills the larger law.—Fr. Cuthbert, 1st Order.

15. There are many persons, who pass for pious Catholics, who pray and meditate, but who will hear nothing of death. That is certainly not wise. Whoever acts so foolishly, even if he appears virtuous and pious, has in his heart of hearts a blemish, he has a so-called darling sin, of which he does not wish to free himself.—Fr. Mark Bergeiner, 1st Order.

16. To Brother Rufinus, St. Francis at one time spoke intimately of those things revealed to him concerning the Order: namely, that the life and profession of the Friars Minor should never fail, even to the day of judgement; also that no one who maliciously persecuted the Order would have a long life; that no evil person, wishing to live wickedly, could remain in the Order; and that whosoever loved the Order from his heart, however great a sinner he might be, should at last find mercy.—Fr. Cuthbert,—"Life of St. Francis."

17. We are never allowed to lie; we must always speak the truth, no matter what it may cost.—St. Benedict Labre, Tertiary.

18. Oh my God, grant that I may be in reality, what people take me to be!—Bl. Andrew, 1st Order.

19. The true sage is he who daily learns how to die well: who often reflects on what will be the state of his soul at the hour of death and on the judgement that follows it, when all that he has done in life will be laid bare and where no fault will go unpunished.—St. Bridget, Tertiary.

20. My son, I pray thee ever to keep before thee the good deeds of good men and of the Saints; so from bad shalt thou become good and from good thou shalt become still better.—Brother Masseo, 1st Order.

21. As wax is melted by fire, and dust scattered by the wind, so the entire army of the infernal spirits is dispersed by the simple invocation of the name of Mary.—St. Francis.

22. Why are we not satisfied with the loving desires of our Lord? He wishes us to remember one little thing: fidelity to the promises made to him in holy Baptism.—Ven. Marie Cherubine, 2nd Order.

23. There are three things of the utmost importance and utility, and he who possesses them can not fall into sin. First, to bear willingly, for the love of Jesus Christ, all the tribulations that may befall us. Second, to humble ourselves always and in all things. Third, to love faithfully

and with our whole heart the supreme, heavenly, and invisible Good.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

24. If we spend an hour in idleness, instead of performing good works, exactly the same degree of glory shall we lose for all eternity in heaven.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

25. St. Frances of Rome, Tertiary, having frequently been commanded by God to do certain things, never did them without first obtaining the consent of her Confessor. And this greatly pleased our Lord.

26. The Passion of our Lord, which was the habitual subject of his meditations, was the divine source, whence Bl. James, of the First Order, derived the strength and perseverance necessary for his daily work.

27. We are of more use to our neighbor by bearing with his faults, than by any good work.—Bl. Jane, 3rd Order.

28. I have for some time been thinking of instituting a Third Order, in which married persons may serve God with greater perfection. I think you can not do better than enter it.—St. Francis to Bl. Luchiesio, the first Tertiary.

29. The most necessary qualifications for a Christian servant girl are: fear of God, obedience, faithfulness, and love for one's work.—St. Zita, Tertiary.

30. There is no one, who, if he can not embrace the First or the Second Order of St. Francis, can not at least enter the Third Order, and so deserve that the peace and mercy of God should rest on him.—Bl. Angelo, 1st Order.

THE PILOT IS ON BOARD

Death has no terrors for the faithful son of Brittany. It seems a very simple thing to him to die. Since the good God wishes it, and the Breton is to go to him.

An old sailor was going on his last voyage, but, through the mercy of God, he was dying on his bed. He was suffering the agonies of death without any complaints as a man accustomed to hardships. In the morning the old sailor had received the Holy Viaticum.

Toward evening, the priest came again to see him, and if necessary, to encourage and console him. He found him panting but resigned.

"Are you ready," said the priest. "to take the long journey?"

"Quite ready, Father."

"And are you not afraid?"

"I? Afraid of what?"

And pointing to his breast where his God had come in the morning, the dying man smiled sweetly and added:

"The Pilot is on board. Why should I be afraid?"

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HIC JACET—RESURREXIT

No greater contrast can be thought of than the one contained in the words: "Hic jacet—Resurrexit, Here lies—He is risen." "Here lies" is the watchword of death; "He is risen" is the shibboleth of life. "Here lies" is the dirge of mortality; "He is risen" is the paean of immortality. "Here lies" is the inscription engraved on the tombs of men; "He is risen" is the legend inscribed on the sepulcher of the God-man. "Here lies" is the Conqueror's message of victory over hell; "He is risen" is Satan's acknowledgement of defeat. "Here lies" is the epitaph of heresy; "He is risen" is the central doctrine of the true faith. "Here lies" is history's verdict on the persecutors of the Fold of Christ; "He is risen" is mankind's tribute to the living Church. "Here lies" is the mark of all things earthly and human; "He is risen" is the test of everything heavenly and divine. "Here lies" is the end-all of the enemies of God; "He is risen" is the be-all of the children of God. "Here lies" is the despair of impenitent sinners; "He is risen" is the hope of all that die in the Lord.

What a world of thought is contained in the words: "Hic jacet—Resurrexit". We might continue the parallelism, but we leave it to our readers to develop for themselves the truths enumerated. They might find it interesting as well as profitable.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

It is an idyllic scene of bygone days that is presented to our view by the frontispiece of this issue. A weary palmer has lost his way in the mountains. Night is falling, and he has nowhere to lay his head. Fortunately for him, he is discovered by a pious hermit, who tenderly assists him up the steep ascent to the hermitage, and offers him the hospitality of his modest habitation. It is a beautiful illustration of the fourth corporal work of mercy, "To harbor the harborless".

We are all pilgrims here below; nowhere have we a lasting city. It is true that God has assigned the earth to us as a temporary abode, and destined heaven for our final resting place. But, to neither of these places have we a strict claim. They are God's, for he has made them. It is pure mercy on his part, if he admits us into his house, and places at our disposal all the goods and riches and comforts he has prepared for our enjoyment. But, as he acts toward us, so he wishes us to act to one another. Through the mouth of his Apostle he tells us to use "hospitality one towards another without murmuring".

Hospitality has ever been regarded as a distinctively Franciscan virtue. Franciscan Tertiaries will do well to bear this in mind when "some forlorn and shipwrecked brother" knocks on their door of an evening, and asks for a night's lodging. Ordinarily it may be not advisable to harbor every stranger, yet none should be dismissed without an alms to procure food and lodging elsewhere.

In some cities of Europe, the Tertiaries conduct hotels where strangers in search of employment are boarded and lodged, often free of charge, until they have secured a position. In other cities, the women Tertiaries are especially active in safeguarding the virtue of servant

girls by meeting them at the railroad station and finding situations for them in respectable families. Can not our Tertiaries, especially those of the larger cities, do something to emulate their brothers and sisters in Europe? Could they not, for instance, get out in leaflet form a little "Directory of Catholic Boarding and Rooming Houses", such as is published by the Rev. F. S. Betten, S. J., of Cleveland, Ohio, and have copies thereof distributed at the principal railroad stations? It would entail some little expenditure of money and labor on their part, but it would be labor and money well spent.

We are glad to note that our brethren on the Coast are alive to the opportunity of practicing Christian hospitality to the many strangers whom the Exposition is attracting to San Francisco. To assist the visitors in complying with their Sunday duty, they have placed, in the principal hotels, posters with the name and location of every Catholic church in the city. The San Francisco Tertiaries have taken a step in the right direction. Let them proceed.

WHY WE ARE NEUTRAL

A subscriber wishes to know why we do not take sides in the European war. He thinks our readers have a right to know where we stand. Besides, a declaration from us would carry great weight, and have a powerful effect.

We admit that our readers have a right to know where we stand. Hence, we will tell them frankly that we stand on neutral ground, which, by the way, is pretty safe territory, since the Holy Father himself has taken refuge there. Having chosen to remain neutral, we can not, of course, side either with this or with that warring nation without becoming guilty of a flagrant violation of international law. Does our subscriber wish us to declare war on one or the other of the belligerents? In this case we should first have to find a *casus belli*. But that is not an easy matter for us. As we have never seen any lying around loose, we have not the faintest idea how a *casus belli* looks. Let us assume, however, that we should be successful in our search. Then, of course, we could at once break off diplomatic relations, and open fire on the enemy. But we shudder to think of the consequences. For, we are well aware of the powerful effect of our gunfire. We know that all we should have to do is to take an editorial shot at German militarism or to fire a literary broadside into English navyism or to drop a journalistic bomb on Russian Panslavism, and, in a trice, millions of men representing either the one cause or the other, as the case might be, would be numbered with the killed and wounded and missing. But there's the rub. Who would be left to pay the war indemnity? None but the widows and orphans, and they would give us little thanks for placing them under such an obligation. Most assuredly, we are in favor of a speedy cessation of hostilities, but taking everything, especially the tremendous effect of our editorial fire, into consideration, we regard it as the lesser of the two evils to maintain strict neutrality and to let those finish the war who have begun it.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION

The Reverend Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O. F. M., of the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., has recently favored us with a letter ex-

pressing his views on the manner of recruiting the Third Order from our Catholic young men and women. The letter contains some sound advice, which may be of value to the Reverend Directors. Fr. Godfrey writes:

"I saw an article in the *Herald* advocating the spreading of the Third Order among young men. This is an excellent idea, but it can only be done successfully if the young men have their meetings apart. Experience has taught me that young men do not like to go into meetings composed of old men and women.

"Regarding the recruiting of the Third Order in the schools, I would propose to receive the children into the Archconfraternity of the Cord, and then to receive them into the Third Order when they are about sixteen or seventeen, if they have proved faithful to their duties."

SCHOOL LAGGARDS AND CRIME

From the February issue of *The Catholic Educational Review* we cull the following from the pen of Gertrude Howe Britton, Member, Chicago Board of Education.

"It is a very interesting fact that the great majority of those who become criminals for some reason or other have failed to get very much benefit out of their school life. In Chicago of 500 boys between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, who for various reasons were held in the county jail, only two per cent had gone beyond the eighth grade in school, while thirty-five per cent had never gone beyond the fifth grade. Of 100 consecutive cases in the Boys' Court three had gone beyond the eighth grade, while twenty-one had not gone beyond the fifth grade. In the Morals Court it is found that more than seventy-five per cent of the girls had not gone beyond the fifth grade. Very few of the children who march steadily forward in their school work ever get into serious trouble."

Assuming that these figures are correct, and there is no reason to suppose they are incorrect, one may be inclined to ask, what connection has a defective school education with youthful delinquency? That a defective education should in itself be an incentive to crime, is as false a supposition as that a complete education should be a preventive of crime. Several reasons may be assigned why so many boys and girls quitting school prematurely, go astray. One reason is that many of these children early form habits of idleness—and idleness is one of the capital sins. Another reason is that boys and girls whose education is incomplete, are often forced to seek employment in places where their moral sensibilities are blunted and their virtue is exposed to the gravest dangers. If we add to this the lack of proper parental control and the freedom from the wholesome restraint of the school in a period of life when the child is most in need of control and restraint, we shall have reasons enough to account for the large number of youthful criminals without placing the blame where it does not belong, namely, on their defective school education.

FAMINE IN THE MESCALERO INDIAN MISSION

The Catholic Mescalero Indians in New Mexico are facing a famine. Owing to the unfavorable weather, they have been unable to harvest their oats, which are their only source of income and their chief means of sustenance. As they have no credit with the whites, and can nowhere

obtain work, their condition is pitiable indeed, and unless relief comes soon, the poor Indians must succumb. In a letter appealing to us in behalf of his famine-stricken charges, Fr. Ferdinand Ortiz, O.F.M., writes:

"We are well aware that the whole country is suffering on account of the hard times, and that we are not the only ones seeking the necessities of life. Still, there are always some whom the good God has blessed with abundance, and it is to these that we direct our appeal, assuring them that He who multiplied the loaves and fishes in the desert of Palestine to feed the famished multitude, will not allow them to suffer in consequence of their charity to His poor children in the desert of New Mexico. Food for these poorest of Christ's poor will serve not only to sustain their life but also to safeguard the priceless boon of their Faith, which proselyting Protestants are asking them to sell for a veritable mess of pottage."

Owing to the fact that many of our subscribers are in arrears, we are unable at present to send the Reverend Father more than a mere pittance. We are confident, however, that our readers will not leave his appeal unheeded. Judging from the donations for the Indian missions that we receive from our readers, we are forced to conclude that they are not so keenly alive to the interest of the missions, as they should be. Let the Tertiaries remember that they form but one family with the members of the other two Orders of St. Francis; and that as members of the same family are bound to assist each other, so are Tertiaries obliged to cooperate with the members of the other Orders in furthering the aims and interests of the whole Franciscan body. Our readers can materially aid the work of the mission by promptly renewing their subscription to *Franciscan Herald* and by securing new subscribers. Let them help us increase the number of our subscribers, and we will help the Indian missions.

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FRANCISCAN HERALD
TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

VI

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

TWO days after Fr. Mazanet reached Mission San Francisco, as has been related, Governor Teran arrived with his troops, herds, and supplies. The newcomers were received with marked honor by the Indian chief and his people. After recovering from the effects of the hardships endured on the road, the combined forces set out, in November, for the land of the Caddos Indians. It was a most unfavorable time to make such an expedition. The unseasoned troopers, ill-clad and poorly fed, were soon unable to proceed. Cattle and pack-mules died of starvation and the cold. Leaving the main body behind in command of Captain Gregorio Salinas, Teran at the head of thirty men, and accompanied by the intrepid Fr. Mazanet, pushed on until November 28, when he reached the great river of the Caddos, probably the Red River, about fifty-six leagues from Mission San Francisco on the Neches. Teran and Fr. Mazanet crossed in a canoe in order to visit the Caddos on the other side. They found the Indians well disposed, but concluded that under the circumstances no mission could as yet be established there. The return march was therefore resolved upon.

The severity of the weather continued. The rain changed to sleet. The undergrowth of bushes and

shrubs was covered with ice and snow. The animals feeding upon the frozen shrubs grew leaner and more jaded, and began to die one by one along the road. The soldiers, compelled to dismount, placed their baggage on the saddle-horses, and went afoot. Food began to fail them until they had barely one poor meal a day. December 30, 1691, at last, saw the wretched company back at the Mission of Santissimo Nombre de Maria, or Mission Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, as it was also called. Here they rested a few days, and then crossed the Neches for Mission San Francisco, a few miles distant.

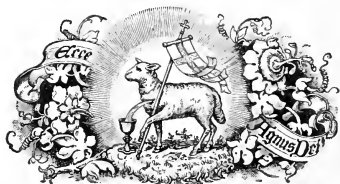
Discouraged at the outlook, Teran determined to leave the territory, and to report to the viceroy. Before departing, he stationed a guard of fifteen soldiers under a corporal at Mission San Francisco with orders to protect Mission Santa Maria as well. The supplies and gifts from the viceroy were distributed among the Indians, the church goods with necessary provisions were delivered to the missionaries of the two missions, and then the march to the Gulf of Mexico, as the nearest point by which to reach the capital, was begun on January 9, or as Fr. Espinosa will have it, on February 1, 1692. The Fathers, who had come along to establish new missions, finding that their desires

would not be gratified, accompanied him. With them went also Fr. Casanas, in order to report to the viceroy in person, and then to return to Texas. The whole company of seamen, soldiers, disgusted colonists, and disappointed religious, embarked on the schooner Santo Cristo at Espiritu Santo Bay on March 24, 1692. They reached Vera Cruz on April 15, a little less than a year after the expedition under Teran had started out overland from Coahuila.

Fr. Francisco Casanas, in his report to the viceroy de Galve, set forth the difficulties encountered during the year and three months in which he was stationed among the Asinai. He pointed out that the many superstitions of the Indians, the adverse influence of their medicine men, the task of learning the many languages or dialects, and especially the evil conduct of the soldiers, who had been left to guard the missions, rendered it impossible to accomplish much good. He explained, what the Spanish officials had yet to learn, that the missionaries, however patient and self-sacrificing they might be, could accomplish little toward bringing the barbarous Indians to respect the institutions and practices of civilization and Christianity, without the assistance of guards who set an example in civilization and Christianity. Fr. Casanas, therefore, insisted that the soldiers who were to make up the garrisons should be married men, bring their families

with them and form villages around the missions. "And so I beg Your Excellency," he pleaded, "to make provision lest this field, so agreeable to the Lord, be rendered unproductive by the sending of criminals released from the prisons, unmarried men, and vagabonds. If they were turned loose among Christians, they would do harm; but here they would commit atrocities, and, by their depraved lives and bad example, prevent the ministers of the Lord from gathering a harvest of souls." In this pathetic appeal, which is an echo of the lament that came from the early Spanish and French missionaries generally, we are able to read the causes of the failure of these first missionary efforts.

Neither Fr. Casanas's arguments, nor his minute report produced any results at that time. On the contrary, he was not allowed to return to his Texas mission. Instead, he was, in 1693, sent by his superiors to New Mexico and stationed at Jemez, where the Indians murdered him in 1696. He thus became the proto-martyr of the famous Missionary College of Santa Cruz, Queretaro, of which he was one of the founders. Born at Barcelona, Spain, in 1656, he entered the Franciscan Order there in 1671, and, together with Fr. Fontcubierta, already mentioned, arrived at Queretaro in 1683, and in the same year assisted in founding the apostolic college for the training of missionaries.



CONFIRMATION TOUR THROUGH THE WILDS OF WISCONSIN

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

THE Right Reverend A. F. Schinner, former Bishop of Superior, Wisconsin, has always been a warm friend of the Indians, and his love for them prompted him to petition the Holy See to permit him to labor without episcopal jurisdiction as a missionary among the Indians of South America. The Holy Father consented partly to his wishes by assigning him to the new diocese of Spokane, Washington, in which diocese the Indians are very numerous. I can not speak of the perils and experiences of His Lordship in Spokane, but I can tell of some of the hardships he endured while in northern Wisconsin. To give the reader an idea of the "ups and downs" that even a Bishop may encounter on his Confirmation tours, I will describe a trip I made in Bishop Schinner's company on his first visit to Mouth of Yellow River.

On November 27, 1905, at about 9 a. m., we left Shell Lake, Wis., on our Confirmation tour. The weather was beautiful—a real Indian summer day—the roads were good, the team fast, and we both felt happy driving through the pure fresh air of the forest. At about six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Webster, a small white settlement. The weather, however, had already changed considerably, the wind was raw, and snow flakes were falling fast. We put up for the night at the farm house of Philip Smith. These good people were always highly pleased when the priest came to visit them, and this time their joy knew no bounds since even their Bishop had deigned to come with me. The children were already abed when we arrived, but on learning who their great

visitor was, they quit their beds, and came running to greet His Lordship, who was much pleased with their affectionate welcome.

Early the next morning when I awoke, the storm was still raging, and the snow was very deep. Despite the storm, people began to straggle in, and, at about 9 o'clock, I said the first holy Mass, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop himself as my server. While I was saying Mass, a baby crept up to us and began to play about the altar, so that the Bishop was doubly occupied with serving Mass and warding off the little intruder. Immediately after my Mass, the Bishop said Mass, preached, and confirmed five persons.

We had planned to leave for Mouth of Yellow River directly after the services, but we were detained by a sick call from carrying out our purpose. Having taken our supper at Mr. Smith's, we asked him to take us to the Indian village, as we could not make the trip through the deep snow with our livery team and buggy. This he gladly agreed to do, and we were soon speeding along the road in a heavy logging sled, a fine episcopal equipage, which could easily have carried off first honors for durability if not for beauty. The livery man was instructed to follow us the next day after we had broken the road.

Our trip at night through the solitude of the snow-clad forest was beautiful and inspiring beyond description. The road was bordered with pine trees that bent their hoary heads as if in respectful reverence to the ambassadors of Christ on their holy mission in search of souls, while the starry

heavens seemed to mirror themselves in the glistening snow that covered the earth.

The Indians at Yellow River are very poor, and as they would have had no suitable lodging for us, especially as we could not arrive there before midnight, we decided to go to Krainerville for the night. Accordingly, we took the shortest road through the woods in the direction of Krainerville, with Mr. Smith as our teamster and guide, for he was well acquainted with the many roads, or rather paths, running in every direction through the forest. All of a sudden, however, our road came to an abrupt end. Happily there was a house near by, and we repaired thither. In reponse to our call, we were advised to leave the place as soon as possible as there was smallpox in the house. That very day, they said, one of the family had been laid to rest in the snow-covered ground. They directed us to a house two miles distant. We followed the directions, and found there a good-hearted Swiss pioneer, who started us on the right road again. But before long, we were in the same predicament as before. We drove for several hours through the jack pines in all directions, searching for the road to Krainerville, but in vain. At last, weary with our fruitless search, we spied a house in the distance; but it showed no signs of life

within. Still at our call a man emerged from the shack carrying a lantern. The old settler, who knew the country well, was kind enough to act as our guide, and, at about one or two o'clock in the night, we finally arrived at Krainer's "Hotel". We were directed to a room, which had lately been occupied by lumber jacks. We were not much concerned about the looks of the lumber jacks' parlor, being only too glad to have found a place of shelter. After starting a fire, we washed, and were soon feeling quite comfortable. The lady of the house then came in to inspect her late night lodgers, and scanned us carefully from head to foot. At last, seemingly satisfied with her scrutiny, she led the Bishop and myself to a small room with only one bed in it. "I have two beds," she said, "but one of them has no bedding. Well, you two fellows can sleep together in this one bed. That's the best I can do for you." And with this she left us. The "two fellows"



Right Reverend A. F. Schinner

did as they were directed, and enjoyed a refreshing and much needed sleep.

The next morning, we started for Mouth of Yellow River, which is about five miles distant. I have great respect for Yellow River, for once it almost proved to be my grave. It happened thus. On one occasion, I had to cross this river by all means, and as the bridge had

been burned away, I was at a loss what to do. On enquiry, a woman told me that I could ford the stream where the bridge had been. When I reached the river, I noticed tracks where other teams had gone before me; so I confidently drove in. At first, all went well, but the farther I went, the deeper the river became. The buggy box was now entirely under water, the ponies were hardly visible, and I had taken refuge on the seat. The situation was

halters, wagon grease box, and my satchel, that contained all my missionary articles, floating merrily down the stream. Later, the Indians regained my satchel, but all its contents were spoiled. This incident just by the way.

When we arrived at Mouth of Yellow River at about 9 a. m., the Indians were taken by surprise, as they had not even thought that we would attempt to force our way through the deep snow. Our wel-



Room In the Home of Philip Smith, Webster, Wisconsin, Where
Bishop Schinner said Mass and Confirmed

certainly precarious, and I began to fear the worst. I could not turn back, and to go ahead seemed certain death. Finally, recommending myself to God with a fervent "O Lord help me!", I took a firm hold of the lines, and called out to my ponies, "Get up!"—and thanks be to God, I soon reached the other side in safety. When I turned to take a look at the river, I was half sorry and half amused to see the

come, however, was none the less hearty; the news spread quickly, and soon quite a large number of people had assembled. As we had to leave that very day, preparations were at once made for the sacred ceremonies. The bell was rung and fire made within the little log church, which unhappily failed to respond to its warming influences, as all the heat escaped through the chinks between the rough logs.

This poor little house of God was built about thirty years ago by Fr. Casimir Vogt, O. F. M., who was then missionary in these parts. The building measured twenty feet broad, twenty-five feet long, and the walls were seven feet high. It boasted two windows and a door. The altar was made of rough boards, and above the tabernacle was a dry goods' box which served as a niche for a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, patroness of the church. The Indians pasted and nailed wall paper over the rough hewn logs, and for a time this made a neat appearance. But the squirrels took up their abode behind the paper, and sad havoc ensued. The mortar and mud, that served to fill the crevices between the logs, had given way in many places, and the cold winds from the St. Croix River found easy entrance. In spite of its humble appointments, the mission is, as Bishop Schinner remarked, "A very pretty place". Perched high up on the banks of the St. Croix, it lords it over all the surrounding country, while the old and stately pines stand like sentinels guarding it from desecration. If the reader should ever travel over the Sault St. Marie railroad between Superior and St. Paul, he can catch a glimpse of this famous little church, the first church in Burnett County, while crossing the high bridge that connects Minnesota with Wisconsin at this point.

After the Confessions were heard, Masses said, and the holy Sacrament of Confirmation administered, the Bishop endeavored to get the Indians to take the pledge, for the young "bucks" love whiskey, and the old ones do not despise it. I had often endeavored to induce them to give up drinking, and although they promised to do so, their white brothers soon led them into temptation, and then they would fall back into their old vice again.

The good Bishop urged them for some time, but they feared their own weakness, and did not wish to commit the great crime of breaking their word to the Great Blackrobe, as they reverently style the Bishop. Finally, they took courage, and many took the pledge, even several of their squaws fell in line. I went to this place a year later, and to my great delight learned that they had all religiously kept their pledge, and felt very happy for having done so. Many said to me, "See, we can be good, if we are in earnest about it."

To continue with my narrative. Our teamster arrived with his carriage from Webster, and Mr. Smith returned home with his sled. Bidding the good Indians of Mouth of Yellow River farewell, we started on our return journey, but took a different route. Our way to Spooner, about thirty-five miles distant, led through an Indian settlement called Loon Lake, about twelve miles from Yellow River. As the Indians from this village had been present at the morning festivities at Yellow River, they accompanied us, feeling highly flattered that His Lordship was to honor their poor homes with his presence. As they had only two miserable little ponies, the most of them were forced to walk. It was indeed a pitiable sight to see the Indians clad in rags tramping through the deep snow drifts. To make matters worse, the Indians, on whom we had implicitly relied, lost the trail, and knew not where to go. We must have gone seven miles, when our horses, not accustomed to such traveling, began to give out. Fortunately for us, we reached a farm house, and though the log cabin was extremely small for so many guests, yet we were very kindly received by the good people. Our team was fed, and, after we had rested for a while, we again started

out on our trip. We had not gone above two miles when the horses again showed signs of weakness, and actually came to a standstill. As no house was in sight, we were very much worried what to do. Finally, with much coaxing we succeeded in getting the horses to plod on through the snow, and before long reached a cabin, where no one was to be found but a poor woman and her two daughters. They told us to go to the foot of the hill nearby where we could find shelter in a logging camp. We accordingly went to the camp, but there was no place for us in the inn. So we went back to the house on the hill. The woman at last took pity on our miserable condition, and opened the door. The place, however, was devoid of all comfort, and could scarcely be called a human habitation. We huddled close to the cook stove, but did not succeed in thawing out our frozen limbs, for all the heat escaped through the crevices in the roof and the walls. The cooking stove, moreover, reminded us of the fact that we had not yet had supper. We had, indeed, feasted sumptuously at Yellow River on biscuits as hard as stones and some very greasy pork, which His Lordship passed on to me without tasting, but the cold drive had only whetted our appetite. As the poor woman had hardly enough for her own family, we decided to try the camp again, and this time the men had compassion on us, and let us in. They were all comfortably wrapped up in their bunks. As the fire was almost out, we poked the smoldering embers, added more fuel and soon we felt quite comfortable.

The good Bishop had my heartiest sympathy. Throughout the trying trip, he showed the greatest patience and good humor. After warming ourselves, we would gladly have gone to bed, but bed there was none. I took a horse blanket, and wrapping myself in it lay down on the wet floor, and was soon fast asleep. The Bishop spent the long and dreary night keeping up the fire and resting as well as he could by leaning on an empty barrel. When I awoke, my poor feet felt like two cakes of ice.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and after we had taken our breakfast, for which we were indeed thankful even if it was minus the turkey, we paid a dollar for the night's lodging, and then started again for Spooner, still twenty-five miles away. Difficulties seemed to multiply at every step. The road was blocked for some distance with fallen trees, and, as we had no axe, there was nothing else to do but to lift the carriage over the obstructions. Thus we made progress at about two miles an hour. When our misfortunes seemed greatest, God's providence was nearest. Two farmers riding in a cutter met us in the woods, and I was, happily, well acquainted with one of them. We told my friend, Mr. Peter Durand, of our adventures, and he at once took us to his home, and later drove us in his cutter to Spooner, where we took the night train home, rejoicing over the good work accomplished for the poor Indians, and also that we had been found worthy to suffer something for the sake of Christ in his holy ministry.



REUNITED THROUGH ST. ANTONY

By Mary Gearon, Tertiary

YOUNG Will O'Brien and his wife Mary left Ireland to seek their fortune in America. They were accompanied by their two children, Edward aged five, and Helen aged seven years. The first few days they were at sea, the weather was delightful; but on the fifth day a violent storm arose, and the good ship, after riding the waves manfully for many hours, was at last driven on the rocks off Newfoundland, where most of the passengers found a watery grave. In the awful anguish of that terrible hour, O'Brien had presence of mind enough to hurry his little darlings into the first life-boat that was lowered, stilling their cries with the assurance that he and Mamma would follow in the next boat. Unfortunately, the boat in which O'Brien and his wife had taken refuge was dashed against the rocks, and they and all their companions were drowned.

A Mrs. Martin, who had become acquainted with the children on the ship, and had been saved in the same boat with them, took the two little orphans to her home in New York, intending to adopt them both. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, however, who were old friends of the Martins, pleaded so earnestly to take the boy, who reminded them of their own little Edward, whom death had snatched from them at an early age, that Mrs. Martin finally consented to part with him.

Edward's foster parents made frequent and extended trips to Europe and it was here that he received his education. After finishing his college course, he went to Oxford to complete his studies. At first the two children wrote long and loving letters to each other, but after some time the letters became less frequent and finally were

entirely neglected. It thus happened that Helen and Edward completely lost track of each other.

Helen, who was very talented, attended a Sisters' academy in a suburb of New York, and after she was graduated from this school with the highest honors, she took a business course in a college. With the best of recommendations, she had no difficulty in securing a very lucrative position as confidential secretary in a large real estate agency. While occupying this position, she became acquainted with Mr. Thompson, the junior member of the firm, who was an exemplary Catholic. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, the friendship into love, and before two years had passed, they were happily united in holy matrimony.

Helen often spoke to her husband of her long lost brother, and he suggested advertizing in various papers in an effort to learn something of his whereabouts. This plan, however, proved unsuccessful, although the advertisements were given great prominence, and inserted regularly for many months. One day, it occurred to Helen to make the novena of nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony to enlist this good Saint's favor in the search for her brother. She confided her intention to a Sister of the academy where she had been educated. The good nun heartily approved of the plan and promised to join her in making the novena, remarking at the same time:

"If St. Antony is so willing and ready to help us in trivial affairs, how much more willing will he not be to help us find your brother."

* * *

It was the month of June, and the last Tuesday of the novena. Helen was beginning to get uneasy,

thinking that, perhaps, her prayers would not be answered after all. She had just returned from the Franciscan church, whither she had gone to make her novena, and was busily preparing for dinner, when the telephone bell rang. It was her husband who merely wished to tell her that he would bring a friend with him to dinner. Helen assured him the friend would be welcome, and after hanging up the receiver stepped into the dining-room to lay an extra cover. Presently she heard her husband's familiar voice, and went to the door to greet him.

"Helen," he said with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "here is some one you have not seen in years."

She looked at the gentleman enquiringly and replied, "You must have outgrown my memory as I can not recall your features."

"Why Helen, it is your own brother, Edward O'Brien!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson joyfully.

On learning the identity of the stranger, Helen threw herself into his arms exclaiming:

"O brother, I knew St. Antony would hear my prayer and bring you back to me. O good St. Antony, O dear St. Antony I thank you, I thank you!"

When able to control her emotion, Helen begged her brother to tell them all about himself. Edward then related that he had just returned from Europe a short time since. He had finished his course at the university, and then accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan to Ireland for a last visit before returning to America. Unhappily, both of his kind guardians took sick there and died within a short time of each other, leaving him sole heir to their big estate in New York.

As soon as he arrived in New York he began to seek his sister; but as her guardian, Mrs. Martin, had changed her residence several times, he could get no tangible clew

to her whereabouts. One day, while crossing a crowded street he was struck by a heavy automobile and was first thought to be dead. The physician, however, who was immediately summoned, found that he was only stunned and ordered him to be conveyed to a hospital nearby, which was in charge of the Franciscan Sisters. After an hour, he regained consciousness, and then his recovery was rapid as he had sustained no serious injuries, beyond a nervous shock. The first day he was permitted to leave his room and walk about, he went to the chapel to thank God for saving his life. At the entrance to the chapel, he saw the statue of a saint dressed in a dark brown habit and holding the Infant Jesus on his arm. On returning to his room, he asked his nurse for the name of the saint.

"Why, that is St. Antony, the great wonder worker and restorer of lost things," replied the Sister smiling.

"Well, Sister, if, as you say, St. Antony is the restorer of lost things, I wonder if he could not find my sister for me. I was looking for her on the very day of the accident. Would you and the other Sisters help me pray to St. Antony to find her?"

Then he told his whole story to the nurse, who became very much interested in it, and promised to persuade the other Sisters to unite their prayers to St. Antony for the happy reunion of brother and sister. She lost no time in telling the Ven. Mother Pancratia Edward's story.

The Venerable Mother was overjoyed to learn the identity of the patient, as she had known Helen very well at the academy and had often heard her speak of her brother, who had gone to Europe and was no longer heard from. She at once offered to telephone to Mr. Thompson and invite him to the

hospital. Edward agreed to this plan and before long he was introduced to his sister's husband. As his strength was sufficiently restored to leave the hospital, Mr. Thompson immediately telephoned to Helen that he was to bring a friend home for dinner. "And here I am!" laughingly exclaimed Edward, as he finished his story. "And I am quite sure that St. Antony caused me to be run over by that big automobile and thus brought me into that hospital. Otherwise I may have long continued the search for my dear sister."

The last of the nine Tuesdays of the novena was a happy day for Helen. For did not St. Antony wait until the very last day, the better to try her confidence and to insure her perseverance? After relating to her brother the story of her novena, both Helen and Edward were convinced that their happy reunion was indeed a favor granted through the intercession of the Wonder Worker of Padua, and ever since have done all in their power to show their gratitude to the Saint by telling others of the favor granted them.

BOOK REVIEWS

Several brochures and pamphlets have lately come to us for review; among others "The Franciscan Way of the Cross" by Fr. Flavian Larbes, O. F. M., Frederick Pustet and Co. — "Stations of the Cross" by Fr. Honoratus Bonzelet, O. F. M., Sioux City, Iowa. — "The Stations of the Cross For the Sick and the Dying" by W. Thornton Parker, M. D., Order of Penitents of St. Francis, Northampton, Massachusetts. The first two booklets are adaptations of the familiar "Franciscan Way". The last mentioned pamphlet contains a series of brief meditations full of unction and devotion. These meditations are compiled principally from the writings of St. Alphonsus. Tertiaries who love the devotion of the Way of the Cross would do well to procure a copy of the last named pamphlet along with the others. It will greatly aid them in making the Stations devoutly. The price of each of these booklets is ten cents.

Dr. Parker, author of "Among our North American Indians" and of numerous devotional pamphlets, has sent us also a biographical sketch of one of his ancestors, Lieut. Colonel Moses Parker, of Bunker Hill fame. The author brings to light some interesting incidents in the life of this revolutionary hero, with which students of United States history should acquaint themselves. The price of this brochure is fifty cents.

From the America Press has come "The 'Menace' and the Mails". This is a very timely pamphlet on one of the burning questions of the day for Catholics. It deserves the widest possible circulation since it will help to keep the agitation against the unspeakable "Menace" alive, and at the same time throw some light on the statutes relative to obscene and scurrilous mail matter. Price five cents.

Father Ketcham of the Catholic Indian Bureau deserves to be complimented on the very attractive Fray Junipero Serra number of "The Indian Sentinel". The beautiful illustrations alone are worth the price of twenty-five cents. We urge every reader of *Franciscan Herald* to buy a copy of this number, and thus help the cause of the Catholic Indian Missions.

F. G.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Most Rev. Fr. General of the Friars Minor has recently announced that a General Chapter of the Order will be held in Rome on the Vigil of Pentecost, May 22, for the purpose of electing a new Minister General and Definitors General. The office of Minister General, which formerly lasted for life, has been limited by the latest Constitutions, approved by Pope Pius X, to a term of six years. The present General, Fr. Pacificus Monza, was appointed to the office by Pope Pius X when the former General, Fr. Denis Schuler, was raised to the dignity of Archbishop. The following persons will have a voice in the elections: the present Fr. General; the Procurator General; the Definitors General; the General Secretary, the two ex-Procurators General; the Vicar General in Spain; the two Commissaries General in Bolivia and Mexico; and the Provincials of the various Provinces of the Order.—

The *Acta Ordinis* brings the sad news that very many Franciscan convents were either totally or partially wrecked by the great earthquake on January 13. The convents in the Province of St. Bernardine in the Abruzzo suffered most, and many have been so badly damaged as to be utterly uninhabitable. With the exception of but two, who received only slight hurts, none of the Friars were injured. This is certainly an evident sign of the special protection of Divine Providence, when so many thousands in the same neigh-

borhood lost their lives.—On January 24, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Antony in Rome by the Most Rev. Fr. General assisted by the Fathers of the General Curia, for all the victims of the earthquake. The Rev. Fr. Severine Mambrini, master of studies at the Franciscan International College, preached the sermon on this occasion.—The Franciscan Sisters of Mary, who had housed many orphan girls, victims of the memorable earthquake at Messina in 1909, have again opened wide their doors, and over 160 orphan girls have found a home under their hospitable roof.—

According to the latest available statistics, the Order of Friars Minor has charge of 49 different foreign mission centers scattered over Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. To prepare the missionaries for this vast vineyard of the Lord, the Order has an International Missionary College in Rome, where young and zealous Friars undergo a rigorous probation in preparation for their arduous work among the heathens. During the year 1913, twenty Franciscan missionaries passed from their labors to their heavenly reward. The Order counts 2253 missionaries, of whom 1578 are priests, 119 student clerics, 633 lay brothers, and 23 novices. In the Franciscan missions, there are 93,231 secular Tertiaries, of whom 672 are priests. The entire Christian population of the missions over which the Friars have jurisdiction is 10,699,042, not including the 101,302

catechumens. Moreover, the Order has in its foreign missions 2372 churches and chapels, 23 seminaries with 463 students, 36 colleges with 2630 pupils, and numerous hospitals and orphan asylums, that shelter more than 36,675 inmates.

Central Chensi, China.—The Rev. Fr. John Joseph Tcheng, a native Chinese Franciscan missionary, died on November 4, 1914, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his priesthood. Fr. Tcheng was born of pious Christian parents in the district of Fung-siang-fu, and received from them his first lessons in piety and love of God. Blessed with extraordinary talents, and much given to prayer and other virtuous practices from childhood, the little boy was accorded special attention by the missionaries; and after finishing his college course in China, he was sent by Bishop Amatus Pagnucci to Italy, where he entered the Order of Friars Minor, and completed his studies. After his ordination to the holy priesthood, Fr. Tcheng returned to his native land, where he labored most faithfully as professor in the seminary, as parish priest, and as missionary. It is said that he baptized more than 3000 pagans, besides converting many more to God. Himself a child and a most zealous imitator of the poor St. Francis, Fr. Tcheng bore a special love for the poor and afflicted. His charity and generosity were so great as to become proverbial even with the pagans, and he was commonly called the public almsgiver. Finally worn out with many labors and cares, he was stricken, like his patron, St. John Joseph, with apoplexy. Surrounded by his sorrowing brethren, who consoled him in his last moments by their fervent prayers, the holy missionary passed peacefully away.

Chambery, France.—On December 1, 1914, His Eminence, Cardi-

nal Francis Vergil Dubillard, Archbishop of Chambery, passed to his reward. The Cardinal was a zealous Tertiary, and he received from the Pope the honorable title of "Guardian of the True Faith" on account of his perfect imitation of his "wholly Catholic and Apostolic" Father St. Francis. His Eminence was also known for his endeavors to unite the faithful in societies and organizations, the better to combat the evil influences that assail them on all sides. In the Third Order he recognized one of the best and most powerful means to attain this end, and he was accordingly ever active in winning recruits to its ranks.

Autun, France.—Another famous Tertiary has gone to join the triumphant band of his brethren in Heaven. It is the Right Rev. Monsignor Villard, Bishop of Autun. His Lordship was invested with the Tertiary habit in Rome at the hands of the Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto. The following extract from a pastoral of Monsignor. Villard, will show how highly he appreciated the Third Order: "I will never weary of repeating that I count on the Third Order to infuse into my diocese a true Christian spirit." In all his sermons and addresses, the holy Bishop held up the Franciscan ideals for imitation, and induced his priests to form Tertiary fraternities in their parishes and to endeavor to gain especially the young men and women as members. The result of this Tertiary propaganda is witnessed now in the zealous activity of the Catholics of the diocese of Autun for the spread of God's greater glory and the salvation of souls.

Altoetting, Bavaria.—The Third Order Fraternity of Altoetting has inaugurated the devotion of continual adoration during the day in the pilgrims' chapel at that place, to make amends to the Eucharistic King for the sins of the nation, that

God may look down with mercy and compassion on their stricken Fatherland. Although only two members are engaged for each hour, the zeal of the Tertiaries is so great that many volunteers are found in the chapel breathing fervent prayers to the Prince of Peace concealed in the tabernacle.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the meeting of the English-speaking Fraternity of the Third Order in February, forty-nine postulants received the cord and scapular; among these were fifteen men and young men. The solemn novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony will begin on April 13. During this novena, the order of Masses will be as follows: low Masses at 5:15, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 o'clock. At 9:00 o'clock there will be High Mass, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, devotion in honor of St. Antony in English and German, closing with the blessing with the relic of St. Antony.

St. Louis, Mo.—The chapel of St. Antony's Hospital, on Grand Ave. and Chippewa Street, was lately the scene of beautiful and impressive ceremonies. On Thursday, March 4, three physicians, who are connected with the institution, received their First Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation. They were Dr. A. J. S. Cleveland, Mrs. A. M. J. Cleveland, who is also a member of the medical corps, and Dr. W. S. K. Evans. Dr. Cleveland was graduated from the Boston University in 1910, and was formerly a resident of O'Fallon, Ill. From there, he removed to St. Louis, and about a year ago took up work at St. Antony's Hospital. Mrs. Cleveland is a graduate of a St. Louis university, and Dr. Evans received his diploma of graduation from the University of Illinois, in 1914. While performing their arduous duties at the hospital, alleviating the sufferings of their stricken fellow

men, they became acquainted with the teachings of our holy religion, and in consequence began to take instructions from the hospital chaplain, Fr. Salvator, O.F.M., who received them into the Fold on March 2. They were admitted to their First Holy Communion on March 4, during the six o'clock Mass. A solemn High Mass followed at 8:30 o'clock, as the joyful occasion was also the Saint's day of the Ven. Mother Casimira, superioress of the institution. The Rev. Fr. Samuel, Guardian of the local Franciscan convent, assisted by the Rev. Franciscan FF. Peter, Francis, and Salvator, celebrated the High Mass. In the afternoon, the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation to the newly professed Catholics. He was assisted by the Rev. FF. Conradin, Salvator, and Peter, all of the Franciscan convent. The three physicians were the happy recipients of hearty congratulations from all sides. *Franciscan Herald* also extends to them its sincerest good wishes, and trusts that it may please God to grant them yet many years to labor for His greater honor and glory and for the welfare of suffering humanity.

Phoenix, Ariz.—Despite the pouring rain, an immense congregation witnessed, on Thursday, February 11, the solemn dedication of the beautiful new St. Mary's church of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, Arizona, and he was assisted by practically all the secular and regular priests of the diocese. The dedicatory sermon was delivered by the Rev. Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., pastor of the Franciscan church in Los Angeles. At the conclusion of the Mass, Bishop Granjon spoke a few words of congratulation on the grand success of the parish in completing their splendid church, and he also paid

a high tribute to the worthy pastor, the Rev. Fr. Novatus, O.F.M., who was the moving spirit of the great undertaking. At the evening services, the Very Rev. Fr. Michael, ex-Provincial of the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, preached the sermon. The new church, which is a mixture of the old mission and romanesque styles, is one of the finest churches in the south-west. It measures 144 feet in length, 60 feet in width in the nave and 84 in the transept. It has a seating capacity of 940 persons on the ground floor, and of 150 more in the gallery. The plans were drawn by the Franciscan architect, the Ven. Brother Leonard. The exquisite memorial windows in stained glass, depicting the life of the Blessed Virgin, are from the studios of the Emil Frey Art Glass Co. of St. Louis, while another St. Louis firm, the Andrew Kaletta Statuary Co. furnished the beautiful set of high relief stations of the cross. All the woodwork of the furnishings and pews, as well as the fixtures in the vestries, is of solid oak in an antique finish. The entire contract for the woodwork was placed with the firm of Theodore Kundtz of Cleveland, O., and the wisdom of this choice is evidenced by the

pleasing uniformity of the finish of every piece, and the essential and artistic harmony of design. In fact, it is safe to say that the most critical eye, will not find a single note of discord in the entire structure inside or out, and the parish of St. Mary's as well as the whole diocese of Tucson are to be congratulated on having succeeded in erecting so worthy a temple of the Eucharistic Lord.

Paterson, N. J.—Maurice E. Finn, formerly a California lawyer, who entered the Franciscan monastery of St. Bonaventure, Paterson, N. J., as a postulant a year ago, made the simple vows of chastity, poverty and obedience of the Order on Monday, March 16, and entered on a four years' course for the priesthood. He is 35 years old, the son of the late W. E. Finn, once Mayor of Sutter Creek, Cal., the center of a famous gold rush. He studied at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., at Boston University, and at John Hopkins. He was District Attorney of Amador county, Cal., and secretary to James O'Reilly, Consul-General to China and Japan. He taught law at St. Mary's University, Sacramento, Cal., and practiced law in California, Massachusetts and New York.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S SERAPHIC COLLEGE

On Sunday afternoon, February 28, seven students were invested with the scapular and cord of the Third Order and three novices were admitted to their profession.

During the holy season of Lent, the devotion of the Way of the Cross is held publicly on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and on Sunday afternoons a special Lenten sermon is

preached, taking the place of the customary instruction in Christian doctrine. That the students are imbued with the penitential spirit of the season is evidenced by the large number that go the stations privately every day.

Saturday, March 13, was a joyous holiday for the College, the occasion being the Saint's day of our Rev. Fr. Rector. At 8 o'clock, Fr. Rec-

tor celebrated solemn High Mass, and at 10 o'clock he was tendered a reception by the students in the college hall. The following program was given:

- 1) Lustspiel (Overture) Keler Bela
Orchestra
I. Address of Congratulation Joseph Kola
II. I Can't—I Will Chas. R. Barret
Jerome Reisch
2) Begruessungslid C. Goetze
Choir
III. The Wreck of the Hesperus H. W. Longfellow
Reuben Adams
IV. The Ladder of St. Augustine H. W. Longfellow
Antony Kriech
3) Alpenlied Joseph Renner
Choir
V. The Death of Minnehaha . . . H. W. Longfellow
Henry Ploger
VI. The Wounded Soldier's Revery Selected
Robert Linacher
Robert March
4) On the Belvedere (March) O. Fester
Orchestra

Albert Kunz, one of our students, was called home on February 14 to attend the funeral of his sister, who died in the prime of life. The faculty and students extend to the stricken family their sincere sympathy.

The patronal feast of our College was solemnized on March 19 with the usual impressive services.

Peace Sunday was celebrated at the College in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father and our Right Rev. Bishop. At the morning service an appropriate sermon was preached by Fr. Rector, explaining the significance of the celebration and urging the boys to hold their hours of special adoration with great fervor and devotion.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

During the latter part of February, the students enjoyed an outing in the neighboring mountains. This was an extraordinary event on account of the snow, that was found on the summit; for here in sunny Santa Barbara snow is rare indeed, except occasionally on the highest peaks. A snow ball battle, indulged in for the first time by many of the boys, was the feature of the day.

Lent, the season of prayer and

penance, was duly ushered in at the College with the deeply significant services of Ash Wednesday. Special services consisting of the Way of the Cross and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are being held now in the college chapel every Wednesday and Friday evening.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English Fraternity of the Third Order:

Mary Allen, Sr. Clare,
Hannah McGuire, Sr. Anna,
Louise Francesco, Sr. Ludovica,
Margaret Condon, Sr. Clara,
Catherine Kelly, Sr. Joseph,
Elizabeth Keane, Sr. Teresa,
Anna Campbell, Sr. Clare.

German Fraternity of the Third Order:

John Lutz, Bro. Francis,
Adolph Goede, Bro. Francis,
Louis Franz, Bro. Antony,
Teresia Kierserling, Sr. Francisca,
Margaret Hertel, Sr. Matilda,
Elizabeth Bergreiter, Sr. Agnes,
Maria Furst, Sr. Francisca,
Maria Gerner, Sr. Teresia,
Emma Boehm, Sr. Elizabeth.

St. Augustine's Church:

John Noll, Bro. Bonaventure.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:

Mary Braun, Sr. Clara,
Ida Rebentisch, Sr. Elizabeth.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis's Church:

Mary E. McIntyre, Sr. Agnes.

Los Angeles, Cal., St. Joseph's Church:

Adam Schaumberger, Bro. Joseph,
Mary C. Mooney, Sr. Agnes,
Catherine Fitzwilliam, Sr. Frances,

Mary Armbruster, Sr. Anne,
Josephine Purcell, Sr. Clare,

Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:
Catherine Selle, Sr. Anastasia.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

APRIL, 1915.

DEDICATED TO THE
PASSION OF OUR LORD

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Th.	Maundy Thursday. —St. Martina, V. M. (G. A., P. I.)
2	F.	Good Friday. —St. Francis of Paula, C. (G. A.)
3	S.	Holy Saturday. —St. Benedict, the Moor, 1st Ord. C. (G. A., P. I.)
4	S.	Easter Sunday. —St. Isidore, Bp. C. D. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: The Resurrection of our Lord Mark xvi, 1-7.
5	M.	St. Vincent Ferrer, C.
6	T.	Bl. Thomas, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Bentivolius, 1st Ord., C.
7	W.	Bl. Crescentia, 3rd Ord., V.—Bl. Antonia, 3rd Ord., W.
8	Th.	Bl. Julian, 1st Ord., C.
9	F.	Bl. Archangelus, 1st Ord., C.
10	S.	Bl. Charles of Sezze, 1st Ord., C.
11	S.	Low Sunday. —St. Leo I, Pope, C. D. Gospel: Jesus appears to His Disciples. John xx, 11-16.
12	M.	Bl. Angelus, 1st Ord., C. <i>Novena of the Nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony of Padua begins.</i>
13	T.	St. Hermenegild, M.
14	W.	St. Justin, M.—SS. Tiburtius and Companions, MM.
15	Th.	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. C. D.—SS. Basilissa and Anastasia, MM.
16	F.	St. Raphael, Archangel.—Anniversary of St. Francis's holy profession. <i>Plenary Indulgence for all members of the Three Orders of St. Francis if they renew their profession.</i>
17	S.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. C. D.—St. Anicetus, Pope, M.
18	S.	Second Sunday after Easter. —Bl. Andrew, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: The Good Shepherd. John x, 11-16.
19	M.	Bl. Conrad, 1st Ord., C.
20	T.	Bl. Leopold, 1st Ord., C.
21	W.	Solemnity of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church. (P. I.)
22	Th.	SS. Soter and Cajus, Popes, MM.
23	F.	Bl. Gilles, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
24	S.	St. Fidelis, 1st Ord., M. (P. I.)
25	S.	Third Sunday after Easter. —St. Mark, Evangelist. Gospel: Joy after Sorrow. John xvi, 16-22.
26	M.	Our Lady of Good Counsel.—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes, MM.
27	T.	Bl. James, 1st Ord., C.
28	W.	Bl. Luchesius, 3rd Ord., C, First Franciscan Tertiary. (P. I.)
29	Th.	St. Peter, M.
30	F.	St. Catherine of Siena, V.

Abbreviations.—St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop; D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
V. TO VISIT THE IMPRISONED

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III.

MAY, 1915.

NO. 5

MARY, QUEEN OF PEACE

WE kneel before thee, Queen of Peace,
All confident to-day
That Europe soon her strife will cease,
Rememb'ring this is May.

Thine eyes look sadly down upon
Her dying and her dead,
Her ruined homes and faces wan,
And hearts whence joy hath fled.

Ah Mother! 'tis alas! too true
Our sins God's wrath provoke,
And scourge and cross are but our due
When we despise His yoke.

Yet, if thou pleadest, can He still
His sword of justice wield?
Will it not rather be His will
To thee, our hope, to yield?

Then in thy litany we'll sing
To "Mary, Queen of Peace,"
A title which new joy will bring
And love for thee increase.

K. C., Tertiary.



ST. PASCHAL BAYLON

OF THE FIRST ORDER

MAY 17

Among the many saints who, by the luster of their virtues, consoled and strengthened the Church of God during the religious disturbances of the sixteenth century, one of the most eminent was, undoubtedly, St. Paschal Baylon, "the Saint of the Eucharist". This great servant of God was born in 1540, at Torre Hermosa, in Spain. His parents were poor peasants, but highly respected on account of their truly Christian virtues, distinguishing themselves especially by their charity toward the poor. They watched with tender solicitude over the religious education of their child, and had the joy of seeing their instructions and example bear abundant fruit. The child appeared filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost; for he not only listened with the greatest eagerness to pious instructions, but also showed a much greater understanding of the truths of religion than is usual in children, and so great a fervor in the practice of virtue that all who knew him were filled with admiration. As a mere child, he seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the house of God, in which our Divine Savior dwells in the tabernacle. On several occasions, escaping the vigilance of his parents, he betook himself, as best he could, to the church, where he was found on the altar steps, his eyes raised to the tabernacle, rapt in silent contemplation. This love of Jesus

in the Blessed Sacrament took complete possession of his innocent heart, and, increasing as he advanced in age and grace, became the ruling passion, if we may so call it, of his whole life.

From his seventh to his twenty-fourth year, Paschal led the life of a shepherd, tending at first the small flock of his father, and later entering the service of rich landowners. This mode of life had a great attraction for his innocent and meditative soul. Far from finding his labors tedious and irksome, he found in them the means of raising his heart to God in prayer and of growing in virtue. While fulfilling his duties with the greatest diligence and exactness, his thoughts were ever busy contemplating the greatness and goodness of God, the love of our Lord manifested toward us in the Blessed Sacrament, and the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin. He spent many hours in prayer and contemplation, with his face turned toward a neighboring sanctuary of our Lady of the Sierra, or on his knees before an image of the Cross and of our Lady which he had carved on his crook.

Some years later, Paschal entered the service of a rich and virtuous master, wherein he continued, as much as possible, to lead a retired and contemplative life. Though he took no part in the noisy games of

his fellow shepherds, he was loved by all. His piety, modesty, mortification, and charity caused his companions to respect and revere him; they called upon him to settle their quarrels, received his rebukes and corrections with patience, and gladly listened to his instructions in the truths of religion.

But the Saint longed to consecrate himself without reserve to the service of God in a religious community. He, therefore, betook himself to the city of Montfort, in the kingdom of Valencia, and applied for admission into the Order of Friars Minor at the convent of Our Lady of Loretto. The superiors hesitated to receive him, and Paschal accepting this repulse as a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, redoubled his acts of piety and mortification to hasten the day of his reception into the Order.

Meanwhile, he entered the service of a wealthy landowner who lived near the convent of Loretto, and resumed his shepherd life on the Sierras. Here again his virtues won for him universal esteem, so that he was known throughout the country as "the holy shepherd". Neither his labors, nor the inclemency of the weather could disturb his recollection. He was frequently rapt in ecstasy, and to bring him back to the realities of life, his comrades were often obliged to shout at him and sometimes even to give him a violent shaking. He daily assisted at Mass when his labors permitted it, and when deprived of this favor, he listened for the sound of the bell, and followed in spirit the parts of the Mass with the same fervent devotion as if he were kneeling before the altar. When the ringing of the bell announced the elevation, Paschal fell on his knees, and profoundly adored our Divine Savior present in the Blessed Sacrament. God was pleased to



St. Paschal Baylon

reward the burning love and devotion of his servant in a singular manner. Paschal one day prostrated himself in the field at the moment of the consecration in the neighboring church, when the Sacred Host, surmounting a chalice, appeared before him surrounded by adoring angels, which sight filled him with an ecstasy of joy and consolation. His master was so delighted with the virtues and noble qualities Paschal displayed that he offered to adopt him and make him his heir. But the Saint, thanking him for his kind intention, declared his desire to remain poor and to serve God in the seclusion of the cloister.

His desire was at length to be fulfilled. In 1564, when Paschal was twenty-four years of age, the friars of the convent of Loretto; who lived according to the reform of St. Peter of Alcantara, convinced of his genuine virtues, admitted him into the Order. It is impossible to say with what spiritual joy he entered upon the religious life, in which he could serve God freed from the cares and distractions of the world and with a rule to guide his actions and to help him advance on the way of perfection. He embraced the obligations of the Rule and of community life with the greatest fervor. Everything seemed easy to him, and everything aided him to advance from day to day in the perfect imitation of our Divine Savior and of the Seraphic Father, so that his brethren who had grown old in the service of God looked upon him with mingled astonishment and admiration.

In his humility, he looked upon himself as the least of his brethren, and felt himself highly honored in being allowed to serve them in the meanest capacity. His obedience was heroic. In all things he submitted his judgement and will most perfectly to that of his superior, showing no preference for any place or employment, and regulating his holiest works and favorite practices according to their wishes. To carry out a commission of his superiors, he made the long journey across the Pyrenees and across France to Paris, barefoot, without provisions, and undisturbed by the dangers threatening him, especially, on the part of fanatical heretics. In his love of poverty, and self-denial, he was a faithful imitator of St. Francis and of St. Peter of Alcantara. His charity toward his brethren and toward the poor was but a reflex of his love of God. He consoled the afflicted, assisted the needy with every means in his power, recon-

ciled enemies, and led sinners to repentance and sincere conversion. His compassionate charity often obtained from God miraculous relief and assistance for his clients.

Paschal's prayer was almost uninterrupted. He loved and honored the Blessed Virgin with the tenderest devotion; but his heart was burning above all with a love of our Divine Savior in the Blessed Sacrament. Amid his various occupations as porter, rectorian, questor, cook, or gardener, he remained in spirit before the tabernacle in loving converse with Him who was the only treasure of his heart. He spent every spare moment in the church before the tabernacle; here he knelt with outstretched arms, rapt in ecstasy, and sometimes raised from the ground. From this source of grace, he derived an ever-increasing fervor and great supernatural lights so that he, the simple Brother, spoke on the most difficult truths of religion with a clearness and precision that astonished all.

When Paschal had thus spent twenty-eight years in religious life, it pleased the Lord to call him to his eternal reward. After bearing the pains of his last illness with heroic patience and fortitude, he surrendered his pure soul to God during the High Mass, on Whit Sunday, May 17, 1592, at the very moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host. At the news of his death, the people flocked in crowds to venerate the mortal remains of the servant of God, and were witnesses of many miracles by which God attested the sanctity of his servant. Paschal was beatified by Pope Paul V, in 1618, and canonized by Pope Alexander VIII, in 1690. By his Apostolic letter *Providentissimus Deus*, of November 28, 1897, Leo XIII declared the Saint the special heavenly patron of all Eucharistic Congresses and Associations.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

28. RAPID GROWTH OF THE THIRD ORDER

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed... which indeed is the least of all seeds." (Matth. 13, 31-32.)

The Third Order may well be compared to a grain of mustard-seed. Its beginning was insignificant, but after a very short time it spread throughout whole Italy. Yes, even in Germany, France, and other countries of Europe, we find members of the Third Order in the first half of the thirteenth century. This rapid growth had been foreseen by St. Francis.

When he still had but a small band of brethren about him, the thought came to them, "Will our mode of life find favor with men, and will our Order increase?" It was then that their holy Founder encouraged them saying: "Be of good cheer and rejoice in the Lord; do not be sad because our number is so small, and do not allow my simplicity and your's to discourage you. God has shown me that you will develop into a great multitude and that you will increase to the end of the world."

These words, which were meant in the first place for the First Order, are applicable also to the Third Order. In the year 1227, Pope Gregory IX wrote regarding the Tertiaries: "They are very numerous and they are a bright example of Christian perfection for the people. They lead a religious life, yes, the life of hermits, in as far as the laws of the times will permit." This was said of the Tertiaries only a

few years after the Third Order had been founded.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, Peter de Vineis wrote to his master, the emperor Frederick II: "The Friars Minor and the Friars Preachers (the Order of St. Dominic) have risen up against us They have founded two new fraternities (the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary and the Third Order) which embrace persons of every condition of life, men and women. All hasten to be received, and hardly anybody can be found whose name is not registered in one of these fraternities." This testimony, coming as it does from the pen of an enemy of the Church, is all the more weighty, and gives undeniable proof of the rapid growth of the Third Order.

But the Third Order, as we have already noted, was by no means limited to Italy. Also in the other countries of Europe, we find numerous Tertiaries, and that shortly after the Order was founded. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was received into the Third Order as early as 1221. In the year 1233, Pope Gregory IX wrote a long letter to the "continent virgins that live in Germany." By these continent virgins are meant the Sisters of the Order of Penance of St. Francis.

In an old chronicle we read the following passage: "There is hardly a town or a village in which one does not find a house or a convent of the Third Order, especially in the

territory belonging to the noble house of Hapsburg." The Order of Penance increased so rapidly, that Fr. Luke Wadding, the great Franciscan historian, could write toward the end of the thirteenth century: "The Third Order, which St. Francis established, flourishes most wonderfully. Many renowned men and princes even have received the habit of this Order. With great zeal they observe its rules and submit to them willingly. This institution has produced abundant fruits in holy persons of both sexes."

What was the cause of this rapid growth? The first was the preaching of penance by the Friars Minor. Wherever their words found a fruitful soil, their listeners endeavored to lead a life of penance. They could carry out their resolution best of all as members of the Third Order, and the Friars naturally encouraged the people to do this, that they might persevere in the path of virtue.

Another reason for the spread of the Third Order is found in the persecutions to which it was subjected almost from the very beginning. The Third Order, like the Church of God itself, was to grow strong by undergoing great persecutions. The Brothers and Sisters of Penance could not be accused of any crimes; they led an exemplary life and yet they were persecuted, because the sanctity of their lives was a thorn in the flesh of the worldly-minded, according to the words of St. Paul: "All that wish to live piously in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution." These persecutions strengthened the Tertiaries in their holy vocation on the one hand, and on the other caused their Order to become known and respected by many who, edified by the holy example of the Tertiaries, likewise became followers of the humble St. Francis.

The members of the Third Order

were persecuted by the world, but they were protected by the Roman Pontiffs. More than this. One Pope even deigned to defend one single Tertiary against the persecution of the civil authority. In fact, the Popes granted so many and so great privileges to the Brethren of Penance that one could well exclaim: "What benefits could the Roman Pontiffs have bestowed on the Third Order, and did not bestow?" This open espousal of the cause of the Tertiaries by the Vicars of Christ induced thinking men to reflect on the expediency of joining an Order which enjoyed such favor at the Roman court. And thus many men and women in the highest walks of life sought and found admission into the ever-increasing ranks of the Tertiaries.

Finally, one of the main causes of the great popularity of the Third Order was the eminent sanctity of its Founder and of many of its members. To St. Francis may well be applied the words of the Holy Ghost in Holy Scripture: "He was the great Father of a multitude of nations, and there was not found the like to him in glory." (Eccl. xlv, 20.) And then there was that shining galaxy of Tertiaries, as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Louis of France, St. Rose of Viterbo, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Angela Merici, St. Conrad, and all that glorious band of sainted Brothers and Sisters of Penance, who filled the earth with the sweet odor of their virtues and drew men to follow them in the path of penance.

Here let us pause, dear Tertiaries, and recall the persecutions which the Third Order had to undergo, and let us rejoice over the great fruits produced by these very persecutions. For it was the persecutions that proved the strength of the Third Order and showed that it came from God; it was the persecutions that separated the chaff of lukewarm

and wicked Tertiaries from the fervent, and led the latter to the highest rungs on the ladder of holiness.

And now make the application to your own lives. The storms of tribulation and persecution will break also over you. But be not afraid. Look up with confidence to Him. Who controls the destinies of all men and stills the waves and knows well how to draw good out of evil. He, will watch over you too, and

strengthen you to walk firmly and perseveringly on the chosen path of penance. And when the storm clouds of persecution and temptation seem to threaten you with dire destruction, remember that it is your loving Father in heaven who permits all this for the good of your own souls, and say with the holy patriarch Job: "As it hath pleased the Lord, so be it done; blessed be the name of the Lord!" (Job i, 21.)

A BOY'S FEARLESS PROFESSION OF FAITH

The following incident that occurred shortly before last Christmas in Steubenville, Ohio, will be read with interest and profit by all, and perhaps with a twitch of conscience by some for whom the Friday abstinence is sometimes a rather irksome duty.

A company of newsboys were attending a complimentary entertainment given by the local papers in the Victoria Theater in Steubenville, Ohio. After the performance proper, a number of friendly contests were started among the boys, groups of whom were called to the stage for that purpose. One of these contests was something in the nature of a Hallowe'en game, with sausages instead of apples dangling from a string. There were three of these sausages attached to a yard stick and the management stood swinging them in front of the boys. Raymond Sweeney, a Catholic newsboy of St. Peter's parish, was called with others to the platform for this contest, and before he realized what it was to be, he stood before the footlights with his companions facing the audience. When the boy saw that to win he must eat one of the sausages, and remembering that it was Friday, he promptly stepped from the line, telling the manager that he was a Catholic and could not conscientiously play such a game on Friday night. The manager apologized for his own thoughtlessness, and turning to the audience proposed a cheer in honor of a boy who had the courage and steadfastness to adhere to his religious principles at such a moment and to profess his faith so openly. The cheer lacked the heartiness the circumstances warranted, but Raymond's pluck had its reward just the same.

A Catholic gentleman who heard of this occurrence during his stay in Steubenville, decided to use the little incident as a lesson not to be easily forgotten. This gentleman believes that boys and men of Raymond Sweeney's spirit are needed in the Church of America to-day, and he hopes that Catholics who hear of one boy's courage will be led to imitate his example when a favorable opportunity comes their way. He accordingly purchased a gold watch, chain, and scapular medal, and giving it to the boy's pastor, Father Powers, requested that it be presented to the brave lad at the parish Christmas tree celebration. Father Powers did as he was asked, and made a little speech in presenting the gift. If the first audience in the theater did not rise to its opportunities in the way of demonstration, Father Powers' audience did, and the large hall rang with the deafening applause of the boy hero and his kind benefactor.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

IV. PRAYER A SOURCE OF THE TERTIARY'S JOY

"Ask, and you shall receive: that your joy may be full." (John xvi, 24)

How often, dear Tertiaries, is not the beautiful azure sky obscured either wholly or partially by dark clouds, which cast a gloom on the earth. Seldom is the serenity of the heavens unbroken by any clouds. Thus it is with earthly joy. The calm of the soul is disturbed by the daily trials and crosses that come upon us. Is suffering therefore incompatible with joy?

Let us cast our eyes on Mt. Calvary. "The sight of a man hanging in agony upon the cross arouses, at first, no sense of joy, it is true. Yet, there is a well-spring of joy in the sure faith, that the Divine Hero bleeding on the cross is dying in battle against the fiercest foe of joy and of salvation. and conquering as he dies. The cross becomes the symbol of victory and thereby the symbol of joy. Darkness and gloom are dispelled and everywhere is shed the glory of the resurrection. "Thus also is it with the cross and crucifixion in the life of each individual Christian. That a man should take up his cross daily (Luke ix, 23.); that he should not only bear his cross, but crucify the flesh, "the old man," (Gal. v, 24.)—these are not forced figures of speech, but stern demands which certainly do seem likely to lead far away from joy. Yet, the battle to which they summon is waged not against joy, but against joy's worst enemies. The cross obliges us to renounce the apples of Sodom, the wild cherries of sin, which are really no joys at all, but it does not demand a total renunciation of legitimate natural joys; it only insists that they be used in moderation and with a good

intention." (Bishop Keppler.)

God who loves us tenderly, has no other object in sending us sufferings but to make us happy, "You shall be sorrowful," says our Lord to his Apostles, "but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (John xvi, 20.) For this reason we should be patient under sufferings, and should resign ourselves to the will of God. Nay, more, we should rejoice in suffering, and thank God for it. "O Cross, so long desired, so much loved and so long sought after by me, behold I come to thee full of confidence and joy! Do thou separate me from men, and restore me to my Master, so that by means of thee he may receive me, who by means of thee redeemed me." (St. Andrew, Apostle.)

If your sufferings, dear Tertiaries, appear to you heavy and well nigh insupportable, then make use of the means given you by your holy Rule, namely prayer. Prayer is a potent help in all trials and tribulations. Indeed, there is a deeper meaning than is commonly supposed in the counsel of St. James, the Apostle: "Is any of you sad? Let him pray." (James, v, 13.) St. Chrysostom calls prayer "a refuge in every sorrow, a principle of constant pleasure," and St. Nilus calls it "a charm against sadness and depression of soul." The Holy Ghost is truly a comforter, who imparts joy to the heart in prayer. Well could, therefore, the Psalmist exclaim, "O taste and see that the Lord is sweet!" (Ps. xxxiii, 9.) Bishop Keppler says, "To pray means to relieve one's heart, to bid care begone, to breathe out misery and distress, to breathe in the pure mountain air and the energy of another world."

Your holy Rule offers you this means, when it obliges you to say daily "Twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glory be to the Father, unless prevented from doing so by ill health." (Chap. ii, 6.) Observe this part of your holy Rule diligently and devoutly and you will soon experience joys hitherto perhaps unknown to you. Through prayer your sufferings if not abated will, at least, be accompanied with many inner consolations; rays of joy will appear between the beams of the cross; roses of happiness will blossom amidst the crown of thorns; in a word, sorrow and sadness will disappear as clouds driven before the winds.

But Tertiaries must not be satisfied with this obligatory prayer. A model Tertiary will pray often, thus fulfilling the command of Christ: "We ought always to pray, and not to faint." (Luke, xviii. 1.) But how is this possible?

According to St. Thomas, whatever we do for the honor of God is true prayer. What is prayer? Prayer is the raising of our hearts and minds to God. But we can not do anything for the honor of God without raising our minds to him, and consequently without praying. Our Blessed Savior himself confirms his statement; for he once said to St. Catherine of Siena in a vision, "Everything that is done from love of God or charity to one's neighbor may be called a continual prayer. He who ceases not to do good ceases not to pray."

The easiest and most effectual way of fulfilling this commandment of praying always, is to have a good intention in all our works—to do all things for the greater glory of God, for the attainment of our eternal salvation, or as atonement for our sins. In this manner one will experience the joy contained in persevering prayer; a joy that never

diminishes, because it has its beginning and its end in God, the source of all joy.

The Tertiary Rule admonishes you to devout and grateful prayer: "They will neither sit down to table nor rise from it without first devoutly and gratefully invoking God." (Chap. ii, 3.) Devotion and gratitude are two important factors in the procurement of joy. Your prayers must, therefore, be a prayer of the heart, and of a grateful heart. Bishop Keppler sums up the necessary relationship between joy and gratitude in these words: "Indeed, if we develop in ourselves the sense of gratitude, and for all the good things daily bestowed on us give hearty thanks to the Heavenly Father 'from whom comes every best gift' (James, i, 17.), then we shall never again be without joy, for along the path of life we shall discover new joy constantly blossoming, and perceive perennial joys previously unnoticed. What a man prizes, he is grateful for, he knows how to value and esteem."

St. Paul also expresses this thought when he admonishes us: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say rejoice," and immediately adds the exhortation to "prayer and supplication with thanksgiving." (Phil. iv, 6) Truly, thanksgiving is an easy way of obtaining joy, and for that reason we should be all the more ready to make use of this means. We should be thankful for small favors as well as for great graces. Nothing makes us more pleasing to God and insures the receiving of further gifts from God than the spirit of gratitude. We should be thankful also to our fellow men, and our joy resultant therefrom will be great indeed. "Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts wherein also you are called in one body; and be ye thankful." (Col. iii, 15.)

SPRING REVERY

(From the German of F. W. Weber)

I roam amid Spring's glorious sheen,
 The sky is blue, the earth is green,
 The doves allure and thrushes trill,
 My heart is sorrow-worn and chill.

My weary heart the thought aggrieves
 That now so many a dear one leaves,
 That now when Spring returns to bloom
 So many descend into their tomb.

Without, in robes of shining gold
 Enchanting day on wood and wold;
 Within, the beads of death aglow
 Upon a brow in fever's throe.

Without, the songs of birds resound,
 Flowers and fruits on fields abound,
 The fiddler calls to dance and jest,
 Within, a heart has gone to rest.

The funeral knell, doth it agree
 With springtime song and gayety?
 With gardens fair and heavens clear
 The midnight drapery of the bier?

Ah, Nature! Dost thou build and mold
 Of naught save ruins dead and cold?
 Dost thou destroy with cruel wrest
 The fairest blooms to grace thy breast?

Dost rear the oak's imposing height
 Of youthful brawn and manhood might?
 Of maiden beauty free from blot
 The violet and forget-me-not?

Must hear a widow's woeful wail
 Ere thou will teach the nightingale?
 Must see a cheerless orphan weep
 Ere blithe and brisk thy brooklets leap?

Late, when the umbel droops and dies,
 And swallows turn to southern skies,
 Then call us, too, then show the way
 To Heaven's Spring of endless sway.

Spare yet the hearts untried and weak,
 That brave and struggle, plan and seek;
 Spare yet each head of flaxen hair
 Girt with the wreath of youth all fair.

Oh, do not clip the tender bud
 Happy in springtime's sunny flood,
 And clasping firm life's verdant tree
 Is dreaming dreams in careless glee.

My heart is weary, sad, and lorn,
 And more and more I pine and mourn,
 That now when Spring returns to bloom
 So many descend into their tomb.

F. B., O.F.M.

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART III. IN THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON

7. Up and Down the Amazon

After my papers of transfer arrived from Rome, I was appointed to undertake an extended trip up the Amazon to the boundaries of Peru and Ecuador. A small government steamer was at my disposal to make the trip. There were many Christian settlements along the stream, but many of them had not seen a priest for years, in consequence of which they were sadly demoralized and indifferent in religious matters.

On this tour, I observed the following method: On reaching a settlement where there were Christians, I had my presence publicly announced. If there was no church or chapel in the town, as was usually the case, I arranged for services and instructions on the steamer, which was converted into a chapel for the purpose. Generally there was an appalling ignorance in religious matters, and no little patience was needed to impart a knowledge of even the most necessary religious truths. Besides, many a time when it was my duty to correct disorders and abuses, it was just the white traders that would put all kinds of difficulties in the way. The greatest consolation I had on the trip was the baptism of children and of such adults as had been prepared to a greater or less extent by religious people. On this trip, I baptized no less than 3000 children and 200 adults, besides rectifying some 300 lawless marriages.

After cruising the stream for a month in my floating church, I reached the Brazilian fort of Tabatinga, on the borders of Peru,

administering the sacraments there to about one hundred soldiers. As Tabatinga is only a few hours voyage from Iquitos, I thought I would extend the trip to that community, of which I have already spoken in a previous chapter, and pay my respects to Fr. Jonas Hermoso, a member of the Ucayali mission, who was now stationed there. It would be hard to imagine the joy of the good people of Iquitos at seeing me again; for there, too, it had been reported that I had perished in the wilderness.

Near Iquitos the Ucayali river joins the Amazon. Which of the two streams is greater at that point would be hard to say. At the mouth of the Ucayali, they form a mass of water 1800 meters (somewhat more than a mile) broad. Farther down, it usually requires a good eye to see the shores from the middle of the stream. For the journey from Iquitos to Manaos twelve days are usually required; from Manaos to the mouth of the Amazon, fifteen days. On both shores, the land forms an immense plain; I do not think there is an elevation ten meters (about 33 feet) high anywhere along the course. Usually the flow of the stream is steady; only at the mouth there is sometimes a wilder movement due to tidal influences.

The expedition took about three months. Returning downstream, I gave my attention to the left shore, with results as consoling as on the upstream tour.

8. A Melancholy Change

Returning to Manaos, I found that meanwhile a band of new missionaries for our district had arrived

from Europe. Incidentally, they brought the news of the death of Pope Pius IX. Counting on their help we could look forward to see the neglected missions of the upper and middle Amazon flourish anew. Just at this time, the Emperor of Brazil issued orders to people the province of Amazonas (the westernmost portion of Brazil) with new colonies from the province of Liara; for in Liara, owing to drought, there had been several years of crop failure, and as a result some 30,000 people had starved. Fr. Prefect appointed me to head the colony. A steamer with a capacity of more than a thousand passengers was chartered to bring the colonists from Liara to their new homes.

I shall never forget the harrowing sight that met my eyes, when after a trip of ten days we reached the spot where we were to take on the passengers. Perfect skeletons they were that came shuffling toward us. Many were so weak, that they could not walk, could not even eat. Many had to be carried on litters to the ship. Within two days there were 1200 persons aboard, and the vessel was so crowded that one could hardly move. The worst of it was that our supply of drinking water gave out, and the turbid river water caused all kinds of sicknesses. In twelve days 300 of the 1300 passengers died, some of hunger typhus, others of dysentery or yellow fever, others again from overtaxing their stomachs in their weakened condition. There is no name for the misery that prevailed. Luckily hardly anyone died without first receiving the last sacraments.

For the present, the sufferers were accommodated about Manaos, pending the choice of a convenient locality for permanent settlement. Most of them were mestizos, being of mixed Portuguese and Indian blood. They were tall in stature,

and of an indolent, sottish disposition. In the course of time, more than 40,000 of these sufferers came from Liara, the missionaries having the task of finding new homes for them and establishing them therein.

9. On the Rio Negro

As a result of this colonization plan, I had to undertake several trips up the Rio Negro or Black River. Why it is called the Black River I cannot say; the water is so far from being black that it is as clear as crystal and as limpid as if it were fresh from the spring. The width of the river bed along its lower course averages about five kilometers (roughly three miles). The depth is not in proportion. Still, even steamers of medium draught can navigate to the mouth of the Uaupes river. By means of the Cassiquiare, the Negro is connected with the Orinoco river, and therefore also with Venezuela and Columbia.

The banks of the Negro are, perhaps, even more beautiful than those of the Amazon. The clear, bright water flows dreamily along. Crocodiles bask lazily on its shallow shores, and one can hardly rouse them by means of well directed bullets. The shores are very fertile, and, as a rule, not liable to floods. All tropical products thrive, while on the upper course, nearer the Cordilleras, one can find even European fruits. The staple exports are India rubber and sarsaparilla, which are shipped down the Amazon.

The method I had used on my missionary labors along the Amazon, I applied also here, as the circumstances were the same. It might have been forty years since a priest had visited these parts; the priest that had been in charge, lay at Manaos, an invalid for many a long year past, and no one had as yet been found to take his place. On a gov-

ernment steamer, we pushed upstream to the farthest point of navigation, trying chiefly to become acquainted and admonishing the people to prepare for the reception of the sacraments.

The farthest point reached after a tour of fifteen days, was Sao Gabriel, a town of 1000 inhabitants. They had a comparatively new church, but everything else was in a sad state of neglect; it required no little effort to awaken in them a sense of their duty as Christians. But everywhere else I found the people well disposed. Thus, I administered Baptism to thirty natives of the Quoba tribe, who had been instructed by a thoroughly Christian Portuguese family. Two of these natives I took with me to give them a higher education at the seminary of Manaos, in hopes that they would be of great assistance to us in converting the entire tribe.

After two months of strenuous exertion on both banks of the Negro river, we reached, on the return trip, the greatest tributary of the Rio Negro, the Rio Blanco or White river, so called not for having limpid water, but for its grayish, turbid water, which clouds the beautiful current of the Negro to a great distance down stream. Along the Rio Blanco are the haunts of many cannibal tribes. The stream is more than a kilometer (three fifths of a mile) broad at its mouth, and as to its volume, you can ascend the stream for eight days by steamer and ten days more by skiff, bringing you within reach of British Guiana. The Rio Blanco is known to bear gold, especially in times of high water, when sand and stone containing gold are washed ashore and carefully gathered by the natives. The Indians were comparatively easy to convert, though sad to say, the bad example of the whites usually kept them from embracing the Christian religion.

10. Up the Purus River

In June 1879, I returned to Manaos after being on the road for nearly four months. Fr. Prefect was highly delighted at the good accomplished by the expedition, and made a report of it to the government. The government, however, without allowing me much time to rest, requested that I be sent on a mission up the Purus river. There were some Christian settlements along its course, but the government wished also to be informed regarding the savage tribes haunting its shores. I begged Fr. Prefect to give me a companion missionary for the trip, the better to manage the work and to give special attention to the pagan tribes, to see if they could be gained in the course of time for Christ. So having made the usual arrangements, we made for the Purus on the same steamer that had taken me up the Negro.

To reach the Purus, we had to steam up the Amazon for three days. I made use of this opportunity to visit several settlements along the shore in which I had labored the previous year. The people were delighted to see me again, and I was much pleased to find that they had not forgotten my instructions. I made arrangements with them to prepare for the reception of the sacraments against my return from the Purus.

The Purus river is not as vast as the Ucayali, the Madeira, the Napo, or the Negro; yet it is a mighty stream, much greater than any I have seen in other countries. The breadth of the river bed now and then reaches the extent of three or four kilometers, and with a steamer, such as ours was, one might navigate the Purus for eight days without any trouble. As a general thing, making allowance for a vortex here and there, the

tributaries of the Amazon are easily voyageable along their lower course, the watershed being very moderate. What struck me as peculiar to the Purus was its serpentine windings, which afforded easy chances of landing and embarking.

On this mission, the same course was pursued as on the previous trips, my endeavor upstream being chiefly to acquaint myself with the conditions and to prepare the denizens of the shores for our return trip.

11. Hearts of Many Kinds

The settlers along the Purus were mostly newcomers, chiefly people that had sought refuge there from the famine-ridden province of Liara.

We ascended the stream as far as Sao Joaquim, a place of about one hundred inhabitants, where the rapids begin and where the water is not deep enough for steamers. The people of Sao Joaquim were nearly all Christians, but so ignorant that many did not even know how to make the sign of the Cross. They lived very much like the savages. We were, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with baptizing their children, leaving the rest for a more convenient time, as at present we had little time at our disposal.

Near Sao Joaquim dwelt a numerous heathen tribe of which we met

some members at the village. Never in all my wanderings in South America did I come upon people that were more deformed. They wore their ears, nose, and lips perforated, thrusting feathers, rings, and wooden pegs through the openings. They were much inclined to drunkenness, and prepared an intoxicating drink from the fruit of a certain tree which I never found anywhere else. I took a boy of this tribe to Manaos with me, and was highly delighted to learn later that another missionary employed the lad, who was unusually intelligent, to open his way into the tribe. Many were the conversions due to the services of the young neophyte.

Going down stream, we came to the settlement of Santa Rosa, where we found the soil better prepared for our ministrations. A fervently religious Portuguese had been devoting much time to the instruction of both Europeans and Indians, enabling me on my visit to baptize no less than fifty-two adults and more than one hundred children. The inhabitants of this settlement were compelled, by the attitude of the neighboring hostile Indians, to be always on the alert for war. The above-mentioned Portuguese, who accumulated a large fortune in Brazil, returned with me later to Europe to settle in his native town of Lisbon.

A LITTLE APOSTLE

By Fr. Giles. O.F.M.

“LIZZIE, look whether Pa is coming.”

It was a harsh voice that spoke these words. Without a reply, a slight, pale child of fourteen years, laid aside her sewing and started down the rickety stairs of the tenement. She looked searchingly up and down the street, but caught no sign of her father, al-

though it was after six o'clock and the factory had already been closed for the night. The child remained for a while on the sidewalk, and breathed in deep draughts of the evening air, which, though laden with the heavy fumes of the city's slums, was at least more invigorating than the musty air of her attic home. The street was narrow and crooked,

the houses dirty and dilapidated, and the whole environment spoke of poverty, misery, and sin. There was nothing to cheer the dreary scene except the rays of the setting sun that gilded the tall chimneys of the surrounding factories and breweries, and gave a rosy tint to the clouds of steam and smoke from the passing trains.

The great factories and breweries, well built and kept, bespoke wealth, but not for those who lived in their vicinity; and they formed a marked contrast to the hovels and miserable tenements round about. These were the homes of those who day after day toiled and sweated, that their employers might enjoy wealth and pleasures in their grand mansions far away from the dirt and misery of the slums. The melancholy of the scene was further increased by groups of sickly children—too young to work for their daily bread—that played in the dirty gutters and seemed to delight in the smut and grime of the street.

"And to-morrow is the first of May," sighed Lizzie, as she took one last look at the golden rays of the setting sun before returning to her work in the attic. As she climbed the steep steps, she thought of the beautiful processions that would be held on the following afternoon in the various churches in honor of the Queen of May, and she longed to take part in them as she had done in years past; but she knew that the wish was vain. She could be happy if nothing prevented her from receiving her weekly Holy Communion in the morning. With a fervent ejaculation to her heavenly Mother, Lizzie entered the room and said quietly:

"Father is not in sight yet," and then sat down to her sewing again. Picking up her needle, she glanced out of the dingy window and again sighed deeply.

"Get to work and stop staring

out of the window!" came the harsh voice again. "And if you haven't got that shirt done before long, I'll help you do it with a few raps of the stick!"

The child blushed at the sharp reprimand, and bending over her work, plied her needle briskly. The big clock in the factory tower near by struck the hour of seven, and it was now fast growing dark. The poor girl's eyes ached violently from the constant strain, but, as she looked up again for an instant to relieve them, she saw her mother go to the corner and take a heavy rod.

"O mother, please don't strike me!" she pleaded tearfully. "I am working as fast as I can, and my eyes burn, and my head aches so."

"You're a lazy, good-for-nothing girl, trying to play off sick. If that shirt isn't finished in fifteen minutes, I'll beat you black and blue."

With this threat, the woman left the room, and went down to the street. The room in which Lizzie was sewing was the largest of the three rooms she called her home. It was a low room directly under the roof. The house, a three story brick building, once a factory, had been converted into a tenement for factory hands and their families. The walls were constantly moist and the rooms miserably ventilated and dark. The only view the attic afforded was the alley, the towering smokestacks and the soot-covered walls of the factories.

To this home Mr. Williams had brought his four children three years since, after their mother had died and he had wasted all his earnings in the barroom and at the gaming table. About two months later, he married a second time, his choice falling on a hard, cruel woman whom he had met at one of his carousals. With little love for her husband and none at all for his four

children, the second Mrs. Williams made life bitter indeed for the little family. She abused the children from morning till night, and as soon as they were old enough not to lose themselves on the streets, she sent them out to earn their own living by selling papers. Lizzie, the eldest child, who was very adroit with the needle, was kept busy until late at night making shirts and overalls for a retail dealer in men's furnishings.

It was Saturday night, and the last shirt had yet to be finished, as the week's sewing had to be delivered regularly every Sunday morning. Lizzie had been troubled very much this week with a bad cold that had settled on her lungs, and in consequence she had not been as deft and quick at her work as usual. As her stepmother returned, Lizzie held out the finished garment. Snatching it from her, the woman examined it carefully, and not finding anything to criticize, put it aside without a word or a look of approval. The girl glanced out the window toward heaven, and whispered to herself, "All for Thee, my God, all for Thee!" She seemed to see her crucified Savior hanging on the Cross and blessing her with his wounded hand. But she was not long permitted to dwell on this consoling thought. Her stepmother, while occupied with numbering the garments, called out sharply:

"There you are dreaming again and doing nothing, when you ought to be making the fire and cooking supper."

Lizzie arose at once to do her mother's bidding. At half-past seven o'clock, foot-steps were heard on the stairs, and soon the smaller children, two boys and a girl, entered the room. The eldest boy approached the woman as she held out her hand eagerly towards him, and gave her about fifty cents in

coppers and nickels. She counted the money and then remarked:

"That's pretty good for the afternoon. But to-morrow you must do better. And what did you make?" she inquired of the other boy, as he stood trembling before her. He held out his hand, and she counted only four pennies. Taking the money, she struck him in the face and exclaimed angrily:

"Is that all you made this evening? Where are the papers you didn't sell?"

The little fellow was crying bitterly and could hardly speak for fear. At last he managed to say between his sobs:

"Another boy took them from me and would not give them back."

This explanation, far from conciliating the woman, only angered her more, and she whipped the child unmercifully. This proceeding caused the smallest child, a girl of six, to break into tears, well knowing that her turn was next, and that she should fare no better than her little brother.

"And what have you brought home?" the woman demanded as she began to search the pockets of the child's dress.

"I— was — afraid — to beg," sobbed the child, her voice choked with tears.

"I'll teach you to be afraid!" replied the stepmother going towards the corner to fetch the rod. But Lizzie divined her intention, and hastily took possession of the stick, saying as she did so:

"Please, mother, don't beat Annie! She is but a mere babe, and what can you expect of her?"

Ashamed of her unreasonable cruelty, the woman replied:

"All right. I won't beat you tonight, Annie, seeing it's the first time. But you will not get any supper; that's all there's to it. It will teach you to do what I tell you the next time."

With this she pushed the weeping child into another room, put her to bed, and then locked the door.

"And now let's have supper," she said, seating herself at the table. "But you, Charlie, will only get bread and water for not minding your business better," she explained, handing the youngest boy a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. "You don't even deserve this, but I'll be good to you."

Then she helped Lizzie and Johnnie to a meager plate of soup and potatoes, while she supplied herself most liberally. After their frugal meal, the two boys were marched off to bed, while Lizzie cleared the table and washed the dishes. When her mother had her back turned, she quickly concealed some bread and potatoes under her apron and under pretence of carrying some articles into the bedroom, she brought the food to her little sister. Pausing for a moment in the room, she softly admonished her little sister and brothers not to forget their night prayers, which she usually said with them, and then returned to the kitchen to do her work.

It was after nine o'clock when she had all the shirts and overalls folded and wrapped to be delivered on the following morning. Then she, too, retired to the bedroom, and closing the door after her, knelt down for her evening devotions. She prayed long and fervently for her dear mother, sent to an early grave by the abuse of her unworthy husband. She prayed for her poor father's conversion and also for her cruel stepmother, that God might soften her heart, and fill it with tenderness and motherly love. She prayed for her persecuted brothers and sister, that the faith implanted in their young hearts by their sainted mother, might not die for lack of proper care. She prayed also for herself, that God might give her the necessary grace to

carry her heavy cross over the stony and weary way to Calvary. Rising at last from her knees, she sprinkled the sleeping children with holy water, taken from a small bottle that lay concealed under her pillow, and kissing them good night, she retired.

Mr. Williams returned home very late that night, and a bitter exchange of words ensued between him and his wife. This was no uncommon occurrence, but, happily, the children were usually spared the unedifying scene. Their father was wont to leave the house immediately after supper, and would not return until they had been put to bed. Lizzie, however, keeping her pious vigils, often heard the fearful curses uttered at these times, and would then redouble her supplications, that God's blessings might descend upon the unhappy family and give it peace and joy.

* * *

Sunday morning, the first of May, dawned early and bright. Lizzie was up before sunrise, as she had to bring the garments to the dealer and fetch back the patterns for the following week. Sunday was the happiest day of the week for the little toiler, not because she had less work to do—for her unnatural stepmother insisted that the weekly washing be done on Sundays—but because it was the only day that she was able to assist at holy Mass. She had arranged with the store keeper to deliver the goods early Sunday mornings for the special purpose of being thus able to get off unnoticed to the church. If her stepmother had known this, she would never have allowed the child to go to the store on Sundays; but Lizzie knew how to guard her secret.

Hurrying along the street, she soon came to the church. Placing her bundle in a corner of the vestibule, Lizzie softly entered.

She had prepared herself for her weekly Confession the evening before, and she felt much encouraged by the words of consolation and advice her Father Confessor gave her. The good priest knew the child well, and strove hard to keep her on the narrow path of innocence. She was, indeed, a lily among the thorns, and the priest greatly admired her courage and perseverance.

After Mass, Lizzie went to the Blessed Mother's altar, now so richly decorated with flowers and candles. Kneeling down, she prayed the *Memorare* while her heart beat with love and fervor. Then raising her eyes fondly to the statue, she hastily left the church. While continuing her walk to the store, she dwelt on the happiness of the morning, and begged the Virgin Mother and her Guardian Angel to assist at the other Masses for her while she should be toiling at her work.

The store keeper, who, though an unbeliever, was a kindly old man, bade her a hearty good morning as she entered. Noticing that she coughed very much, he gave her an extra quarter to procure some medicine at a druggist's to relieve her throat. Lizzie thanked him sincerely for his kindness, but resolved to put the money aside for some more necessary purpose. On her return home, she gave the money received for the shirts and overalls to her mother, who immediately left the house, not to return until evening. This she did every Sunday, and spent the hard earnings of the week in sinful pleasures. Lizzie was then free to do almost as she pleased.

After breakfast, all four children set briskly to work to finish the washing as quickly as possible, and then to prepare their dinner. All the while Lizzie kept up a lively conversation, answering the childish questions of her little brothers

and sister, and telling them pretty stories, to make them forget the misery of their young lives. Thus the morning hours sped by. Dinner over and the room put in order, they all went down to the little yard behind the house, where a number of other children of the neighborhood had already gathered. As soon as Lizzie appeared, the children set up a joyful cry, and gathered about her. She greeted them cheerfully, and seating herself on an old wooden bench, began the usual Sunday afternoon instruction.

She told them of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; how they, too, had been poor and despised in this world, and had to work hard for their daily bread. She spoke to them of the holy Angels that watch over them, little realizing that she herself was also a guardian angel for these poor, neglected lambs of the Good Shepherd. She taught them the beautiful prayers she had learnt from her own dear mother, and strove to fill their young hearts with a horror for sin and the wicked world.

But the afternoon was not spent wholly in these pious exercises; for our little heroine understood very well how to unite piety with cheerfulness. After she had finished her instruction, she permitted the children to play various innocent games, and laughed gaily at their merry pranks.

It was, indeed, a beautiful sight — this Sunday afternoon gathering of the children of the poor behind the old tenement, while most of their elders were to be found in the haunts of vice. Lizzie was God's little apostle of the poor, a sunbeam piercing the dismal clouds of poverty and sin that surrounded her on all sides, a lily growing among the thorns, that was yet to draw more than one soul to Christ by the sweet perfume of her innocent life.

(To be continued)

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. It has been truly said that "it is chiefly owing to the labors of the Franciscan Order that devotion to our Blessed Lady has reached at present the zenith of its glory." If we would not degenerate from the piety of our ancestors, we must each endeavor to do something toward honoring her.—Fr. Candido Da Galiole, 1st Order.

2. Blessed is the man who bears with his neighbor according to the frailty of his nature as much as he would wish to be borne with by him if he should be in a like case.—St. Francis.

3. Heaven is not for cowards.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

4. Humility is the crowning virtue of man. It is this which improves, perfects, and guards him. Without humility no one can acquire any virtue nor persevere in any perfection.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

5. Every good work ought to be done with the view of appealing to God's mercy for our sins or the sins of others.—St. Joseph Cupertino, 1st Order.

6. It is shameful that we, who have been placed on earth to gain heaven, should think of it so seldom, and never speak of it except with levity.—St. Elzear, Tertiary.

7. Be not troubled over the opinion of men; act according to the dictates of your conscience, and fear God more than men.—Ven. Bro. Illuminatus, 1st Order.

8. How blind are men to do so little with their time! One day they will have to render an account of the unprofitable use they have made of it. This time, short though it may be, can merit eternity for us, but time once passed will never return.—St. Catherine of Bologna, 2nd Order.

9. We can not help all who suffer, but at least we can have sympathy for all and behold Jesus Christ in all of them.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

10. It is only through the poor that we can offer anything to God, who has need of the poor to thus induce us.—St. Francis.

11. During the years of his theological studies, Bl. Benedict of Urbino of the Capuchin Order, often prayed, "Grant me, O Lord, that knowledge which will teach me to know Thee. But give me above all the grace to love Thee, for I only wish to know Thee that I may love Thee."

12. St. Lidwina, Tertiary, for thirty-eight years suffered constantly all sorts of infirmities, and yet she was always smiling and cheerful, for she thought continually of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

13. Try with the grace of God, to the best of your ability to direct your thoughts to God; the servant of God can do nothing better nor more useful than this; this practice will satisfy the spirit, enkindle the heart, enlighten the understanding, prevent venial sins, and banish vice. It is also the best preparation for prayer.—Bl. Baptista Varani, 3rd Order.

14. I have made an agreement with my tongue never to utter a word while my heart is excited.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

15. It is useless for anyone to attempt to better the condition of his neighbors, unless his own personal life is fashioned in sound principles.—Fr. Cuthbert, 1st Order.

16. The mortification of the appetite is the alphabet, as it were, of spiritual life. He that knows how to restrain himself in this vice will not find it difficult to overcome others which are less easy to manage.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

17. O God, who hast bestowed on Bl. Paschal a wonderful love for the mysteries of Thy Body and of Thy Blood, grant that participating in this divine Banquet, we may draw from it the same fervor of devotion as Thy glorious servant.—Prayer on the feast of St. Paschal, 1st Order.

18. All creatures lead us to God, if we consider them in the right light.—St. Felix of Cantalice, 1st Order.

19. Be charitable toward the poor; the Lord will not fail to reward even in this life, the least work of mercy.—St. Ives, Tertiary.

20. It is related of St. Bernardine of Siena, of the First Order, that so great was the modesty of his countenance that the mere sight of him was sufficient to make his companions assume a grave posture, so much so, that if anyone observed that Bernardine was coming, they all forthwith became recollected.

21. God is ever present and unites himself to our soul when he finds it calm and ready, even in the streets and public places.—Bl. Humiliana, 3rd Order.

22. If an angel from heaven were to teach me a different faith than the one I have been taught and have believed from my youth, I would not hold it as true; and if they would cut my body, piece by piece, I would never deny my holy faith, nor be unmindful of my vows as a child of St. Francis.—Bl. John Forest, Martyr 1st Order.

23. True devotion to the Blessed Virgin consists above all things in not offending her diviné Son.—Bl. Crispin, 1st Order.

24. Your prayer is already heard if it has passed through the lips of Mary.—Bl. Crispin, 1st Order.

25. I consider it a greater virtue to know when to keep silence than to speak well.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

26. Perfection consists in loving God above all things and our neighbor for God's sake, and in despising and judging no one but ourselves.—Bl. Margaret of Hungary, Tertiary.

27. We thank the Order of Friars Minor for all the good it has conferred on the Church of God throughout the world, and still continues to confer. I love all the Orders, but in a special manner do I love the Order of Friars Minor, whose Protector I am.—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

28. It is deceit of the devil, that induces us to judge rashly of the faults of the servants of God. For in extracting the mote from the eye of our neighbor, do we wish to retain the beam in our own?—Mary Gometi, 3rd Order.

29. When even only the slightest spark of good will is at hand, grace is always ready to enkindle it into a flame.—Countess I. Hahn-Hahn, Tertiary.

30. O Lord, who seest the hearts, thou knowest that I do not seek my own honor but only thy greater glory. I do not strive to obtain a perishable kingdom, but only to spread the knowledge of thy name.—St. Ferdinand, of Castile, King, Tertiary.

31. Weep with the sorrowful, rejoice with the joyful, and be silent in the company of those who speak idle words.—Jane of the Cross, 3rd Order.

IEWS OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS

To the Editor:—I am a middle-aged Tertiary, recently professed at St. —Church,—. Viewing the vast multitudes that attend the meetings here, I was deeply impressed with the need of classifying the members and wondered how any good could be accomplished without it.

When I read your article on how to recruit the Order from the ranks of the young, I was tempted to send you my opinions, but being a humble lay person and thinking there must be some very grave reasons for this lack of classification, I thought it might be impudent of me. Now that the Rev. Fr. Godfrey Shilling, O.F.M., has solved the problem in the April issue of the Herald by a plea for the classification of members, I make bold to follow him up, (as a child confirming the opinions of its father) with a plea for the classification of the members as to age, sex, and social standing.

It is my experience also, though a member but a short time, that this lack of organization and classification is a detriment to the Order in point of the young joining, people of good social standing joining, and good works accomplished.

The young members are few, and those, put out of sight, lost, submerged, crushed at over-crowded meetings composed almost entirely of old and middle-aged women. They look out of place, in an unnatural mix-up, though it is but natural that they should be found under the banner of the young, pure, sweet St. Francis.

Those of good social standing, the rich and well educated, are few for the same reason. If they had their meetings apart, their leisure, means, and abilities could be directed into proper channels and much good accomplished. Their meetings could be held through the week, either afternoons or evenings, which would leave Sunday for the other classes.

N. J.

To the Editor:—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, and admire it very much. I do think it is suitable reading for every member of the Third Order. However, I should like to make a suggestion, which may appeal to others as well as to me.

I think it would improve your magazine if you could find space to install a Question Box or Correspondence Page, where the ignorant ones of us could ask for enlightenment about the finer points of our Religion and of the Third Order. Some of us are not so fortunate as to be able to attend all the meetings and to hear all the instructions, and in this way we could ask the things we do not know or are in doubt about.

Please ask your readers their opinion on this matter and greatly oblige,
Francis Anthony.

(Will our readers please to communicate their views on this suggestion?—Editor.)

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE THIRD ORDER AND OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH AGAIN

Our readers will recall a suggestion made in the last issue by the Rev. Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O.F.M., on the subject of recruiting the Third Order from our Catholic youth. The Rev. Father thought it advisable to receive the children first into the Archconfraternity of the Cord, and if they proved faithful to their duties, to admit them into the Order at the age of sixteen or seventeen. We have since received several communications on the point at issue, one of which, from a secular priest on the Pacific Coast, seems to deserve more than a passing notice.

This correspondent thinks it advisable, nay even imperative to admit children into the Third Order as soon as possible, viz., at the age of fourteen. As the Order has its regular novitiate or time of probation, he sees no reason why they should first be tried in the Archconfraternity. In his opinion, there is no society or confraternity so well adapted to the present-day needs of persons of every age, children included, as the Third Order of St. Francis. It is the one society of which the Church expects the regeneration of the masses or, in other words, the salvation of society.

In a country, he continues, where, in one year, 50,000 girls from fourteen years upward fall a prey to the minions of vice, it is high time for the Third Order, which was instituted to save society, to step forward and do its duty firmly and fearlessly. If the Order does not succeed in getting the children at the age of fourteen, most of them will be lost to it forever; while, if they are early imbued with the Franciscan spirit, not much fear need be had for their innocence. Get the girls at fourteen, he declares; for, at seventeen, many of them have already fallen a prey to the wolves.

For many years, the Reverend Father continues, the Third Order has been asleep; but, he fancies that it is now struggling to rouse itself from its lethargy. He likens it to a lioness that, confident of her own strength as well as that of her whelps, sees no need of sheltering them within her lair but allows them to stray in quest of food. On seeing her cubs snatched from her by prowling wolves, he hopes the lioness moved by maternal instinct, will make an effort to protect those whom it is her duty to save.

We publish these views without comment, and invite further correspondence on the subject.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The frontispiece of the present issue is an illustration of the fifth corporal work of mercy: "To visit the imprisoned." The scene is a gloomy dungeon. Seated on a pallet and laden with chains, a Christian is pining in Moslem captivity. For many a weary year he has prayed and waited for one of his fellow Christians to appear with the ransom necessary for procuring his freedom. At last, the prison door opens, and before him stands a priest of the Order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, who informs him that his exile and captivity have come to an end, and that he is free to return to his family and friends in the land of the Christians.

The days of the crusades and Moslem wars are over; yet the Christian duty of visiting the imprisoned still remains. By the imprisoned are meant such persons as, for one reason or the other, are deprived of their personal liberty. The fact that they are in prison, even through their own fault, does not exclude them from our charity. For, even thieves and murderers and incendiaries and highway robbers are men created after the image of God and redeemed by the precious Blood of his Divine Son, and, for this reason, worthy objects of our love. Though we may be unable to do anything toward increasing their bodily comforts, we can yet do much to relieve their mental and spiritual misery, which is often more oppressive and unbearable than the privation of liberty and material pleasures.

In every large city, there are houses of detention and correction, where wayward children, among them many of Catholic parentage, are sometimes left without any religious instruction or spiritual guidance. Would it not be very commendable as well as meritorious for the Tertiaries to visit these children at regular intervals and to teach them the truths of our holy religion, especially if the priest should be debarred from such institutions? Again, there are many Catholic men and women in the penitentiaries, who would be glad to receive Catholic literature and who would profit much thereby. How easy would it be for the Tertiaries to send them a supply from time to time. All they would have to do is to preserve their Catholic papers and periodicals and on the day of the monthly meeting to deliver them to their Director to be forwarded by him to the prisoners. Who can tell what good might be wrought in the souls of these outcasts of human society by the perusal of a pious story or anecdote. Catholic chaplains of state prisons have been able to trace more conversions than one to the reading of a good book or paper.

Tertiaries, however, should direct their attention not only to the redemption of the criminal but also to the prevention of crime. Therefore, they should lend their support to every measure that tends to promote the morality of the community in which they live. While they should not make it a point to criticize the city officials and to meddle in their affairs, they should, nevertheless, insist, with all means at their disposal, that those who are commissioned to watch over the public morals, discharge their duties faithfully and fearlessly. Certainly, the authorities will not object if well-meaning citizens cooperate with them in preventing crime. Tertiaries will, therefore, deserve well of the community if, for instance, they keep a watchful eye on the places of amusement and entertainment frequented by the young, and report any grave misdemeanor. Such places are very often nothing more than schools of vice and crime, and they would not be tolerated by the authorities if right-minded citizens would raise their voices to protest against them. Let Tertiaries remember that the delinquent child of to-day is the hardened criminal of to-morrow, that our prison houses would not be so crowded if some of our amusement places were not so much frequented, and that after all it is much more pleasant and profitable to prevent crime than to redeem the criminal.

NUMBERS AND EFFICIENCY

According to the conservative estimate based on the latest available statistics of the Order of Friars Minor, the number of Franciscan Terti-

aries in this country is approximately 50,000. This figure represents a very appreciable gain in the membership of the Order within the last decade. Considering the fact that until quite recently the Third Order was hardly known in this country, the growth of the Order may be said to be truly marvelous. This would indicate that the Order is rapidly gaining favor with American Catholics, and that it may not be long before it will be in point of numbers *facile princeps* of all our religious societies.

But before peering into the future, let us rather take a look at the present condition of the Order. Why is it that in spite of its numbers, the Third Order is seldom heard of? Why is it that it enjoys so little prestige? Why does it exert so little influence on the parishes in which it is established? Why is it that the sphere of its social activity is so very, very limited? To all these questions we unhesitatingly answer, that this is due to the lack of organization. The Third Order in this country is as yet only a *rudis indigestaque moles*—a confused and unorganized mass, without any definite shape. True, it has within it the principle of life, the spirit of St. Francis, but it can not operate properly, because its organism is not yet sufficiently developed.

Fifty thousand! This number makes up the army of St. Francis in the United States. But does this army present a united front? Is it "terrible" when drawn up in battle-array? Is it made up of trained soldiers or of raw recruits? Does it follow a definite and consistent plan of action, or are its operations haphazard and spasmodic? We shall not undertake to answer these questions, but we hope we shall be pardoned for humbly giving it as our opinion that the time has come to address ourselves to the work of organizing the Third Order in this country.

Therefore, let each fraternity elect an able, energetic, efficient council; let the councilors together with the Director outline a definite and practical program of social action; let them further classify the members, divide them into decuries, assign to each division its work and to every member his or her post, and the first step toward organizing the Third Order and increasing its efficiency shall have been taken. The following citation from *The Catholic Advance* may serve to corroborate our statements.

"When anxious to convert the world, saints like Benedict, Dominic, Francis of Assisi or Ignatius Loyola did not go forth alone. They gathered around them men of good will, trained them and gave them a rule of life, then sent them as efficient soldiers to batter the enemy's works. Individuality was forgotten in the prestige of the Order and success followed.

"Making allowances for changed conditions, the example of such wise men might well be imitated to-day in our numerous conclaves or conventions. Find out what you want, learn how it may be obtained, then count the strong right hands that will be with yours in the fray and go out to win. Vacuous resolutions deploring this, regretting that or vigorously condemning something else cover much paper—and that's all.

"The Catholic Church has the solution for temporal as well as eternal problems. What we need is men to apply her principles, men who will forget everything else in their allegiance to Faith. Unite and you are bound to win."

PERSECUTION AND INDIFFERENCE

That a storm of persecution is gathering over the Catholic Church in this country, can no longer be denied. We can readily understand why this should be so. The Church is far too powerful and active to escape the notice of her enemies. But we cannot understand how Catholics can remain indifferent to the onslaughts against the Church that are daily increasing in vigor and number. One reason for this apparent indifference on the part of Catholics doubtless is their confidence in the prediction of our Savior that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against" his Church. We are inclined to think, however, that with most Catholics this confidence is not wholly unalloyed, but mixed with a feeling of false security if not of shameful timidity. Hence their inactivity and long-suffering or, if you please, indifference.

This attitude of Catholics is well described in the words of Cardinal Newman: "We have a goodly inheritance," he says. "This is apt to cause us—I do not mean to rely too much on prayer, and the Divine Blessing, for that is impossible, but we sometimes forget that we shall please Him best, and get most from Him, when we use what we have by nature to the utmost, at the same time that we look out for what is beyond nature in the confidence of faith and hope. However, we are sometimes tempted to let things take their course, as if they would in one way or another turn up right at last for certain; and so we go on, living from hand to mouth, getting into difficulties and getting out of them, succeeding certainly on the whole, but with failure in detail which might be avoided, and with much of imperfection and inferiority in our appointments and plans and much disappointment and discouragement in consequence."

Unless we are altogether mistaken, the Third Order emblem has come to stay. We are gratified to be able to say that the hearty welcome it received from Tertiaries the country over, surpasses our most sanguine expectations. Indeed, the demand for emblems has been so great that it far exceeds our original supply. We ask the Reverend Directors and the Tertiaries, therefore, kindly to have a little patience if we do not fill their orders as promptly as they might expect. We shall soon have another supply, and then we shall lose no time filling the orders on file at present. Of course, it is but fair that in this matter we should be guided by the homely adage: "First come, first served." We have carefully noted the hints and suggestions we have received relative to the improvement of the emblem, and we will make the changes in due time.

We hereby gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the first three copies of *The Franciscan Missions of the Southwest* and also the German edition of the same annual. The annual contains a detailed report of the work done among the Indians, principally the Navajos in Arizona, by the Franciscan Fathers of the Cincinnati Province. It is profusely illustrated and makes interesting and instructive reading. Price per copy 25c.

The manual published last year by the Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, O. F. M., for the members of the "Pious Union in Honor of St. Joseph for the Salvation of the Dying" has now been turned into German. This version is substantially the same as the English edition, and we hope it will meet with the same favor and success. Price 20c.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

VII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

FR. Mazanet and the three or four religious who remained with him more than a year after the departure of Governor Teran, endeavored to make the best of the unfavorable situation, but with little success. Their main grievance was the misconduct of the soldiers left behind for their protection. Of the fifteen guards, some rebelled and deserted. Only nine remained at their post, but they did as they pleased. Often they would even assault the wives of the Indians to the great scandal of the natives, and the Fathers were powerless to restrain them. As these soldiers taken from the slums of Mexico, feared neither God nor man, preaching or private remonstrances could not deter them from their excesses. The result was that the Indians, who had already given trouble while Teran still tarried among them, began to plan revenge. Unfortunately also for the missionaries, the harvest suffered greatly from the drought for two successive seasons; most of the cattle succumbed to disease, and those that survived were stolen by the savages.

Under such circumstances it was impossible to gather prospective converts into pueblos or mission settlements. Then there were other obstacles. The country was mountainous; and in the narrow valleys of that region sufficient fertile

land could not be found to maintain a large community of people. Even where good soil abounded, the savages could not be induced to live together in considerable numbers. Each family preferred to seek its own convenience anywhere, so long as the place yielded just enough grain to last them throughout the seasons unfavorable for hunting. The implements were the most primitive, consisting only of spades and hoes of hard wood toasted in fire. Naturally, only loose soil could be cultivated by such means. Yet, the Indians, unmindful of the spiritual and temporal advantages of life near the mission, preferred to eke out a precarious living by themselves rather than to associate with the worthless soldiery.

Furthermore, having been doubtless incited thereto by the medicine men, the savages attributed the diseases and deaths among their people to the influence of the new religion, which some of the natives had accepted. This resulted in threats against the missionaries themselves, and so made void all efforts at spreading the Gospel.

The indefatigable Fr. Mazanet reported the situation to the viceroy, and as an indispensable remedy asked for a sufficient number of trustworthy guards to protect the missionaries from the violence of the savages.

The urgent appeal had no more effect than the personal efforts of Fr. Casañas. On the contrary, by an order of the vicerojal government dated August 21, 1693, the Fathers were directed to retire. In the latter part of October, therefore, the disappointed Fr. Mazanet and his companions left the two missions in the present Houston and Cherokee counties, after they had buried the bells and other non-perishable goods, and reluctantly returned to Querétaro by way of Coahuila.

This action, intended to be only temporary, was not accomplished without protest from at least some of the Indians. The chief at Mission San Francisco objected most vigorously. "Father," he bitterly complained to Fr. Hidalgo, "why wilt thou leave us? What offence have I and my people committed against thee? Have we not served thee faithfully in all circumstances? Have we not every year cultivated thy garden? For anything for which thou didst need the Indians, hast thou not found them willing to assist thee?" Poor Fr. Hidalgo could but reply that he had received strict orders to leave, and must obey.

"If thou wilt remain," the disconsolate chief retorted, "I promise to build a dwelling and church where thou canst offer holy Mass, and we, those of my household and family, will pray there every day without fail."—"Why only thou and thy family"? Fr. Hidalgo questioned. "Ah, Father! dost thou not know very well how fickle-minded these people are? Dost thou not know from experience that on this subject they are very headstrong? But, as for me, I promise not to be remiss."

Doubtless, Fr. Hidalgo would have preferred to stay alone among these people, but there was no evading of the peremptory orders from

Mexico. So the two missions of San Francisco and of Santa Maria on the Neches River were abandoned, though not forever, as Fr. Hidalgo hoped against hope. For twenty years and more, however, the savages were left in undisturbed possession of Texas, until another and more serious menace to Spanish supremacy, in the regions east of the Rio Grande, aroused the rulers of New Spain (Mexico) to a saner and more determined effort at the spiritual and temporal conquest of that vast country.

With his departure from Texas, Fr. Damian Mazanet disappears from history. Nor do we know anything of his earlier years beyond the fact that he was a member of the Mallorcan Franciscan Province, and probably a native of that island, which has furnished many of the most zealous Indian missionaries, such as Fathers Junípero Serra, Francisco Palóu, Fermin Francisco de Lasuén, Juan Crespi and others who established the first missions in California. Fr. Mazanet reached Mexico in 1683 with the apostolic Fr. Antonio Linaz, and thus became one of the founders of the noted missionary College of Santa Cruz de Querétaro.

"The question may well be raised," says Clarke in his *Beginnings of Texas*, "whether these several unsuccessful efforts to establish missions among the Tejas and Cadodachos were of any permanent value in the evolution of Texas. Without doubt, they were. A certain amount of substance and energy must always be wasted in forcing civilization into an unbroken wilderness. Each new country has its peculiar difficulties, which only experience can teach how to overcome. Paths must be traced, mountains and valleys traversed, boundaries searched out, and coasts and rivers explored; and these things are seldom accomplished without the lav-

ish expenditure of men and means. That remote inland settlements are difficult to establish and more difficult to maintain; that the organization of an extensive system of missions must be the slow work of years, and not the accomplishment of a summer campaign; that the conversion of even the most tractable of Indians must be a mingling of force with persuasion; and, finally, that the mission could thrive only when it existed side by side with the presidio (garrison),—these were the useful deductions from Fray Damian Mazanet's costly experimenting.

"And there were other lessons of value. A more correct idea of the geography of Texas was obtained; the most important rivers were named and their course determined; roads were marked out from Coa-

huila to the plains of southwest Texas along which Spanish civilization could advance more surely; and the Bay of Espiritu Santo became an easy and familiar landing place for later expeditions. All these facts were worth something when the time came at length to undertake seriously the task of opening the lands beyond the Rio Grande settlement. The little log church of San Francisco and its companion mission by the Neches, although ephemeral and productive of no immediate good, in the larger outlook were eminently worth while; for they served as an admonition and a warning when, twenty years later the friars came again to stretch their line of larger and more substantial churches from the Rio Grande to the Sabine."

MEXICAN REFUGEES

AT MISSION SAN LUIS REY, CALIFORNIA

POOOR Mexico! The storm tearing over that country as yet gives no indication of ceasing. It continues to battle wildly against the Church and to cast upon our shores its wreckage—broken-hearted and broken-bodied bishops, priests, and religious. Like all the States bordering on the unhappy country, California has its quota of refugees, and is exerting itself to relieve their needs, both corporal and spiritual. Santa Clara is harboring Jesuit exiles, and Old Mission San Luis Rey is giving shelter to an increasing number of Franciscans. There are now at this Old Mission nine exiles, including three men of high standing. They are the following: Fr. Salvador Reyes, lay brother; Fr. Cypriano Herrera, subdeacon; Rev. Fr. José N. Casillas; Rev. Fr. Bonaventura Nava, Commissary of the secular Tertiaries; Rev. Fr. Antonio Gomez; Very

Rev. Fr. Antonio Salazar, Provincial; Very Rev. Fr. Alfonso Sanchez, Provincial and Commissary of all the Mexican Franciscans; Very Rev. Cenobio Vasquez, Canon of the cathedral of Zacatecas; Most Rev. Francisco Mendoza, Archbishop of Durango.

The stories of these refugees are much the same as those well known to the readers of the Catholic press. All escaped with only the clothing on their backs. Some, among them the Most Rev. Archbishop, were subjected to all kinds of insults and even to imprisonment; others were conveyed out of the country in filthy cattle cars; two escaped aboard ship only through the kind offices of the American Consul at Manzanillo, arriving in San Francisco with only a blanket under their arms, so that they might have been mistaken for tramps.

The Rev. Bonaventura Nava,

Commissary General of all the secular Tertiaries of Mexico, a man known throughout that republic as a powerful preacher and as editor of a Tertiary periodical, narrowly escaped capture on several occasions. Once betaking himself to a river with his enemies in hot pursuit, he eluded them only by having recourse to the ruse of St. Athanasius, by turning back after he had gone a little distance and coolly passing them while they sped on. Ow-

the country. For a part of the way he traveled in a military train under the protection of a revolutionary soldier whose friendship he had gained.

Though these poor refugees are now safe in the Mission of San Luis Rey, their sufferings are not ended. Exile for a man who loves his country and his people, is never without great pangs, the more so when both the people and the language of their new home are strange. Add



MEXICAN REFUGEES

Fr. Jose Casillas, Fr. Cyp. Herrera, Canon Vasques, Br. Sal. Reyes, Fr. Bon. Nava
V. R. Ant. Salazar, V. R. Alf. Sanchez, Archbishop Mendoza, Fr. Dominic, Fr. Ant. Gomez

ing to the great influence he exercised over the people, the Revolutionists set a price of \$5000 on his head, and decreed the death penalty on any one who, knowing of his hiding place, should refuse to deliver him up. Escaping at last into the wilds, the good priest roamed over mountains, and through valleys and forests, and after undergoing the greatest hardships, finally succeeded in making his way out of

to this the change from the warm climate of Mexico to that of our more northern country. Mexico is still to them, in spite of its political and religious disturbances, the best country in the world,—there is no other quite so good as Mexico, with its fruits and flowers, its mild climate, its wonders of nature, and especially with its childlike faith and piety. All these exiled priests and religious long to return as soon as

possible to their beloved mother country and to spend themselves there for the honor of God and the welfare of their people.

Yet they have trained themselves not to give way to sorrow and sadness. Their strong spirit is not broken. Without delay they set about learning English to fit themselves for the apostolic ministry in the land of exile. Moreover, no sooner had they settled down in their new abode, when they began to negotiate with the superiors of the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart for taking over the Old Mission San Luis Rey as a house of studies for the twenty or more Franciscan Clerics, who have been driven from their convents and who will, perhaps, be lost to the Order and the sacred ministry unless suitable quarters be obtained for them.

The Old Mission was readily turned over to them as a house of studies, and these deeply religious men now look forward with undaunted courage to the future. Much remains to be done before the Old Mission convent can accommodate so many religious and serve as a house of studies, as only a part of it has been occupied these past years. Sections of the grand old building are entirely ruined, while many of the rooms are only lathed, and without doors and furniture. Other rooms again are uninhabitable, unless the damp cement pavement be covered with wooden flooring. And last but not least, the roof leaks badly in almost all parts of the house. Then, too, they will need bedding and also books, if they are to continue their studies. Whence get

the wherewithal to meet the appeals of these outstretched hands? Unhappy Mexico can not furnish it.

That these unfortunate exiles are most worthy of our charity, is evident to those who have come in contact with them. They are, like all Mexicans who love their country, men filled with deep faith and humble piety. Expressions like "How great is God!" "Blessed be our Lord!" "Blessed be our Lady!" and similar exclamations are constantly on their lips. Indeed, so frequent is their use of the holy names, that a person unaccustomed to it and quick to judge according to our standards, will be inclined to condemn them for using the name of the Lord and His Blessed Mother irreverently; whereas these expressions are nothing else than the effusions of their pious souls, imbued from their earliest childhood with an ardent love for God and His Saints.

They have above all an humble, unwavering confidence in Divine Providence, and their confidence will surely be rewarded. God will, no doubt, inspire pious and generous souls to come to their assistance and enable them to continue the work made impossible for them in their own country. All the Mexican refugees deserve the warm and generous sympathy and aid of their more fortunate Catholic brethren in the United States. Nor should we allow our charity to become inactive after providing for their present crying wants; but, as the Very Rev. Dr. Francis Kelly so ably pleads, we ought not to cease until we have helped them back to their own.



EDIFYING DEATH OF AN INDIAN CHILD

MY little nephew, Matthias Vavages, died on Wednesday morning, March 3, just before sunrise. He was only nine years old. During the last weeks of his life, he was very anxious to receive Holy Communion every day, and he never complained, although at times he must have had great pains. On Tuesday evening, March 2, before sunset, he became very weak. He was lying in the arms of his mother. My mother also was at his side. All at once he said to his mother, "Mother, now I know that I am going to leave you and will go to my Father in heaven. But I will never forget to pray for you that some day you may come and see that beautiful place."

His father asked him if there was anything that hurt him very much. He replied, "No, my heart is full of happiness. Listen! there is somebody playing music. It sounds so nice. I know it is my music." Then he was quiet again. All of a sudden he said, "Look, there is something peeping in at the door. It looks so ugly." They told him that they did not see anything; but he kept on saying that he saw ugly creatures coming and asked to be turned to the east. My mother told him not to be afraid but to think of God. They placed a rosary in his hands and all said some prayers together. During these prayers, he looked very attentively at the medal of the Blessed Virgin, which hung on the rosary. When they had finished their prayers, he told them that the ugly beings had gone.

Then he spoke again to his mother saying, "I have already said that I am going to die. After my death you must stay firm in your religion,

be good all the time, often receive the Sacraments, and go to Mass every Sunday." Then he asked his father to come close to him and told him the same thing. In like manner also he spoke to my mother.

Then he asked that his little brother, Francis Nelson, who is only about three years old, be brought to him. The little boy was already asleep, and his parents did not want to awaken him. But when he asked them again and again, his parents awoke the child. He called the little boy to himself and said, "Nelson, my little brother, I am about to leave you in this hard world, where you will suffer many hard things. And I am going to the next world, to the most beautiful place, where I will be happy every day, and I will pray for you too. When you grow up, you must try to be good and one day you will come to see that nice place."

In this way he kept on talking throughout the whole night. Toward morning he spoke to my mother saying, "I am ready to go now, and will leave you all." My mother said, "It is well, although we all feel very sad to see you leave us. But it is the will of God; let it be done!" As she was saying this, his whole body began to sweat for a few minutes. Then he asked his father to bring in his coffin. His father, however, remarked that there would be time enough for this later on. But the dying child said, "No, hurry quickly, for there is not much time."

Before they could bring in the coffin, his nice soul had already gone to God, where he is now happy with Him, and, as we hope, he is praying there for every one of us.

Editor's Note: This edifying and touching description of the death of a little Pima Indian boy in St. John's in the Desert, Arizona, was written for the *Herald* by his Indian aunt, Annie Naname. It beautifully illustrates the strong faith of these poor Catholic Indians. We give the letter in the naive style and wording of the Indian maiden.

THE AVENGING HAND OF GOD

By Fr. Joseph Calasanctius, O. F. M.

“WELL, my friend, I must confess that I am unable to help you. Nothing save a miracle can heal your wound.”

The unfortunate person thus addressed, was a French soldier from a little town in the Pyrenees. He was suffering from a ghastly, worm-infested wound in the leg. The physician had repeatedly enquired how he had received the wound, but his enquiries were always met with an evasive answer. Urged now again, the soldier finally yielded and disclosed to the physician, for his edification, the following incident.

“In the year 1793, when a young man of twenty-one years, I was sent with a detachment of soldiers to Spain. In our company there were two young men, friends of mine from the same village, who, like myself had discarded all religion and boasted of being liberal minded. Religion was all right for old women and common credulous people, we said, but not for enlightened men like ourselves.

“On our journey, we happened to pass a roadside statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which had survived the vandalism of the atheistic Revolutionists. Suddenly, one of my companions conceived the infamous idea of trying our guns on this image just to learn whether an almighty God would avenge the insult. The proposal was received with diabolical joy by the soldiers and at once executed. My friend Henry took aim and fired, sending the bullet into the forehead of the image. John followed and pierced the bosom. It was my turn then, but I hesitated. ‘You are next,’ the miscreants said, urging me on. ‘Show yourself a

man.’ I still hesitated. The image of my own dear mother loomed up before my eyes, and made me pause. Yet, fearing the ridicule of my companions more than the avenging hand of God, I leveled my gun and fired, striking the statue in the leg. Our companions hailed us with loud acclamations, and applauded us as if we had gained a great victory.

“An old lady, however, that had been observing us from the distance, chid us in warning tones. ‘Alas! alas! you poor wretches,’ she exclaimed. ‘Such an infamous deed can not bring you success in your campaign.’ But we only laughed at her and, all unconcerned, continued our journey.

“A few days later, having joined our regiment in Spain, we were called out to battle. As for myself, all courage and patriotism had left me. The mutilated image of the Madonna constantly haunted my mind. The day was won. Our general was about to bestow praise on his soldiers for their bravery, when suddenly, we were startled by a shot, fired by a wounded Spaniard lying behind a bush near by. Henry, who was standing foremost, fell struck in the forehead. We hastened to his assistance, but, alas, it was useless. He had been instantly killed. John and I were especially alarmed, for the bullet had struck our companion in the very spot where he had pierced the image of the Virgin.

“We returned to our quarters, greatly disconcerted over the ominous close of the day, which had begun so auspiciously. I thought my friend would, perhaps, enter into a conversation concerning the sad affair; but both he and I were so deeply impressed and

troubled that neither of us cared to disclose the sentiments that kept us awake all during the night.

"On the following day, the enemy, refreshed and reinforced, made a second attack and compelled us to give battle. Our soldiers fought bravely, but, after a few fruitless attempts to break the lines of the enemy, we were forced to retreat. While fleeing, a shot from a trench struck my friend John in the breast. He reeled and then fell to the ground. Oh, Doctor, what a death! The unhappy soldier expired amid groans of despair, wildly calling for a priest. But no priest could be gotten in time to assist and console him in his agony.

'You are next.' With these words my friends had urged me on to fire at the roadside statue. Now the same words kept ringing in my ears, and almost drove me mad. Would my punishment come next? Filled with fear and compunction I resolved to confess my sins to a priest as soon as possible. No opportunity, however, presented itself just then. In spite of my wicked life, Divine Providence seemed to

watch over me; even amid the heaviest rain of shot and shell I escaped uninjured. After the war, I was promoted to an honorable position, and, crowned with glory and fame, I was eager to return home.

"On the journey homeward, I was musing over the sad fate of my two companions and wondering how I had escaped the just punishment meted out to them, when suddenly, my horse became frightened. It reared wildly and hurled me headlong to the ground. By some inexplicable misfortune my gun discharged, sending the bullet into my leg. At first, I made light of the wound, expecting to recover soon. But inflammation set in, and it would not heal. An open wound was the result.

"And now, as you see, worms have commenced to infest it. For twenty years already I am suffering from this wound, and no earthly remedy can help me. I accept it, however, as a just punishment for my crime and as a constant reminder of the fact that God will never leave unavenged an insult hurled against his beloved Mother Mary."

STRETCH IT A LITTLE

A little girl and her brother were on their way to their school one winter morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very damp. They were both poorly dressed; but the little girl had a kind of cloak over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew the boy closer to her and said, "Come under my cloak, Johnny!"

"It isn't big enough for both, Sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little."

And they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

Now, why can't we all stretch our comforts a little? There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.—Catholic News.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—At present the Order of Friars Minor numbers among its members two cardinals, six archbishops, two papal delegates, fourteen apostolic vicars, two apostolic prefects, twenty-five consultants to the various Sacred Congregations of the Roman Curia, and two apostolic penitentiaries.—

According to the *Acta Ordinis*, the Order of Friars Minor comprises 1476 convents and 16,850 members. The three largest provinces of the Order are the Saxonia in Germany, with 28 convents and 619 religious; the Province of Holland with 37 convents and 575 members; and our own Province of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis Province) with 50 houses and 543 members. Our Province has charge of 6 convents of Poor Clares with 130 nuns; 480 convents of Sisters of the Third Order Regular with 4850 religious; 60 fraternities of Secular Tertiaries with 15,030 members. The Friars Minor in the United States have charge of 150 fraternities of Secular Tertiaries with 33,718 members. This number added to the number of Tertiaries under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin and Conventual Friars and the many other Tertiaries affiliated with one or the other of the Franciscan families, brings the sum total of the Tertiaries in the United States to at least 50,000.

Ireland.—Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, published on St. Patrick's Eve the papal Decree concerning the "Beatification or Declaration of Martyrdom" of over three hundred children of Ireland, the Isle of Saints. Thousands upon thousands of the faithful of this

persecuted little country offered up their lives for Christ during the fearful persecutions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, most of whose names, although written in the Book of Life, are unknown to men. Nevertheless, the names of many have been preserved, and of these over three hundred have been presented to Rome that the honors of altar they may be accorded them. Four Archbishops and ten Bishops head the list. There follow some forty of the secular clergy, two Premonstratensians, many Cistercians, some eighty Dominicans, seventy-nine Franciscans, ten Augustinians, three Carmelites, two Trinitarians, five Jesuits, and fifty-six of the laity. The names of the Franciscan Martyrs are as follows:

Patrick O'Healy. Bishop of Mayo; Conor O'Devany, Bishop of Down and Connor; Boetius Egan, Bishop of Ross; all three from the First Order of Friars Minor; Edmund Dungan, Tertiary. Bishop of Down and Connor. The following priests and lay brothers also of the First Order:

Conor Macuarta; Roger Congaill; Fergallus Ward; Edmund Fitzsimon; Dobough O'Rourke; John O'Lochran; Cornelius O'Rourke; Thaddeus or Thomas O'Daly; John O'Dowd; Daniel O'Neilan; Philip O'Lea; Maurice O'Scanlon; Daniel Himrecan; Charles MacGoran; Roger O'Donnellan; Peter O'Quillan; Patrick O'Kenna; James Pillanus; Roger O'Hanlan; Phelim O'Hara; Henry Delahoyder; Thaddeus O'Meran; John O'Daly; Donatus O'Hurley; John Cornelius; Dermotus O'Mulroney; Brother Thomas and his companion; John O'Molloy; Cornelius O'Dougherty; Calfridus O'Farrel; Thaddeus O'Boyle; Patrick O'Brady; Mattheus O'Leyn; Terence Magennis; Lochlonin MacO'Cadha; Magnus O'Fodhry; Thom. Fitzgerald; John Honan; John Cathan; Francis O'Mahoney; Hilary Connor; Christopher Donleavy; Richard Butler; James Saol; Bernard Horumley; Richard Synott; John Esmond; Paulinus Synott; Raymond Stafford; Peter Stafford; Didacus Cheevers; Joseph Rochford; Eugene O'Leman; Fran. Fitzgerald; Anthony Musaeus; Walter de Wallis; Nicholas Wogan; Denis O'Neilan; Philip Flashberry; Francis O'Sullivan.

Jeremiah de Nerihiny; Thaddeus O'Caraghy; William Hickey; Roger de Mara; Hugh MacKeon; Daniel Clanchy; Neilan Loughran; Anthony O'Farrell; Anthony Broder; Eugene O'Cahan; John Ferrall; Bonaventure de Burgo; John Kearney; Bernard Connaeus.

Venice, Italy.—The Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Cavallari, who died recently, was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. He was a man of eminent sanctity and loved the Third Order dearly. In 1913, he accompanied the great Tertiary pilgrimage to Padua and presided at all its meetings.

Viterbo, Italy.—The venerable church of the Poor Clares in Viterbo is undergoing a thorough renovation which will cost almost \$90,000. In one of the chapels of this church, rests the body of St. Rose of Viterbo, the famous young Tertiary, who died in 1252 at the early age of seventeen. Her body is still incorrupt and supple.

Turin, Italy.—Fr. Austin Gemelli, M. D., whom the miracles of Lourdes made abandon the world and become a Franciscan priest, and who still continues to be Professor of Medicine at the University of Turin, and editor of a philosophical review, proposed to the Holy Father his plans for the publication of an Italian review, "Pensiero e Vita—Thought and Life." The Pope has approved the plan. Numerous other contributors will aid in getting out the publication, and they will serve under the direction of Father Gemelli and Dr. Vico Necchi.

Avezzano, Italy.—A sad incident took place at Avezzano after the recent earthquake had in a moment turned this beautiful and thriving city into a heap of ruins. Fr. Fidelis, O. F. M., Cap., whose services as military chaplain in the late war in Tripolis won for him the high esteem of the Italian government, was sent to Avezzano by the state authorities to superintend the work of rescue. It was a sad homecoming for the good priest, who is a

native of the stricken city. Under the ruins of his father's house he found the entire family buried. Happily, with one exception, all were yet alive although badly wounded. The one exception proved to be the priest's own mother. An altar was immediately erected over the ruined home and Fr. Fidelis read a Requiem Mass for the repose of his dear mother's soul.

Paris, France.—The beatification process of the famous and saintly Monsignor Ségur, Tertiary, is being carried on very successfully. Several miracles have been wrought through his intercession, and Tertiaries may hope soon to see another member from their ranks take his place on the altars of Holy Church. Monsignor Ségur did very much to spread the Third Order and to introduce frequent and daily Communion, especially among children.

France.—The Rev. Fr. Henry Joseph Koehler, O. F. M., of the Province of Aquitania, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor. This distinction was conferred on him at the request of Generals Henrys and Lyautey on account of his deeds of valor and in recognition of the services he rendered the wounded soldiers in Morocco. At present Fr. Henry is on the battlefields of France in the capacity of military chaplain.

Toledo, Spain.—The Primate of Spain, Cardinal Victoriano Guisasaola y Menendez, who succeeded the late Cardinal Aguirre as Archbishop of Toledo, is a zealous Tertiary.

Chicago, Ill.—St. Peter's Church. At the meeting of the English-speaking fraternity of the Third Order in March, thirty-five novices made their Profession. The interior of St. Peter's Church is undergoing great changes. The walls are being artistically refrescoed under the direction of Mr. Hepfinger. The Third Order has special reason to rejoice, because it has been decid-

ed to have an altar of our holy Father, St. Francis, placed in the church. Likewise, new statues of St. Louis and St. Elizabeth, the patrons of the Third Order, will find a place near the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows. A new pulpit has been ordered for the sanctuary. It is expected that by the middle of July all these improvements will be completed.

Cleveland, O.—St. Stanislaus Church.—The Third Order fraternity in the Polish parish of St. Stanislaus, numbers about 250 members. Many of these Tertiaries were received into the Third Order before they came to the United States. Monthly meetings are held regularly on the third Sunday of the month in the church, and the instruction of the candidates is given on the second Sunday in the "Chapel." Of late, great interest is being manifested in all matters concerning the Third Order. At the meeting held in January thirty new members were invested and at the meeting in March thirty-eight more novices received the scapular and cord, the majority of these being young men and women. Most of the Tertiaries attend holy Mass daily if possible and approach the Sacraments very frequently to the edification of the whole parish. New life seems to have been infused into the local fraternity by appointing a special prefect for the men and young men, for the young ladies, and for the married ladies. The young men and ladies are especially pleased with this arrangement. Our fraternity has adopted the new Tertiary emblem, lately gotten out by *Franciscan Herald* and the Tertiaries are proud of it. The following are some of the principal works of mercy in which our Tertiaries are engaged: charitable work among the poor and sick, assisting homeless working girls, and the spreading of good Catholic literature.

Anaconda, Mont.—The Franciscan missionary band of the Sacred Heart Province consisting of the Rev. FF. Francis Haase, Titus Hugger, and John Joseph Brogger, are at present giving a series of missions in the Northwest. On Easter Sunday they completed a three weeks' mission at St. Peter's Church, Anaconda, Montana. On the closing day of the mission, 1600 persons received Holy Communion, and thirty men and sixty-five women were enrolled as novices in the Third Order. The same Fathers are at present conducting another mission at Butte, which will also last three weeks.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The novena of Tuesdays in preparation for the feast of St. Antony, will be solemnly held in the Franciscan Church in this city. On each of the nine Tuesdays a High Mass will be sung at eight o'clock. The all-day exposition of the Blessed Sacrament will conclude in the evening with special devotions in honor of St. Antony, a sermon, and the blessing with the relic of the Saint. On the feast day itself, June 13, there will be a solemn reception of new members into the Third Order. At the last reception of novices, sixty-three received the cord and scapular.

La Crosse, Wis.—The Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration of La Crosse, have compiled a new "History of the United States." It is specially prepared for Catholic schools and is well spoken of by the press.

Louisville, Ky.—A sacrilegious thief succeeded in stealing the contents of the little alms-box and wrecking the altar of St. Antony in St. Joseph's (Franciscan) Church, Louisville. The theft was not discovered until the following morning, and up to the present no clue to the looter has been found.

New York, N. Y.—The Rev. Fr. Aniceto Silvioni, O. F. M., is one of

the three chaplains recently appointed in New York by the Commissioner of the Department of Street Cleaning to attend to the spiritual needs of the 8000 men belonging to this department. As very many of these men are Italians, the choice of Fr. Silvioni is a very happy one. Although himself a native of Italy, Fr. Silvioni speaks English fluently and is well known as a preacher. His zeal and success as curate in various Italian parishes in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, and Pittsburgh was such as to induce his superiors to appoint him in 1913 to the important post of pastor of the large Italian and mixed parish of St. Antony in New York. Here, too, his indefatigable zeal has brought new life into the parish. Nowhere has this been more evident than in the parochial school, which numbers now more than 1200 children. A dream of his for years saw the beginning of its realization on March 14, when the corner stone of the Young People's Club House was blessed by Monsignor Lavelle. The building, which will have three stories, is intended for the use of the younger generation of the parish and will have all the conveniences of the most up-to-date Y. M. C. A. club house. Monsignor Lavelle, who made a short address on the occasion, reminded his hearers of the immense work the Franciscan Fathers had done in the parish; starting under the greatest difficulties but with unlimited confidence in God, they have labored zealously in the building up of the parish, which, he declared, is one of the strongest in the archdiocese.

Baker City, Ore.—The Right Rev. C. J. O'Reilly, recently officiated at the dedicatory services of the new St. Elizabeth's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis in Baker City. The hospital is a fine four-story stone structure, the first

modern institution of its kind to be built in Eastern Oregon. It contains eight wards and many private rooms, besides two splendidly appointed operating rooms, with all the conveniences which go with the surgical department, and an elaborately equipped kitchen. There is at present accommodation for seventy-five patients, and when the one wing, which is yet unfinished, is completed, there will be ample room for one hundred patients.

Hamilton, Ind.—The Rev. Fr. Angelus Hafertepe, O. F. M., who died at Mercy Hospital, Hamilton, on Thursday, March 11, was noted for the number of conversions he made during his missionary career. At the time of his death, Fr. Angelus was pastor of St. Louis' Church, Batesville, Ind. He was born in Cincinnati, O., on June 24, 1855, and received his preliminary education in St. Joseph's School of that city. He entered the Order of Friars Minor on August 25, 1872, and was ordained to the priesthood on June 15, 1878.—R. I. P.

Pulaski, Wis.—The Franciscan Fathers of the Pulaski Custody are publishing a new Polish Tertiary monthly called *Poslaniec sw. Franciszka*—*The St. Francis Messenger*. The first issue appeared in January last, and we are glad to hear that the magazine is rapidly gaining favor with our Polish countrymen. The *Herald* wishes the *Messenger* much success and a wide circulation.

Philadelphia, Pa.—On Sunday, April 25, the Most Rev. Archbishop laid the cornerstone of the new St. Mary's Hospital on Palmer street. The old hospital, which had served as a shelter to the suffering and afflicted since 1886, was declared unsafe, and was accordingly torn down on Easter Monday, and a handsome five-story fireproof building is rising fast from the ruins. The institution is in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

Holy Week was duly solemnized in our beautiful chapel to the great edification of all the boys. During these days as well as on Easter Sunday, a number of the Fathers assisted the neighboring clergy: Fr. Julian at Sainte Marie, Fr. Aloysius at Casey, Fr. Francis Borgias at St. Antony's Church, Effingham, Fr. Peter Nolasco at the Cathedral of Alton and also at the Sacred Heart Church, Effingham, Fr. Celestine at Lillyville, Fr. Juvenal at Newton, Fr. Joseph at Terre Haute, and Fr. Giles at St. Peter's, Chicago.

On Monday evening, April 5, the graduating class, assisted by some of the students of the other classes, presented Shakespeare's tragedy "Julius Caesar." As this was the last appearance of the class '15 on the boards, each member threw his whole heart into the effort, and the result was pronounced a decided success by all who were fortunate enough to witness it. Both interpretation and impersonation left little to be desired from a critical point of view, and the actors succeeded admirably in sustaining the interest of the audience to the end. All in all, it may be safely said that the presentation of this difficult drama was a fitting close of the stage career of the graduates, and that it will be long remembered as one of the best histrionic efforts ever put forth by the boys of "Old St. Joe's."

CAST OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Julius Caesar.....	Jos. Martin
Octavius Caesar.....	L. Vonderhaar
Marcus Antonius, Friend of Julius Caesar.....	Andrew Kiemen
Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Cinna, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber,)	Conspirators against Caesar (

Flavius, (Tribunes).....L. Vonderhaar
Marullus, (Tribunes).....A. Pudlowski
Cinna, Soothsayer and Poet.....Henry Martice
Lucius, Servant to Marcus Brutus, Antony Krieche
Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.
SCENE:—Rome, Sardis, and near Philippi.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

1. Silver Bell, (Overture)..... R. Schleppegrell
2. On the Beautiful Rhine, (Waltz).... Keler Bela
3. Lustspiel, (Overture)..... Keler Bela
4. Soldiers' Life, (Tattoo)..... Keler Bela
5. Bleibe, Abend will es werden,.... Th. Podbertsky
(Select Choir)
6. On the Belvidere, (March).....O. FASTER

The devotion of the Thirteen Hours was held on Sunday, April 11. The reposition services in the evening were especially solemn and imposing. Forty-three priests, clerics, and lay brothers from the college and the neighboring novitiate convent were present.

The beautiful new banner of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin, which was ordered last May from Europe, arrived at last in spite of the war. It will be solemnly blessed on the first Sunday of May.

The Novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony was opened with solemn High Mass on April 13. Special devotions were also held in the evening, at which the blessing was imparted with a relic of the Saint. Similar devotions will be held on each of the nine Tuesdays. During this novena, the students will be especially mindful in their prayers of their many kind benefactors and of all the friends of the College.

With the return of spring, the boys have resumed their outdoor sports, and the campus is again the scene of hotly contested games of all-sorts.

The standing of the students at the close of the third quarter of the school year was made public on April 16. The following boys lead their classes: I Class: Jerome Reisch and Alphonse Habig, 97.56. II Class: Wm. Wernsing, 96.71.

III Class: Antony Kriech, 96.37.
 IV Class: Henry Pinger, 95. V
 Class: Aurelius Brumleve, 92.71.
 Andrew Kiemen, 95.83.

ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS COLLEGE

On March 25, the Rev. George Hildner of St. Louis, President of the Alumni Association, was here and together with Rev. Fr. Rector and the officers of the local branch made arrangements for a general meeting of the Alumni at the end of the scholastic year, June 15-17.

Easter vacation began on Wednesday, March 31, at noon. Just before this there were written examinations in the various branches. The ceremonies of Holy Week were solemnly performed. For Easter most of the Fathers went to parish churches in Quincy and other places to assist in pastoral work.

On Easter Monday in the evening, there was a short entertainment by the Literary and Debating Society and the Glee Club. The program included declamations, a humorous debate, and songs.

The outdoor sports, handball, tennis and football were promptly taken up at the setting in of good weather.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

During Holy Week, the students attended all the divine services at the Old Mission. The services did not fail to make a deep impression upon the boys. The three hours from twelve to three on Good Friday were passed in an edifying manner.

The great feast of Easter found the students in a spirit of jubilation. Easter Monday a dramatical and musical entertainment was given in the College hall. The affair was pronounced a success by all.

The quarterly predicates were announced during Easter tide. Rev.

Father Rector encouraged the students to strive for even a better testimonial at the close of the year.

Baseball has revived among the boys and several very interesting and good games have been played. Tennis and basketball will also be on the program soon.

OBITUARY

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:

Ven. Bro. Adolph Strothkamp,
 O.F.M.,

Anna Zeien, Sr. Mary.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English Fraternity of the Third Order:

Helen Dempsey, Sr. Agnes,

Julia Keating, Sr. Anna,

Mary Barrett, Sr. Louise.

Mary A. Keefe, Sr. Clara,

Dora Parker, Sr. Clara,

Cath. McMurry, Sr. Mary,

German Fraternity of the Third Order:

Teresa Wieland, Sr. Francisca,

Helen Kautenberger, Sr. Elizabeth,

Joseph Kaupert, Sr. Catherine.

St. Augustine's Church:

Margaret Kribs, Sr. Johanna.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church;

Fred Kraemer, Bro. Francis,

Marg. Schwartzenberg, Sr. Agnes,

Catherine Conway, Sr. Agnes.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Catherine Fisch, Sr. Lucia,

Ann Mary Glasker, Sr. Aduacta.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:

Norah Pratt, Sr. Cecilia.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church:

Antony Neuhaus, Bro. Bernardine,

Louisa Schmucker, Sr. Elizabeth.

Los Angeles, Cal., St. Joseph's Church:

Margaret Goehner, Sr. Clara,

Mary Cushing, Sr. Elizabeth,

Anna M. Neurauter, Sr. Mary.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO
THE BLESSED VIRGIN

MAY, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
2	S.	Fourth Sunday after Easter. —St. Athanasius, Bp. C. D. Gospel: Christ promises the Comforter. John xvi, 5-14.
3	M.	Finding of the Holy Cross.—SS. Alexander and Companions, MM.
4	T.	St. Monica, W.—Bl. Christopher, 1st Ord., C.
5	W.	St. Pius V. Pope, C.
6	Th.	St. John before the Latin Gate.
7	F.	St. Stanislaus, Bp. M.
8	S.	Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
9	S.	Fifth Sunday after Easter. —St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. C. D. Gospel: Ask in the Name of Jesus. John xvi, 23-30.
10	M.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —St. Antonine, Bp. C.
11	T.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —St. George, M.—Bl. Benedict of Urbino, 1st Ord. C. (P. I.)
12	W.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —Vigil of the Ascension.—SS. Nereus and Companions, MM.
13	Th.	Ascension Day. —St. Peter Regalatus, 1st Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.) <i>Noctua in honor of the Holy Ghost begins to-morrow.</i>
14	F.	Bl. Francis of Fabriano, 1st Ord., C.
15	S.	St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.—Bl. Benvenute, 1st Ord., C.
16	S.	Sixth Sunday after Easter. —St. John Nepomucene, M.—St. Ubald, Bp. C. Gospel: The Testimony of the Holy Ghost. John xv, 26-27.
17	M.	St. Paschal, 1st Ord., C., Patron of the Eucharistic League. (P. I.)
18	T.	St. Felix, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
19	W.	St. Ives, 3rd Ord., C. (P. I.)
20	Th.	St. Bernardine of Siena, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
21	F.	St. Venantius, M.
22	S.	Vigil of Pentecost.—Bl. John Forest, 1st Ord., M.—Bl. Humiliana, 3rd Ord., W. (P. I.)
23	S.	Pentecost Sunday. —St. Peter Celestine, Pope, C.—Bl. Crispin, 1st Ord. C. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Descent of the Holy Ghost. John xvi, 23-31.
24	M.	Our Lady Help of Christians.
25	T.	Translation of the Body of St. Francis of Assisi.
26	W.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Phillip Neri, C.—St. Eleutherius, Pope, M.
27	Th.	St. Bede, the Venerable, C. D.
28	F.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Gregory, VII, Pope C.
29	S.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Bl. John of Prado, 1st Ord., M.
30	S.	Trinity Sunday. —St. Ferdinand, King, 3rd Ord., C. (G. A., P. I.) Gospel: Christ commissions His Disciples to preach. Matt. xxviii, 18-20.
31	M.	Dedication of the Patriarchal Basilica of our Blessed Father St. Francis.—Bl. Gerard, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Felix, 1st Ord., (P. I.)

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
VI. TO VISIT THE SICK

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III.

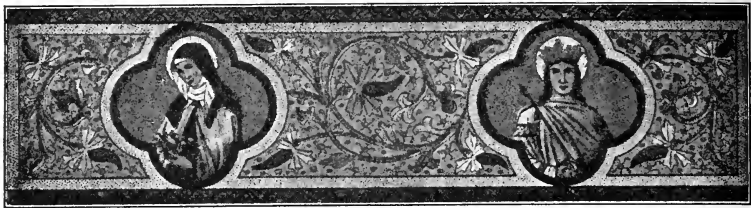
JUNE, 1915.

NO. 6

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"
——Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves "Repent! Repent!"

—William Drummond.



BLESSED JAMES OF STREPA OF THE FIRST ORDER JUNE*1

THIS great servant of God was born about the middle of the fourteenth century of one of the oldest and most noble families of Poland. Mindful of the words of Holy Scripture: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" (Eccl. xii, 1), he early gave himself up to the practice of piety and virtue. Though riches and pleasures were at his disposal, they could not captivate his innocent soul, which found delight only in the imperishable joys and treasures of Heaven. To insure their eternal possession, James determined to forsake the world and its many dangers and to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God in the Order of St. Francis.

After completing his studies, he accordingly begged for admission into the Order. His request was willingly granted by the friars, who did not doubt that he was led by the Holy Spirit, and that he would, therefore, accomplish much for the honor of God and the salvation of souls. The servant of God entered upon religious life full of spiritual joy and with the firm resolution to progress from day to day in the close imitation of Christ Crucified by the practice of poverty, humility, obedience, self-denial, and prayer. God rewarded his fervent zeal with abundant graces and spiritual consolations, so that he experienced the truth of the words of the Psalmist: "Blessed are they that dwell in

thy house, O Lord: for better is one day in thy courts above thousand" spent in the distractions of the world (Ps. lxxxiii, 5, 11). He soon became distinguished among his brethren for his eminent virtues as well as for his learning, prudence, and zeal for the salvation of souls.

This zeal of the servant of God did not permit him to rest satisfied with laboring among his countrymen. It also caused him to look with longing to the vast districts of Russia and Galicia, where thousands of immortal souls were languishing in the darkness of paganism and schism. To preach the Gospel to the pagans, and to bring back to the true fold the schismatics of those regions, was the desire of his heart, and many were the prayers which he sent up to heaven for light and strength to accomplish his desire. His superiors, knowing his piety and ability, granted his request to undertake the difficult mission. Setting out with their blessing, and relying on the divine assistance, he preached the doctrines of Christ with great fervor and courage, and he had the consolation of converting many to the true faith. He was soon chosen guardian of the convent at Lemberg, in Galicia, and after some time, by the authority of the Holy See, placed at the head of the Russian missions.

In these important offices, the

servant of God effected much for the success of the missions. To bring about concerted action among the missionaries, and thus to insure greater and lasting fruit in the different fields of labor, he gave a new impulse to the Society of Pilgrims, a confraternity composed of members of the Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who devoted themselves to the preaching of the Gospel among unbelievers. This society, founded in 1252, had been encouraged in every way by the Sovereign Pontiffs, and had brought untold blessings to the Slavic nations of central Europe. The new life infused into it by the apostolic zeal of Bl. James again made it the means of bringing into the fold of Christ great numbers of schismatics and pagans of Russia and Galicia.

These great successes of the Society of Pilgrims were ascribed particularly to the piety, zeal, and prudence of the holy superior, and drew upon him the love and admiration not only of the missionaries and their flocks, but also of the king of Poland and his court. The servant of God, fully conscious of the vanity of human efforts unless supported by divine assistance, referred all honor to God and strove to draw down even more graces on his arduous labors by the practice of humility and self-denial. It pleased God to reward the humility of his servant by raising him to a position of honor in which his apostolic virtues shone forth most conspicuously, and in which his zeal effected much for the salvation of immortal souls.

In 1406, the archiepiscopal see of Halicz, in Galicia, became vacant by the death of its chief pastor. Ladislaus Jagello, King of Poland, to which Galicia belonged, requested Pope Boniface IX to appoint Bl. James to the vacant see, believing that the sanctity and apostolic zeal of the holy missionary eminently fitted him to fulfill the arduous du-



Bl. James of Strepia

ties of the head of that important archdiocese. The man of God declined the dignity for a long time, but he was at length compelled by obedience to accept it. As soon as he was installed in his see, he applied himself entirely to the care of the flock entrusted to him. To satisfy the needs of his people, he erected churches and created new parishes. He also founded convents, and provided for the care of the sick and the poor. The large revenues of his archdiocese were wholly employed in supporting the works which his zeal and charity had founded. The saintly prelate continued his apostolic labors till his death. He traveled over his immense diocese on foot, clad in the habit of St. Francis, and gladly bore all hardships and dangers.

To encourage and strengthen his people in the practice of Christian life, the holy archbishop strove to spread everywhere a great devotion

to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin. Filled with a tender love of the Mother of God, he placed her image in his coat of arms and also had it engraved on his pastoral ring. He ordered devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin to be held every evening in the churches. To spread the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, he established the perpetual adoration at Lemberg, and granted indulgences to all who would visit our Divine Lord present in the tabernacle. God blessed the pious endeavors of the holy prelate, who had the consolation of seeing piety and good works flourish throughout the district entrusted to his care.

As archbishop he was also admitted to the councils of the government, and in his capacity of senator, he rendered signal service to his country. The measures which he proposed to check and expel the Tatars, who had invaded Polish territory, were crowned with such success that he was called "The Defender of the Realm, and the Protector of the Country."

Weighted down by old age and exhausted by many and great labors, the holy archbishop passed to his eternal reward at Lemberg, in 1411. He was buried in the Franciscan church of that city. Miracles were wrought at his tomb, and the fame of his sanctity spread throughout Russia and Poland. In 1619, his tomb was opened, and the body of the servant of God was found to be whole and incorrupt. Later on, the body was removed to the cathedral church of Lemberg. Pope Pius VI, on September 11, 1791, approved the veneration which had, from time immemorial, been paid to the holy missionary and prelate.

REFLECTION

Bl. James placed his trust in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin

Mary. He confidently hoped that the love and veneration shown to her throughout his diocese would draw down the special blessing of God on his apostolic labors and confirm his people in peace and in the practice of Christian virtues. And his hopes were not vain. For was not the Mother of God also the Mother of the infant Church? The Apostles and the disciples were gathered about her when the Holy Ghost came upon them as the Comforter and Teacher of Truth promised by our divine Savior. She accompanied the Apostles on their missionary journeys by her prayers, continually beseeching her Divine Son to bless their labors and to preserve those who had been regenerated in the waters of Baptism. Down to the present day, Mary has been the special Protectress and Advocate of the Church. By her prayers, she had obtained from our Lord the grace of conversion and perseverance for innumerable souls, and the triumph of the Church over all her enemies. We should, therefore, in these troublous times, often recommend to her powerful intercession the needs of the Church, and beseech her to pray at the throne of her Divine Son for our Holy Father the Pope, for the bishops, priests, and religious, that they may be able to fulfill their arduous duties to the honor and glory of God and the salvation of so many souls entrusted to their care. We should, moreover, call upon her to frustrate by her prayers the evil designs of those who are using every means to undermine and destroy the authority and influence of the Church. Finally, we should recommend to the prayers of our Mother all the faithful that they may, by the practice of piety and Christian virtues, grow in grace and the love of God, and thus obtain their last end.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

30. A GLORIOUS VICTORY

"You are the salt of the earth." (Matt. V, 13)

Jesus Christ styled his Apostles the salt of the earth, and they fully merited this title. Soon after his Ascension into Heaven, a bitter war broke out between them and the world, between their heavenly doctrine and the tenets of heathenism. But the Apostles, relying ever on the grace of God, overcame the world and bore off the palm of victory. They renewed the face of the earth, as it were, and prevented it from falling back into the decay of heathenism by the salt of their preaching and the holy example of their sinless lives.

Church history shows us a similar conflict between the Tertiaries and the fanatical sect of the Middle Ages, known as the Fraticelli. These heretics imitated some of the practices and the rule of life adopted by the Tertiaries, and were, in consequence, not infrequently classed by ignorant persons with the members of the Third Order of St. Francis. How contrary to justice and truth this classification was, a mere comparison of the spirit and the method of the Fraticelli and of the Tertiaries will show.

The Fraticelli separated themselves from the Church, and began to teach their false doctrines which were subversive of all order and truth. At once the Brothers and Sisters of Penance, like true

knights, entered the lists against these new heretics and fought for the preservation of the Catholic Faith. They formed a great spiritual army, into whose ranks no one was admitted unless he fearlessly professed and faithfully practiced his holy Catholic Faith. The Rule is very explicit on this point. It says: "It is forbidden to receive any one as a member unless he be more than fourteen years of age, of good morals and peaceable disposition, and above all exact in the practice of the Catholic religion, and of tried obedience to Holy Church and the Apostolic See." (Chap. i, 1.) Entire submission to Holy Church and complete acceptance of all her doctrines, is, therefore, a necessary qualification for every person seeking admission into the Third Order.

And if, at any time, the Brethren found any Tertiary guilty of heresy, it was their bounden duty, according to the original Rule, to report the matter to the proper authorities at once. In this way, the Third Order remained free from every taint of heresy, and the more the Order spread and the greater the number of Tertiaries became, the greater, too, was their zeal in opposing falsehood and preserving the integrity of their holy Faith.

The chief characteristic of the Fraticelli was their disobedience to

the ecclesiastical authorities and even to the Pope. The spirit of the Third Order, however, is a spirit of obedience and respect not only for the Pope and all ecclesiastical superiors, but also for all lawful secular authorities. The Church of Rome was the rock on which St. Francis built his three great Orders, and it was but natural that all true and faithful Tertiaries should have ever been obedient and docile children of our holy Mother the Church, and always ready to defend her cause against her enemies. To give but one example. St. Rose of Viterbo, who was hardly more than a child, boldly adopted the cause of the Papacy against the wicked and powerful Emperor Frederick II. For this she was sent into exile by the enraged ruler. But, nothing daunted, she continued, even during her banishment, to support the Holy Father and by her burning eloquence and indomitable courage succeeded in bringing back numberless Christians to a sense of their duty toward the Church of Rome.

The rapid spread of the Third Order among all the nations of Europe and the open espousal of the cause of the Pope against his oppressors by the Tertiaries, resulted in a most happy revival of the virtue of obedience in the hearts of men and in a crushing defeat of the disobedient Fraticelli.

These wicked heretics pretended also to be poor and sought alms from door to door. But they did this not out of love for poverty, but because they wished to lead a life of sloth.

The Tertiaries, even those who possessed great wealth, loved poverty, but they also loved work, and they could well exclaim with the Apostle St. Paul, "I have not coveted any man's silver, gold, or apparel, as you yourselves know; that as for such things as were needful for me and for them that are with me,

these hands have furnished." (Acts xx, 33-34.) The Tertiaries gave freely of their abundance to the poor. Yes, they often deprived themselves even of many comforts they might have enjoyed, in order better to assist the needy. The love and the practice of poverty of the members of the Third Order was so great, so unfeigned, so noble, that it excited the admiration of even their enemies, and stamped the so-called poverty of the Fraticelli as an impious fraud.

The Fraticelli, in their heretical excesses, dragged the holy virtue of purity down into the mire, inasmuch as they preached and practiced the grossest sexual liberties, and lauded this depravity as the height of perfection.

The members of the Third Order of Penance, on the other hand, preached and practiced the observance of holy chastity according to one's state in life, so that to them may be applied the words of Holy Writ: "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! for the memory thereof is immortal: because it is known both with God and with men." (Wisd. iv, 1.) And as the history of the Church shows, some of the sweetest blossoms of the angelic virtue are to be found in the garden of the Third Order of St. Francis.

As the Brothers and Sisters of Penance grew strong in the practice of every virtue, the heretical Fraticelli grew weaker. The virtues, of the Tertiaries were the spiritual weapons with which they gained the victory over these poor deluded people. Hence Fr. Luke Wadding could, without fear of boasting, write of all the Franciscans of those days, "We did not gather together the Fraticelli, nor did they go forth out of our midst, but we have succeeded in dispersing them, and we never ceased to combat them, co-operating with the Holy See, until

the sect was finally wholly exterminated." In this conflict with heresy, the Tertiaries acted the part of real heroes, and by their faithfulness in the observance of their holy Rule, succeeded in crushing the head of this hellborn serpent of falsehood and sin.

In our own day, dear Tertiaries, there is still a battle to be fought, a mighty spiritual conflict in which you must engage. It is the battle against the spirit of the times, that is beginning to pervade all classes of society. It is an independent spirit, that seeks to cast off the burden of obedience to lawful authority, and allows its votaries unbridled license in thought, word and action, and unlimited self-indulgence. This spirit promises men liberty, whereas it actually makes them slaves of sin and hell; it promises men happiness and joy supreme,

whereas it fills their hearts with bitterness and remorse.

Now the Third Order inculcates in a very special manner just those virtues that are opposed to this wicked spirit. It demands of its members humble submission to all lawful authority and docile obedience to the teachings of holy Faith. The Third Order curbs the inordinate passions of the heart by prescribing the salutary practice of works of penance and mortification. Thus by banishing sin and inordinate desires from the heart, it gives man true peace and happiness of soul.

Tertiaries, do honor to your name, do honor to your Order! Be you also the salt of the earth by the faithful observance of your holy Rule as were your sainted Brethren of old, and like them, you, too, will carry off the laurel crown of victory.

INDIAN THOROUGHNESS

The following incident, illustrating the characteristic thoroughness of the Indians in carrying out their good resolutions, is from the memoirs of the veteran Indian missionary, the Rev. Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

There lived in the village Mouth of Yellow River, Wis., a staunch old pagan Indian woman, Nawanankwe by name, who was unusually fond of whiskey. When intoxicated, she became very dangerous, and continually flourished an ugly butcher knife, so that even her own children fled from her. After her Baptism, however, she never touched a drop of liquor again; her great sword was put into its sheath, and every Friday she abstained from smoking until noon. Those who know how devoted the old Indian women are to their pipe, will realize the heroism of this act of penance. I have the pipe of the valiant old Nawanankwe in my possession, and, needless to say, prize it very much as a sacred remembrance of Indian perseverance in virtue.



THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

V. DAILY MASS THE TERTIARY'S JOY

"And I will go in to the Altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth." (Ps. XLII.)

"Every Mass thou hearest," says Father Cochem, O.M.Cap., "perceptibly increases thy future felicity." As a person who mounts a stairs rises higher at each step, in like manner he who hears Mass ascends higher in grace. The higher he mounts, the nearer he comes to God; the more clearly he knows God, the more dearly does he love him, and the greater is his enjoyment of him. The holy Sacrifice of the Mass is, truly, a source of spiritual joy and happiness, and therefore the holy Rule enjoins on all members of the Third Order according to their circumstances, the practice of attending holy Mass daily. "Those who can conveniently do so, should assist daily at Mass." (Chap. ii, 11.)

"By means of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass," says Father Spirago, S. J., "the fruits of the sacrifice of the Cross are applied to us in a most abundant measure; more particularly we obtain thereby forgiveness of sin, certitude that our prayers are heard, temporal blessings, and eternal rewards." In the Mass, Christ is our Advocate with the Father, the propitiation of our sins.

Our Lord once said to St. Mechtilde, "My condescension in the Mass is so great, that there is no sinner who assists at it, to whom I would not gladly grant forgiveness, if only he asks me for it." The Council of Trent declares that, by the Sacrifice of the Mass, we obtain the remission of the sins we daily commit. "If thou dost often hear Mass," says Father Cochem, "thou mayest hope that thy purgatory will be short and not severe, because by fre-

quently assisting devoutly at holy Mass, thou hast to a great extent expiated thy sins."

Consider how quickly the penitent thief, who witnessed the sacrifice of our Lord on the Cross, was admitted to heaven.

As the sacrifice of the Mass is more excellent than any other act of worship, so the prayers offered during Mass are far more efficacious than any others. St. Francis de Sales says that prayers offered in union with the divine Victim have an inexpressible power; favors can be obtained at the time of Mass, which can be obtained at no other. "Let him who is always complaining that he can not pray well," says Father Cochem, "go to Mass, that Christ may pray for him and instead of him, and supply what is wanting in his prayers."

Among the temporal blessings conferred on us during Mass, we may note these especially: God protects us from misfortune, assists us in our work, and blesses us in our temporal substance. Regarding the eternal rewards obtained at holy Mass, Father Spirago writes: "The Cross is the tree of life laden with celestial fruits, and by the Mass these fruits are given to us. In the sacrifice of the Mass we are made partakers of the merits of Christ; they are, it is true, applied to us by the other means of grace, but far less frequently and abundantly. At the time of Mass, God gives lavishly; from no other source do the streams of grace flow so copiously as from the altar. In the Mass, the Son of the Most High God comes down from the garden of paradise, bringing to us from thence celestial riches and treasures of infinite value."

If you reflect, dear Tertiaries, on

these many advantages derived from holy Mass, then must you surely be grateful to your holy Rule for thus encouraging you to a practice which is so productive of spiritual joy. Be diligent in hearing Mass, and you shall most certainly find in it all that you need, your joy here below and your eternal happiness in heaven.

Amid all the vicissitudes of life, you will find peace and support at the altar. "At one time, it will be Mount Calvary for us, where we may weep tears of sympathy for our Savior, and of grief for our sins and for those of others; at another time it will be Mount Thabor, where heavenly joy will be poured into our sorrowing hearts, and the tears will be wiped away from our eyes. Yes, at the altar we shall find that Mount of Beatitudes where we may learn the vanity of all earthly things, and the way to true and lasting pleasure" (Father Mueller, C. S. S. R.). Persevere, therefore, as far as circumstances will permit, in the practice of attending holy Mass daily, and you will taste the sweetness experienced by the Royal Prophet, "How lovely are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!.....Better is one day in thy Courts above thousands. ...Blessed are they that dwell in thy House, O Lord: they shall praise thee forever and ever" (Ps. lxxxiii, 1, 11, 6.).

"The House of God, and the worship of God," writes Bishop Keppler, "are rich in sublime poetry, in heart-stirring joy. Here the Christian people find their heavenly home, their spiritual drama and art-exhibition." The Tertiary can, therefore, derive joy not only from holy Mass itself, but also from the many and beautiful ceremonies which accompany all the services of the Church. These approved ceremonies of the Church are justly called by Hugo de St. Victor "Sac-

raments of Devotion." Each and every one of these ceremonies has its own special meaning and joy. Throughout the ecclesiastical year, the life of the Christian is filled to overflowing with joys of the noblest kind. Every festive season has its own peculiar joys. Not even during the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent is joy lacking. How full of joy is the message renewed each year by the Christmas angels, and again by the Easter Alleluja!

The more we strive to enter into the spirit of these ceremonies to understand and appreciate them, the greater will be our devotion and the deeper and more lasting our joy. The more we inquire into the countless species of plants and animals, and the more we study their wonderful construction and mode of life, the more shall we be filled with awe for their Creator, whose power and wisdom we recognize in them. Thus, too, the better we are informed about the manifold religious ceremonies and their signification, the more pleasure and profit shall we derive from them, and the more will they incite and foster in us reverence and devotion at the Holy Sacrifice.

Since, therefore, almighty God has vouchsafed, in His great love and mercy, to give us the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, let us frequently assist at it in order to partake of its countless blessings. Remember, dear Tertiaries, that there is no half hour so well spent, as the half hour devoted to the attendance at Mass. For the Mass is a mine of inexhaustible wealth, a bourn of grace, a perennial fountain of blessings. It is the sun that dissipates the clouds of the divine wrath and that restores serenity to the heavens. It is the miracle of miracles, the mystery of God's boundless love for man.

RUGGED ROUTES

FATHER JOSEPH VILLA IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1868-1881. FROM HIS OWN UNPUBLISHED LATIN ACCOUNT.

PART III. IN THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON

12. Encounters and Overtures

Continuing our course down the Purus river for the next two days, we reached a settlement of fifty families of Liara refugees. They knew me very well, for they had been among the settlers that I had brought to Manaus from Liara. I left my companion, Fr. Matthew Canoni, to minister to their wants, while I went to seek out a neighboring Indian tribe called Moras, hoping to establish friendly relations with them. To reach this tribe, we had to proceed by canoe up a branch of the Purus.

We were four days sailing up the stream before we came upon a human trail. The panorama on both sides of the river was enchantingly beautiful. I went ashore and proceeded to trudge along, entranced by the beauty of God's handiwork. Never a thought entered my mind of danger lurking so near the river. All of a sudden a strange cry rang upon my ears, but I could not determine from what quarter it had come. I advanced some hundred steps farther, when suddenly—so suddenly, the creature might have been charmed out of the earth—I found myself standing face to face with a giant jaguar. He kept opening and closing his jaws as if he meant to devour me then and there.

I stood still as if rooted to the spot. I tried to call for help, but terror so unnerved me that I could not utter a sound. We stood face to face for some seconds, and then the jaguar, on a sudden impulse, turned slowly away and disappeared. I returned to the canoe, and demanded somewhat testily of

my six oarsmen and the interpreter what had possessed them not to come to my aid. They declared they had been unable to shoot, and at any rate, the time had been too short; so they had tried to apprise me of the danger by shouting.

The next day we discovered lying ashore a number of hollowed tree trunks, which the natives used as boats. We placed some gifts in these dugouts and withdrew to cover to learn how the discovery would be received by the natives. About a quarter of an hour later, ten armed men emerged from the woods. But there was nothing threatening in their appearance, and the presents seemed to give them an agreeable surprise. Noticing this, I directed my interpreter to address them. He did so; whereupon the natives, glad to hear the strangers speak in their own tongue, wished to become acquainted with me. Their lodges were not far away, and thither we went in a body. When all the tribe had assembled, we fell to negotiating on the most friendly footing. I spoke of the advantages of living in fixed abodes, offering to provide them free of recompense with all the necessaries to begin a settlement, and at length inviting them to go with me and see for themselves, with the understanding that they should incur no obligations.

13. Returns

The chief and his peers welcomed my proposal. They agreed that a few at least should accompany me to inspect the settlement on the Purus. But we had grown in their favor to such an extent that they all wished to go along, which made

it necessary to choose. Finally, twelve men and two women were selected to accompany me. We left the tribe after a sojourn of five days.

Four days later we reached the Purus. I had sent messengers ahead to Santa Rosa to announce our return, and we were welcomed on our arrival amid general rejoicing, the booming of cannon, and the ringing of bells. At first, the strange Indians were badly frightened, especially at the roar of the cannon. But as time wore on, they grew so attached to the surroundings that they refused at first under any condition to return to their tribe. It required all the eloquence I could command to induce them to leave; for we wanted them to persuade their tribe to join us. I allowed only two men to remain, intending to have them instructed in Portuguese.

This tribe was known, as I remarked above, as the Moras, their number being estimated at 30,000. They are much more gifted than other tribes of my knowledge, being also of a gentle disposition and grateful for favors. Above all, they have a remarkable talent for languages. I knew a number of them who mastered four languages with ease. The two Moras whom I left at Santa Rosa spoke Portuguese quite fluently after a lapse of six months.

I was sorry that I could not return to this tribe as I had promised them. However, Fr. Matthew, my companion, visited them later on, and I learnt from him that they fully redeemed their promises. In the course of time, almost the entire tribe settled on the banks of the Purus. The greater part of them, I am told, are Christians, some even, who were sent to Para, are priests.

Down the Purus, on the home-ward trip, I baptized no less than 2000 children of Christian parents.

Not much could be done for the adults, for our time was limited. Three months had been allotted us at Manaos to accomplish the mission, and it had already required four months. As a result, there was considerable anxiety at home regarding our fate, especially as there was a rumor that our steamer had foundered on the Purus, not a man escaping. So there was all the more joy when we lay to at Manaos, hale and hearty.

14. New Charges

After a lapse of three months, I was sent on another expedition up the Amazon. As I now understood Italian and Portuguese so much better, I was the more able to satisfy the spiritual needs of all the inhabitants.

On this tour, I did not confine my visits to the towns and villages, but visited also lonely haciendas, (plantations), where I found at times groups of families together with their domestics to the number of a hundred and even more individuals. Some of the planters gave me a cold welcome; others, however, especially the Italian planters, received me with every mark of respect. Many of them had instructed their farm hands and other servants so well that often I could forthwith baptize as many as thirty or forty persons at a visit.

On this trip, I also reached the Indian village that had so kindly received me when I had strayed into this country from Ecuador. I remained with them for two days, and all the inhabitants received the sacraments, which was impossible at my first visit as I had lost all my belongings in the river. When the time came to take leave, the good people could not contain their grief, and I must say, I too felt much attached to them; for had it not been for their kindness, I must certainly have perished on that ill-fated trip.

Returning to Manaos, I had to leave immediately on a new mission up the Uaupes and Yuapery rivers, both tributaries of the Negro, to establish friendly relations with the adjoining Indian tribes and to hunt up scattered Christians. Fifteen days we steamed up the Negro without a halt except to take on fuel. I had as my companion one Fr. Venantius, an Italian, who was to reside permanently on the Uaupes river. At Sao Gabriel, where navigation by steamer ceases, we hired two boats, and arrived two days later at the mouth of the Uaupes. There we found a Christian family together with a number of civilized Indians. We arranged with them to conduct us to their tribesmen, intending to form a treaty of mutual friendship.

15. Persuasion Versus Repression

Whenever I had to deal with savage tribes, I first endeavored to demonstrate the advantages of a sedentary life, especially the advantage of tilling the soil so as to be always provided with food, and the advantage of safer defense against possible enemies; I concluded my remarks by speaking of the beauty and benefits of the Christian religion. Experience proved the wisdom of this plan, in making of the Indians not only good Christians, but peaceful and useful subjects. The pity is that this plan was not preferred to the violent measures used to a great extent against the Indians in North America.

After ranging the forest for two days, we came upon the tribe, and I succeeded in convincing them so thoroughly that they determined to found a village on the banks of the Uaupes. Eight men accompanied me immediately to inspect the site. Within five days, there were more than fifty families on the scene,

busily at work establishing permanent dwellings. I supplied them with axes and hatchets, and they immediately set to work. Timber was felled and trimmed, stumps, brush and tinder burnt. These preliminaries took three days.

Then the work of building began. A chapel and a house for the missionary were erected in the center of the village, and roundabout came the houses of the settlers, each with its tract of ground directly adjoining, so the holder would pay closer attention to it. The houses, of course, were none too good—rough timber fastened with palm fiber, for there were no carpenters among us; still, time would mend the grievance. We called the settlement Sao Joaquim, for it was on the feast of St. Joachim that we began to work.

The land roundabout is very fertile, and the settlement developed rapidly in point of wealth and population. I heard later that Sao Joaquim, which in my day counted only fifty families besides a few Christians who grew with the settlement, had a population of 5000 inhabitants. Fr. Venantius remained in the settlement, and in the following years accomplished much good not only in the settlement but far up the course of the Uaupes. I returned down the river and two days later reached Sao Gabriel, where I found the crew of my steamer impatiently awaiting me.

The first part of my task, to establish a basis on the Uaupes and to win the good graces of the Indians living on its shores, was now achieved. It remained for me to do the same on the Yuapery river.

16. A Disappointment

We dropped downstream to the mouth of the Yuapery, where there was a Brazilian fort garrisoned by fifty men, to protect from sudden inroads the town of Moura opposite

the mouth of this river; for the tribe of the Yuapery Indians, who lived nearby was the fiercest in all the region left of the Rio Negro and required constant watching. The government empowered me to employ as many soldiers as I chose, to assist me in my journey up the Yuapery; but I did not wish to provoke the natives. I took only ten of the men with me, and accompanied by four Indians and an interpreter, we began the voyage.

The river abounded in fish and turtles, while the banks afforded the most picturesque scenery. But we had to use the utmost caution not to be surprised by the natives, and had little time for the beauties of nature. After cruising the stream for five days, we discovered footprints in the sand. We went ashore and entered the thicket, where we found nothing but countless numbers of snakes. One of the Indian guides was bitten, and he died almost instantly.

We ranged the forest in vain for two days, after which we came upon a ruinous-looking lodge, into which we placed a few gifts, and then withdrew to await developments. After we had waited for four or five hours, three well armed braves appeared, apparently much astonished to find tracks of strangers, as well as presents on the place. I directed my interpreter to approach, but he was afraid and refused until after much urging. As soon as the savages saw him, they strung their bows to shoot him, leaving me no choice, if I wished to rescue the interpreter, but to discharge my gun, though, of course, I fired the shot into the air.

But that was a poor way of making friends. For, hearing the shot, they turned to flee, and it required great pains to stop them and calm their fears. I, thereupon, invited them to bring their tribesmen to me as I had presents for them. They

answered that their tribe was not far away, and promised also to bring their brethren to form a treaty of friendship with us, leaving us with every appearance of satisfaction.

We waited a day; we waited two days; we followed their trail, but all in vain; nobody came. Seeing our hopes disappointed, we returned to the river, and scoured the shores for three days more. But no trace of the tribe could be found. What could we do but return to Moura?

We lost thirteen days on this expedition. Still, I had the consolation of accomplishing a very successful mission at Moura itself, a town of about one thousand inhabitants. Nearly all the people went to the sacraments, though until then they had been very indifferent about their religion.

17. Unexpected Adieu

This time, on returning home, I was permitted a longer rest from the hardships of the journey. It was almost three years since I had entered the Amazon missions, when suddenly, one night while sleeping on the veranda, I was seized with a peculiar malady, a kind of paralysis, known as beriberi, and considered incurable, at least in the region of the Amazon. It became absolutely imperative for the present that I should seek a different climate, and Fr. Prefect telegraphed to the authorities of the Order for permission to send me to Europe. The permission was immediately granted, and I received word to return to my home province of Catalonia, Spain, with the injunction to report to my superiors as soon as I felt sufficiently improved.

The doctors said I had contracted the germ of the disease years ago by sleeping out nights on the damp ground of the jungle. They insisted that I must leave Manaus within 'four' days, and really the

sickness grew so bad that I received the last sacraments.

How hard it was for me to part from my dear missions, no one can imagine. They carried me aboard a steamer, which bore me down the Amazon, a trip of eighteen days, to the port of Para, where I was to take ship for Portugal. At

Para I had to wait five days. My condition was desperate and I was unconscious for days at a time. Not until we reached the open sea, where I began to inhale the fresh sea breezes, was there any improvement. After a voyage of twenty-three days, I landed safely at Lisbon.

Editor's Note: With this issue, we bring the interesting narrative of Fr. Villa's missionary labors in South America to a close. The good Father, after regaining his health in Europe, was sent to the Franciscan missions in China, where he continued to labor faithfully to bring souls to Christ until his holy death.

A LITTLE APOSTLE

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

(Continued)

THE next day, as Lizzie was busily plying her needle, and her stepmother was sitting in a corner nursing her head, which ached sorely from her Sunday revel, some one was heard quickly running up the stairs. The door flew open and a neighbor woman entered exclaiming excitedly:

"Your husband has been hurt by an explosion at the factory!"

With a cry of alarm, Lizzie sprang to her feet and rushed toward the door, while Mrs. Williams staggered to the table not knowing what to do. Soon two of the factory hands entered carrying the injured man between them. His whole body had been scalded, and it was also feared that he had suffered internal injuries. The foreman at the factory had given orders to have him brought at once to the Sisters' hospital which was near by; but Williams, who had retained consciousness for some time after the accident, would not hear of this, and insisted on being carried to his home which was not far distant. The physician arrived at the house at about the same time, and urged all haste in getting the patient to bed. While he was occupied in examining the burns, Lizzie hurried to her mother who had remained in the kitchen.

"Oh, mother, shall I not run for

the priest?" she exclaimed, all pale with fear for her poor father's eternal welfare.

"No!" came the quick, decisive answer. "I won't have a priest in this house!" The child's request had succeeded in bringing Mrs. Williams out of her stupor to her normal self again; and with a half muttered imprecation, she began to busy herself about the stove.

Lizzie's eyes filled with tears as she turned to go back to her father. After some time the doctor asked her to go to the nearest drug store for some ointment and bandages.

"It will take the druggist some time, perhaps twenty minutes or more, to fill these prescriptions," he said, handing them to her; "but I will wait here until you return."

The child obeyed at once, not even pausing to take her bonnet. While waiting at the drug store, Lizzie noticed that the church she usually attended on Sundays was just across the street on the opposite corner. Recalling that she still had in her pocket the quarter given her the day before by the kind-hearted merchant, she determined to put it in the votive stand and offer candles for her father's welfare. Telling the druggist that she would return after a few minutes, she ran across the street and entered the church. Going up to the altar of Our Lady,

Queen of May, she deposited the money in the stand and proceeded to light five candles. Then kneeling down for just a moment, she raised her tear-stained face to the statue of the Blessed Mother and, thinking she was alone, prayed half aloud.

"Oh, Blessed Mother Mary, as these candles are consuming themselves for thee, so do I now offer myself to thee and to God for the conversion of my poor father and stepmother. Take my life if need be. I will gladly give it up for them."

In the firm belief that her prayer would not be in vain, the child arose and quickly left the church.

"What is your name, my child, and why are you so sad?" spoke a sweet voice as she was about to run down the stone steps to the street.

Lizzie paused to learn who had addressed her and saw an elderly woman richly dressed in black. The woman was a stranger to her, but the gentle voice and the dark brown eyes that looked so compassionately into hers, filled her heart with confidence and made her feel instinctively that the strange lady would prove a friend in need.

"My name is Elizabeth Williams," the child replied shyly, "and I am hurrying home to my father who was badly burnt in an explosion," she continued as her eyes filled with tears.

"Now don't cry, my good girl; your father will be all right again in a few days."

"Oh no, madam. He is very sick, and the doctor says he may die to-day, and—and—"

"And what, my dear child?" coaxed the strange lady patting the girl on the head.

"And mother won't let me call a priest and—father has not been to the sacraments for over three years," Lizzie explained while her frail little form shook with emotion.

"Be comforted, my child. I saw

you praying at our Blessed Lady's altar for your dear father, and rest assured your prayer will be heard. Here, take this money and buy with it whatever your father may need. Now tell me where you live, and I will come to visit you this afternoon."

Lizzie gave her address and then asked the strange woman for her name, saying that she and her father would like to know to whom they were indebted for so much kindness.

"Call me Sister Elizabeth," replied the lady with a smile. "How nice it is that we both bear the same name. Now hurry home to your father and I will see you again this afternoon."

Smiling through her tears, Lizzie bade her friend good bye and then fetching the ointment from the drug store she ran quickly homeward, where the doctor was awaiting her return.

Toward three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Williams regained consciousness.

"Where am I?" he asked staring wildly about.

"At home in bed, father," Lizzie replied, as she stroked his tangled hair. "You were badly burnt in the explosion at the factory, you know."

"O yes, now I remember. The boiler..."

"Yes, father, the boiler exploded and the doctor says that you were scalded very badly. Don't you want me to go for the priest?" she queried with her most engaging tone.

"No!" he said sharply as his face darkened. Then after a pause, "Where's ma?"

"She left the house right after dinner, and has not yet returned," Lizzie answered. "But I am here," she added quickly, as she noticed his temper rising over the neglect of his wife.

"Where did these things come

from?" he asked after some time, tugging at the spotless new bedclothes.

"A kind lady met me this morning at the church door," Lizzie replied, "and learning that you had been badly injured, she gave me five dollars to buy something for you. The doctor said that I should get these bedclothes, so you could rest easier."

"Who was the lady?" Mr. Williams asked, softening.

"She said that I should call her Sister Elizabeth. But she is no Sister like those at the school, but a rich lady, dressed all in black silk. And she says she loves the poor and would visit us this afternoon."

"I don't want to see her," he said fiercely. "She is one of those meddling rich people, who are always trying to get their names in the papers as being charitable to the poor. I won't have her in the house. And when she comes you can throw these things at her," he exclaimed angrily, endeavoring to cast off the covers. But he had overestimated his strength, and with a groan fell back helpless on his pillow.

"Then, father, keep them for my sake," Lizzie pleaded, as she rearranged the disordered coverlet. "I will tell the lady not to come."

Mr. Williams was too angry to reply, and closing his eyes he tried to sleep. At about four o'clock, Lizzie heard footsteps on the crazy stairs, and surmising that it was the good woman, who had been so kind to her in the morning, she quietly left the room and went to the door.

"Oh madam, you won't be angry, will you?" she began, as she met her new friend halfway up the stairs, "but father has forbidden me to let you in, as he hates all the rich. About four years ago, he joined the Socialists, and ever since that time he has not gone to the

sacraments nor to church," and the poor child burst into tears.

"That is all right, my child," replied the stranger, "and I am not at all surprised to hear this. Let us not despair, however, but redouble our prayers for him, and perhaps he will alter his determination."

Then opening her purse, the strange lady gave the child another generous alms, and promising to return early next morning, she left the house. Lizzie had hardly returned to her father's side, when a knock at the door was heard, and the next moment Mr. Bailey, the proprietor of the factory, entered the room accompanied by one of the foremen. Though he hated the very name of his employer, Mr. Williams was, nevertheless, rather agreeably surprised to receive a visit from him.

"Well, how are you getting on, my friend?" enquired Mr. Bailey, going near the bed and bending over the patient. "I trust the accident will not prove serious. But even if the worst should happen, my good man, you need have no fear for your family; for I have given orders to continue your daily wages and will pay all the bills this sad accident may entail. You were injured while in my service, and I feel in duty bound to assist you and your poor family as much as I can."

Mr. Williams wondered whether he was not dreaming. He had often seen Mr. Bailey making his tours of inspection through the factory, and, knowing him to be exceedingly rich, had supposed him to belong to that class of wealthy men whose sole aim in life is to increase their possessions by any means, fair or foul. True, he had heard some of his fellow laborers speak of Mr. Bailey's kindness and generosity, but these men did not belong to the group of William's boon companions. They were those

who saw in poverty and labor not a curse but a blessing, and who strove, in consequence, to live contentedly according to their means. They had been decried as tools of the rich, paid to help keep the poor workingmen in subjection. Every good act that Bailey had done for his men had been belittled and misinterpreted by Williams and his associates in the barrooms, where they discussed the political and social questions of the day with the air and finality of experts. How often had not Williams himself used up his vocabulary in his search for vile epithets for his employer and the rich in general, and now when Bailey had nothing more to expect from him, physically ruined for life as he most probably was, Bailey comes himself to visit him, and, without even being asked, promises to support him and his family as long as this may be necessary. Surely, Bailey must be a quite different man from what he had imagined. What could possibly be his motive in acting thus to one of his commonest laborers who, he knew, or at least could know, had never looked at him with friendly eyes? Bailey was a mystery to Williams, whose sole aim in life during the past four years had been *self*—the gratification of his own base heart. These thoughts shot like a flash through William's mind as he listened to Mr. Bailey's kindly voice and saw the gleam of pity in his eyes.

"I thank you, Mr. Bailey, for your kindness to me," Williams said when Bailey had finished speaking.

"That's all right, my good man," returned Bailey cheerily. "I am only too glad to be able to help you, and am sorry I can not alleviate your sufferings more. But now I must go. May God bless you, and our Lady watch over you!"

After Bailey had gone, Williams

kept repeating to himself, "'May God bless you and our Lady watch over you.' This explains all", he mused, "Bailey is a Catholic, a practical Catholic, and it is his religion that causes him to act as he does."

How different had not Williams himself been but a few years since, when he still practiced the religion of his childhood? And how quickly had he lost the joy of heart and peace of mind that is the constant companion of a good conscience, when he began to associate with the enemies of God and men and had cast his faith overboard. In his heart of hearts he knew that he was doing wrong in blindly following the promptings of his passions; but he had gone down so fast and so deep into the mire of sin after the death of his first wife, that soon nothing seemed too low for him.

And what had he gained? Nothing at all. From the moment he had discarded his religion and had joined the "Comrades" to the present hour, he had not known peace of heart. Bitterness instead of joy filled his soul; curses instead of prayers and blessings were on his tongue; and black despair sat enthroned where formerly sweet hope had reigned. As he lay there now pondering over his folly in leaving God to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of sin and passion, his fever rose rapidly and he soon became delirious. Lizzie sent her two little brothers, whom she had kept at home after dinner, to summon the doctor immediately. He found his patient very weak, and was quite surprised at the sudden turn for the worse. The disconnected sentences uttered by the sick man explained all. It was mental anguish racking the shattered frame and hastening the end. Administering an opiate, the physician left the house, saying that he could do no more.

(To be continued)

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. The Order of St. Francis has the special obligation of consecrating itself to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, for as we know, our holy Father St. Francis was given to Bl. Margaret Alacoque as her special patron and protector. She herself writes: "On the feast of St. Francis, in 1686, while I was at prayer, our Lord showed me that great Saint encircled with ineffable light and splendor, and raised to an eminent degree of glory above the other Saints, on account of his conformity to the suffering life of our Divine Savior and the love he bore to his sacred Passion. Hence, that divine crucified Lover in impressing his sacred Wounds in the body of Francis, made him one of the greatest favorites of his Sacred Heart, and gave him a special power of obtaining the efficacious application of the merits of his Precious Blood, thus rendering him, as it were, a dispenser of that divine Treasure."—Fr. Bernardine of Porto Romano, Min. Gen. of the 1st Order.

2. There are some who find themselves tepid and dry at prayer and full of weariness and disgust. They say they have not the grace of prayer. Certainly, the gift of prayer is not wanting to them, but all this proceeds from their not being careful to fit themselves for prayer, by accustoming their minds to the thought of God.—Bl. Baptista Varani, 2nd Order.

3. It is related of Bl. Andrew of Spello, of the first Order, that one day our Lord appeared to him under the form of a child radiant with beauty. Jesus had been conversing with him for a long time, when the bell rang to call the religious to the choir for prayer. Andrew remembering the duty of obedience, left his Lord without a moment's delay to join his brethren. After the friars had finished their prayers, he returned to his cell. Great was his joy to find his adorable Guest still there. Our Lord then said to him: "Thou hast done well in thus obeying the signal. I will soon reward thee; for if thou hadst staid, I would have fled."

4. Read little—choose your authors well, and think much, that is the only correct method.—James Balmes, Tertiary.

5. Preach everywhere devotion to the Sacred Heart. It will save the world.—Pope Pius IX, Tertiary.

6. Fly from the world if you wish to remain pure; if you are pure, the world has no more charms for you.—St. Francis.

7. Strive to be courteous and civil in heart and in mind, and general bearing, and in order to be so, never become too familiar with any one, but act in the same manner to all.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

8. We have two eyes, the right and the left, which are always open. Let us use the first to contemplate heaven and the other to guide us in the midst of our life here on earth.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

9. The greater a man appears in his own eyes, the more despicable he is before God; the more worthy of scorn he considers himself, the dearer he is to God.—St. Bernardine of Siena, 1st Order.

10. In the service of God, the higher one rises, the higher one desires to go; and the more one knows of God's greatness, the more one disdains the petty things of earth.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, 1st Order.

11. St. Clare of Assisi invoked the Sacred Heart of Jesus many times a day, and said that to this practice she owed the ineffable delights with which she was inundated when kneeling before the tabernacle.

12. All evil arises from this, that no one wishes to reform himself, and everyone wishes to reform others.—St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Order.

13. Charity is a fire; but three things can extinguish it: the whirlwind of pride, the inundations of gluttony and luxury, and the dense fumes of avarice.—St. Antony of Padua, 1st Order.

14. When you pray, imagine yourself all alone in the world with God, and think that he has only you to hear and heed; beg his graces, therefore, lovingly, earnestly, and unceasingly.—St. Paschal Baylon, 1st Order.

15. The more the Church of God is persecuted, the more must we edify the world and the holy Church by the strict observance of our holy Rule.—Sr. Magdalene Neilg, 3rd Order.

16. Brotherhood, Temperance, Purity,—these should be the watchwords of the Franciscan in these days; the keynotes of his own life; the text of his preaching to others.—Fr. Cuthbert, 1st Order.

17. There are many who gladly visit the Holy Land and beautiful churches. I do not disapprove of this piety. But let us not forget that our heart is a sanctuary, the throne of the living God, the throne of the Blessed Trinity. Let us often enter into this sanctum, let us in spirit and in truth adore there the most Holy Trinity.—St. Paul of the Cross, Tertiary.

18. We shall obtain everything if we have confidence in God. But the more we sin against hope in God, the more will God deny us his help.—James Olier, Tertiary.

19. Thy compassion for the poor, the sick, the widows, and the orphans has gained thee my Heart, for that which thou hast done to the least of these my little ones, thou hast done it to me, and therefore thy reward shall be overflowing.—Our Lord to Bl. Michelina of Pesaro, 3rd Order.

20. Remember the time for labor and suffering is short; and on the other hand, the happiness prepared for us is never ending.—St. Clare, 2nd Order.

21. Let us force ourselves to be affectionate, gentle, and humble in our intercourse with those whom God has given us as our companions. Never let us consent to be of the number of those who, out of their own house, appear like angels, but more like devils at home.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

22. If outward humility does not spring from true inward humility, or is at least not accompanied by it, it is dangerous, because it is then but a

shell, a deception. If it springs from inner humility, it is true and serves to edify our neighbor.—St. Francis Solano, 1st Order.

23. Let us be on our guard against human sentiments, for often, under pretext of zeal for the glory of God, they induce us to undertake projects that neither spring from God, nor are blessed by his divine Majesty.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

24. The desire of Jesus and of the Church that all the faithful should daily approach the sacred banquet is directed chiefly to this end, that the faithful being united to God by means of the Sacrament, may thence derive strength to resist their sensual passions, to cleanse themselves from the stains of daily faults, and to avoid those graver sins to which human frailty is liable.—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

25. Praised be Jesus Christ in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar!—St. Paschal Baylon, 1st Order.

26. Self-love is the source of every vice and evil, and is fatal to all the virtues; self-hatred is the principle and the basis of these same virtues, and the destruction of every vice.—Bl. James of Todi, 1st Order.

27. If obedience demands it, we should and can do everything.—Sr. Florida Cevoli, 2nd Order.

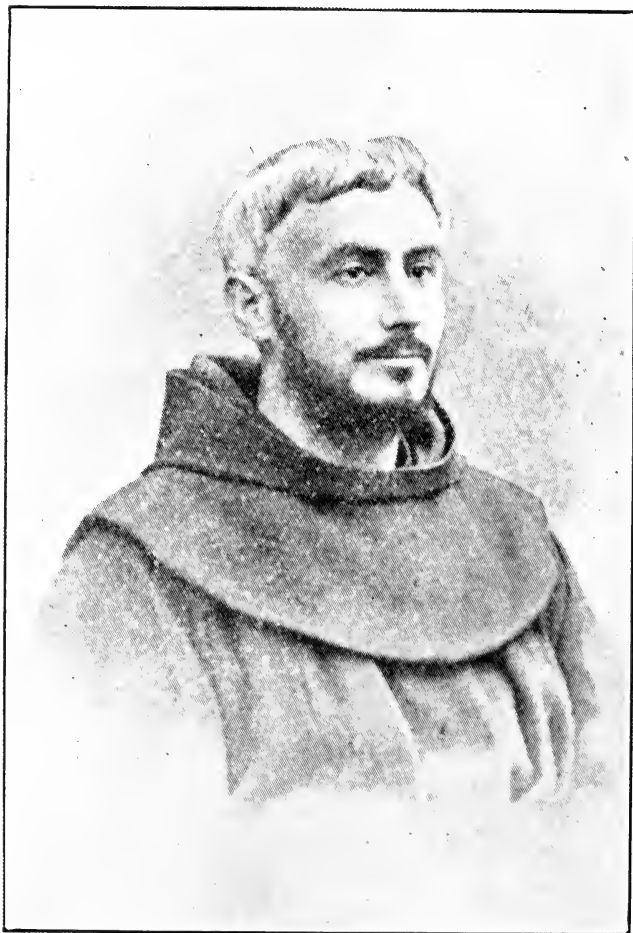
28. Through every temptation that we overcome and every passion that we subdue, we grow in virtue; for every vice that we have rooted out of our hearts, we obtain a special grace and crown.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

29. Let us try which one of us can best love our Lord and Savior, the Spouse of our souls; and which one of us will give him in this life the most striking proof of our love.—St. Francis Solano, 1st Order.

30. Not mere physical strength nor empty phrases of humanity and tolerance, but the seraphic spirit of the Third Order is able to give back to men charity and hope and through these, peace.—N. Dotzler, Tertiary.

It is with pleasure that we announce the arrival of a large shipment of Tertiary emblems, and we are now in a position to fill all orders. We have embodied in the emblem a number of suggested improvements, and we think it is now as perfect as we can expect to make it. We have also had buttons of a smaller size made for men, and as the majority of the men and young men prefer the better qualities, we have the small button only in solid gold and rolled gold. The large size has been retained for the women, as they generally prefer this size. Owing to a special arrangement made with the manufacturer, we are able to quote a lower price on the large solid gold emblem for women. The quality, however, remains the same. The revised price list will be found on the inside of the rear cover.

In a few days, leaflets in English, German, and Polish, explaining the emblem, may be had gratis by applying at this office.



THE MOST REV. FR. SERAPHIN CIMINO, O.F.M.

New Minister General of Franciscan Order

EDITORIAL COMMENT

FRIARS MINOR ELECT NEW MINISTER GENERAL

Just as we were going to press, we received a telegram bringing the joyful news that the Franciscans assembled in General Chapter at Rome elected, on May 22, the **Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, O.F.M.**, to the office of Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor. The new Most Rev. Father General was born at Capri, in the diocese of Sorrento, Italy, on October 3, 1875, and received the name of Antony in Baptism. On February 26, 1893, young Antony Cimino entered the Franciscan Order and was given the name of Seraphin. He pronounced his simple vows on February 28, 1894, and his solemn vows on October 3, 1896, and was ordained priest on April 9, 1898. For some time Fr. Seraphin filled the office of Lector General at Rome, and when the Right Rev. Fr. Honoratus Carcaterra was raised to the Episcopacy, Fr. Seraphin was chosen to succeed him as Custodian of the Holy Land, October 13, 1913, and entered on his duties March 29, 1914. The *Franciscan Herald* wishes the new Father General a most hearty *Ad multos annos!*

THE SACRED HEART AND THE CHILDREN OF ST. FRANCIS

One of the richest sources of blessings to the Church of God and one of the most powerful means for the sanctification of souls is the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. No other devotion in these latter days has attained so sudden and so widespread a popularity. This is as it should be. For no other object is more deserving of veneration than the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as the symbol and source of that divine charity from which as from an inexhaustible fountain have sprung all the graces and blessings that God through the long course of ages, has poured out over this sinful and woebegone world of ours.

The children of St. Francis have a special obligation of venerating the Sacred Heart because of its intimate relation to the person of the Seraphic Father. St. Francis was all aglow with love for God, especially for the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. "Filled with a passionate love for Jesus Christ," says one of his first companions, "and inebriated with the peace and joy of his Lord, St. Francis often broke forth into flaming words and rapturous songs." One of his favorite prayers was: "O God, grant that the sweet power of thy burning love may detach me from the things of this earth and draw me to itself, that I may die for love of thy love, because thou hast willed to die for love of my love." At other times, he was heard to exclaim, "My God and my All! Who art thou, sweetest Jesus, and who am I, thy servant, a poor worm? Would I could love thee, most holy Lord, would I could love thee, O Jesus, to thee I have offered my heart and my body." So great was the love of St. Francis for our Blessed Savior and so great the conformity of his life with that of the divine prototype, that God deigned to give visible expression to this similarity by imprinting on the body of the Seraphic Saint the sacred stigmata. We can readily understand, therefore, why our Lord himself should have appointed St. Francis as Blessed Margaret Mary's guide and protector in her efforts for the spreading of the devotion to his Sacred Heart.

Were St. Francis alive to-day, he would desire nothing so much as to see his children among the most fervent clients of the Sacred Heart, and he would have all the more right to expect this of them since they have been solemnly consecrated to this adorable Heart. This happened in the year 1875, when the Most Reverend Father General of the Franciscans journeyed to Paray le Monial in France, the sanctuary where the Sacred Heart together with St. Francis appeared to Bl. Margaret Mary, there to make the solemn act of consecration. Four thousand Tertiaries from all parts of the world took part in the celebration, all wearing outwardly the scapular with the image of the Sacred Heart and the Franciscan coat of arms embroidered on it.

It is the wish of the superiors of the Order that this consecration be renewed annually during the month of June by the several fraternities. This consecration should embrace a fivefold act; namely, an act of profound adoration, an act of fervent love, an act of heartfelt gratitude, an act of loving reparation, and a promise of fidelity.

Let Tertiaries, therefore, not neglect to make this act of consecration; let them remember that as children of St. Francis they are fortunate in being so near to the Sacred Heart. This thought should inspire them to imitate the example of their Seraphic Father in making their hearts ever more and more like unto the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "We know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good, to such as according to his purpose are called to be saints. For whom he foreknew, he also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of his Son." (Rom. viii, 28, 29.)

OUR FRONTISPIECE

In the scene presented in the frontispiece of this issue, the artist leads us into a sick chamber where Christian Charity, in the form of a pious matron has taken her place beside the bed of a suffering young woman. The charitable lady has come not only to relieve the pains of the body, but also to pour the oil of consolation into the troubled heart of the poor sufferer. She is reading from a spiritual book, and the effect of this reading is clearly visible on the face of the patient, who, filled with consolation and hope, casts a look of pious resignation on the image of the Crucified.

To visit the sick is expressly enjoined on the Tertiaries in the words of the Rule: "Let the Prefects either visit in person any member who is ill, or else send some one to perform the offices of charity. When the sickness is serious, let the Prefects urge the sick person, by warning and persuasion, to attend in time to the matters which concern the purification of his soul." (Chap. ii, 13.)

In serving the sick, one actually serves God himself, according to the words of our Blessed Savior: "I was sick, and you visited me..... Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." The Tertiary need not go far in search of motives to fulfill this precept of charity. Who of all the children of Israel most easily won the heart of the Son of Man when he trod the highways and byways of Palestine? Was it not the maimed, the blind, the lame, the deaf, the palsied, the sick of every kind? We can not, therefore, endear ourselves more easily to the Heart of Jesus than by visiting in a spirit of charity and consoling those whom he deigns to honor with his special love. In

imitation of her divine Founder, Holy Mother Church, too, has regarded the sick and infirm as her especial wards. Filled with her spirit, St. Francis began his marvelous life of penance by ministering to the wants of the poor outcast lepers, and all his faithful sons and daughters have ever manifested a tender solicitude for the unfortunate victims of disease. Can Tertiaries, therefore, do better than faithfully accompany Holy Church on her visits to the sick, and follow in the footsteps of their holy Father Francis, and of Saints Roche, Conrad, Luchesius, Elizabeth, Catherine, and so many other holy children of the Seraph of Assisi?

No one realizes what it means to be sick until disease has laid one low, torturing one's body with racking pains, and filling one's soul with sorrow and discontent. Too often are the sick entirely neglected; often, indeed, reproached and even abused by those whose duty it is to care for and love them. And how like a sunbeam piercing the clouded heavens does not the approach of a comforter gladden these neglected souls, dispelling the darkness of despondency and despair that surrounded them. And in how many ways can not the sick be assisted? A visit to the homes of the sick poor in the village, hovels and the city tenements will reveal the misery that abounds; the wretched beds, the soiled linen, the unpalatable and innutritious food, the lack of medicine, the want of every comfort and convenience!

But it is not merely bodily wants that require relief in times of sickness. The soul of the patient is often more in need of charity than the pain-tortured body. God as a loving Father endeavors at times by blessings and graces and again by trials and adversity to bring his wayward children back to a sense of their duty. Hence, it sometimes happens that God in his mercy sends a sickness in punishment for sins committed and as a means to bring the sinner to repentance. The sinner, struck by the chastising Hand of God, is generally more susceptible of the promptings of grace than at other times, especially if the sad state of his soul is vividly brought home to him by the loving admonitions of a sympathetic friend. How many a death-bed conversion can be traced back to what seemed but a chance visit of some pious acquaintance! Still, it would be rash to suppose that every illness is a sign of God's wrath. More often than not, the sick are but being tried by their Heavenly Father, like gold in the fire, to test their virtue and constancy, and to purify their souls more and more from the stains of sin. And such souls, too, stand in need of compassionate friends to strengthen and console them in their hour of trial as the comforting Angel consoled the agonizing Savior in the garden of Olives.

PROTESTANT TOLERATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

It is a tenet of the Catholic Church that outside her pale there is no salvation, or in other words, that those who die in *culpable* heresy, schism, or unbelief will not obtain eternal salvation. This doctrine, more than any other, has merited for the Church the reproach of intolerance. Modern Protestants affect to believe that one church is as good as another; that no sect has a right to denounce another as false; that all religions lead to one and the same God and Father of all. There is a peculiar charm about this theory. It looks broad and generous. But what about its intrinsic value? Is it safe? Does it meet the requirements of the Word of God and the postulates of reason? Let us see.

If it is true that all religions lead to God, then it is equally true that roads leading in opposite directions and crossing each other at right angles, terminate at one and the same objective point. On this supposition, a man will arrive at his destination, whether he turns to the right, or to the left, whether he goes forward, or gradually inclines to one side, until he turns his back on the object toward which he intended to travel. If it is true that all religions, whether Christian or anti-Christian, are equally good, why did God reveal his will to man? Why did he threaten with the severest punishments those who should resist his known will? Why was he so solicitous for the preservation of the true faith among men? Why did he separate the people of Israel from the idolatrous nations of the earth? Why did he found a Church to preach the Gospel to every creature? Would all this not have been inane and self-contradictory? If it is true that it matters not what one believes, then God must be indifferent to truth and error, to virtue and vice, to submission and rebellion, which to assume is to destroy the very notion of God. If it is true that one Christian denomination has as much right to exist as another, then Christ must be the author of all the contradictory beliefs and doctrines held and taught by the well-nigh innumerable sects, differing on the most essential points, not only from the Catholic Church but also from one another.

The Protestant doctrine of universal religious toleration is untenable in theory. It is as absurd as it is impious and destructive of the very notion of God, of religion, and of the Church. However broad and charitable this theory may appear, and however confidently the liberal Protestant may imagine that he has, by this self-destructive system of religion, excluded from his belief the notion of anything like intolerance, he has by no means got rid of it. The ghost of his murdered religion haunts him, like the ghost of Banquo, which would never down. If modern Protestants are so thoroughly convinced of the correctness of their views concerning the possibility of salvation in any and every church, why do the various sects, even to this day, excommunicate one another? Why so many dissensions among them and defections from their ranks? Why this constant and bitter warfare against the Church of Rome? Why this despicable social and political persecution of Catholics the world over? If our Protestant friends sincerely believe that one religion is as good as another, why do they display so great a zeal in making proselytes? Is it necessary for biblical societies to spend millions of dollars annually for the distribution of Bibles and the support of foreign missions? Is it necessary for our Methodist brethren to maintain a mission in Rome for the conversion of poor, benighted Italian Catholics?

But, enough has been said to show that theory is one thing, and practice, another. For our separated brethren to speak of religious toleration, is but a loss of time and an abuse of terms. Despite their belief in religious toleration, they can not help acting on the principle that any church claiming to be the true Church of Christ, must be intolerant, not of heretics, but of heresies, just as truth is, and ever must be, intolerant of error, and light of darkness. Protestants, however, need not feel embarrassed at this discrepancy between their belief and practice. It is but one of the many inconsistencies inherent in Protestantism and, for that matter, their conduct is in strict accord with the doctrine and practice of their founders.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

VII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

AS the Fathers had retired from Texas to Coahuila, South of the Rio Grande, we must consider the situation there, in order to understand subsequent operations. Franciscans from the Province of the Holy Gospel, City of Mexico, had endeavored to start missions among the savages in that region as early as 1603. Fr. Antonio Salduendo, especially, exerted himself in that respect, but the ferocity of the Toboso Indians for a long time frustrated the noble designs.

The next attempt to convert the Coahuila Indians was made by Fr. Juan Lários of the Franciscan Province of St. James, Jalisco, about the year 1670. Four years later Fathers Estévan Martínez, Manuel de la Cruz and Juan Barrero joined him, with the result that Mission San Miguel de Aguayo could be founded in 1675. From this event date the Annals of Coahuila. About two years later the Mission of Nadores, or Nuestra Señora de Victoria, was established a few leagues from San Miguel, and Viceroy Monclova ordered a garrison, or presidio to be planted half a league from San Miguel for the protection of the missionaries.

In 1688, Fr. Mazanet, of the Querétaro Missionary College, founded Mission Santiago in the Candela Valley, and in the same year the Fathers Francisco Hidalgo, Francisco Estévez, and Antonio Escaray

established Mission Dolores at Boca de Leones in Nueva Leon. After two years Dolores was ceded to the Jalisco Province along with the Mission of Santiago, in order that Fathers Mazanet and Hidalgo might devote themselves to the Texans, which they did with the unhappy result already told.

While impatiently waiting for the reopening of the Texas missions, Fathers Diego de Salazar and Francisco Hidalgo, in 1698, founded another Mission Dolores at La Punta, or Lampazos, in Nueva Leon. In the following year Mission San Juan Bautista arose ten leagues to the east of Dolores. In 1700, however, it was moved farther east near the Rio Grande. From here Fr. Antonio Oliváres made a trip into Texas as far as the Rio Frio, thirty leagues north and east of the Rio Grande. He also founded the Missions of San Bernardo and of San Francisco Solano in the Rio Grande district, but south of the river. In 1703 Solano was removed to the Valle de San Ildefonso, sixteen leagues west of the San Juan Bautista and San Bernardo missions. Thus, by degrees, the Franciscans of Querétaro, had at the beginning of the eighteenth century, mobilized, so to speak, their forces on the south side of the Rio Grande, whence they eagerly expected to reoccupy their former missions in Texas as soon as the word should

come from their Superiors—nay, from the viceroy; for, be it remembered, the queer "union" of State and Church obtained in the Spanish dominions, which allowed the missionaries to take no step for the conversion of aborigines in distant regions without the sanction of the civil or military power. This power first and always looked to the advantage not of souls, but of the State politic.

In their eagerness for the resumption of the missionary operations among the Texans, the Fathers had procured a Christian Indian from Texas, who might act as interpreter; but time went on, and one day the poor Indian was found murdered. Nevertheless, as a writer in the Texas Historical Quarterly points out, * "the Franciscans clamored for a reoccupation of the country with all the eager earnestness manifested by the Crusader in his cry for the redemption of the Holy Land. Indeed, the same spirit which moved the Crusader to pawn his life in battle for the Holy Sepulcher, urged the Franciscan, barefoot and with the knotted cord fastened about his waist, into unknown wilds where dwelt the savage men whose souls were to be saved; but the government was deaf, and the time ran on."

It was then, unable, it seems, to bear the suspense, that Fr. Olivares made his missionary trip on his own responsibility. Accompanied by Captain José de Urrutia and a few soldiers, he crossed the Rio Grande, and thirty leagues beyond encountered a multitude of savages from various tribes. He found them docile and willing to join him in reciting the prayers. They even promised to become Christians if he would establish a mission among them. He would fain have staid with the Indians; for it grieved him to leave so many souls with-

out a spiritual guide; but his mission and the two Fathers in Coahuila called for his return. Thereafter, as may well be imagined, and Father Espinosa also relates, the conversation of the friars in Coahuila turned entirely upon the ways and means to be adopted to accomplish the spiritual conquest beyond the Rio Grande.

While in Texas, the Fathers had experienced that a most formidable obstacle to the conversion of the Indians were the frequent wars among the various tribes. Fearing for his beloved Hasinai around the abandoned missions on the Neches, Fr. Hidalgo, knowing that nothing could be expected from the Mexican authorities, wrote to the French missionaries in Louisiana and to the French officer nearest the boundaries, asking them to exert themselves in behalf of peace among the savages on the border. The letter to the French officer reached the governor of Louisiana, who sent Captain St. Denis with twenty-five soldiers to the country of the Hasinai. They found the Indians still hoping for the reappearance of Fr. Hidalgo. They even declared that, if the French captain would defend them against hostile Indians, they would send a deputation to Fr. Hidalgo. St. Denis kindly agreed to accompany them. With three soldiers and four Texas Indians he arrived at the presidio of San Juan Bautista, early in 1715. Though hospitably received, the Frenchmen were directed to proceed to the capital in order to give an account of their presence in Spanish territory. The matter was explained to the entire satisfaction of the viceroy; but the incident effected what all appeals from the missionaries had failed to bring about.

The fact that a number of French soldiers had traversed Spanish territory unhindered for more than

*W. F. McCaleb, January, 1898.

four hundred miles, caused the dilatory and indifferent officials at the capital to realize how easily it might be lost to the nation. As long as the viceroy and his court could be sure that a wide stretch of unknown country lay between their frontier and the nearest foreign settlement, and that their mines in Mexico were safely hidden from French eyes, Texas could remain an untenanted wilderness, and the Texas Indians might continue to clamor for missionaries. One day changed all

this. The commerce of the north was threatened, the valuable mines of Coahuila, Vizcaya, and Parral were liable to be discovered, and the province of Texas was in imminent danger of being occupied by the encroaching French. To guard against these dire contingencies, the governors of the northern provinces were instructed to prohibit the entrance of Frenchmen into Spanish territory, and to provide for the reestablishment of the missions in Texas.

A COLD RECEPTION

By Fr. Casimir, O.F.M.

ONE winter's day more than thirty years ago, I visited my Indian missions in Polk County Wisconsin, near the St. Croix River. On my way to Apple River, I passed through Balsam Lake, a town inhabited mostly by Swedes, Americans, and a few Indian half-breeds. While in Balsam Lake, I heard that some of these poor Indians were sick with the measles. Accordingly, I left my horse and cutter at the hotel, and went to visit them and to hear their confessions.

On returning to the hotel, I was refused admission, as the proprietor feared I would infect his family with the measles. I had no choice but to continue my journey to Apple River. While passing a gristmill, my horse became frightened at the unusual noise and ran away, damaging the cutter badly and scattering my mission articles all along the road. I finally succeeded in halting him, and after securing him to a post, I went back and picked up my belongings. This was no easy matter as it was already dusk, and they were scattered in all directions. Then mending my cutter as well as I could with some strong wire, I tried to continue my trip to Apple

River, but I had gone hardly a mile when I lost the trail, and was forced to return to the inhospitable innkeeper at Balsam Lake, as he had the only hotel in the settlement.

But he again refused to admit me, and I finally decided to seek shelter for the night in his stable. Recalling the pitiable condition of the Divine Infant in the crib at Bethlehem, I was quite content with my novel sleeping apartment in a manger between the stalls of the horses, and I hoped to get a good night's rest after all. Alas! I had reckoned without my hosts. As long as my equine neighbors had enough hay in their stalls, they left me unmolested; but as soon as they had consumed their rations of fodder, they both began to covet the hay in my manger. This longing was easily satisfied, as there were large cracks in the partitions between the stalls, and the hay protruded on both sides. Soon I felt myself pulled by the hair, for which one of my bedfellows seemed to have a special relish, while the other one began chewing at my toes. The experience was far from pleasant, and I lost no time in descending from my comfortable bed, to take up my

quarters on the floor, where I should at least be out of their reach.

Unhappily, my hopes for a quiet night's rest were not to be realized; for I was kept awake by the noise made by the horses, pulling the hay through the crevices, and by their constant snorting and stamping. Early next morning, before daylight, I arose to leave for Apple River. As I was hitching my horse to the cutter, the hotel keeper, whose name was Shepherd, came to me

keep my word. I immediately heard their confessions and said holy Mass.

Divine Providence had graciously willed that this trip, begun under such difficulties, should not be barren of good results, but that it should bring the light of faith to a person more than fifty miles away in Arbuckle Settlement. It was Mr. Arbuckle himself, the principal property owner of the place, who up to this time had always been



Indians In Northern Wisconsin

and demanded his pay for the night's lodging. I paid him, and said nothing, but I thought to myself, he surely does not belong to the class of good shepherds.

As the road to Apple River was blocked by the heavy snow drifts, I made slow progress, and it was almost noon when I arrived at my destination. Nevertheless, the faithful Indians were still waiting for me, for they knew that I would

greatly opposed to the Catholic religion. He was a Protestant, who had married a Catholic half-breed Indian woman. None of his numerous family were allowed to be baptized, and his good wife was very much grieved at this. In spite of his hatred against the true Faith, she had secretly taught her children the catechism and the necessary prayers, but she did not dare to have them baptized without the

knowledge of her husband.

As I was passing through the place one day, I went to visit Mr. Arbuckle in the hope of convincing him of the folly of his opposition, and to explain, to some extent at least, our holy Faith and in particular the necessity of Baptism even for children. To my great surprise, he received me in the most cordial manner, and allowed me to baptize all his children. He himself was present at the ceremony and on my departure the following day, he gave me a very generous alms. I could not refrain from asking him for an explanation of this change of atti-

tude toward the Catholic religion. To my utter astonishment he replied:

"I was informed of your misfortune and ill treatment at Balsam Lake, and this affected me so deeply that I was convinced that you must be a man of God, and determined at once that you should baptize my whole family."

After some time, the good man followed his children to the sacred font, and died a practical Catholic, well prepared for eternity. In this manner did the all-provident God draw good out of evil, and changed what appeared to me a misfortune into a blessing.

THE FINDER OF THE LOST

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary.

PROFESSOR Burton raved and raged, stamped and swore, and paced the floor of his study with long strides. He waved his arms, clenched his fingers and pulled his hair. It was obvious that he was in a temper. His appearance showed it, his actions showed it, and, more than all, his language showed it very plainly. His words were far from choice, and indicated that he was quite conversant with every expletive in the English tongue.

"Now where in Hades did I put that confounded thing?" he said, aloud. "I had it not an hour ago and now, just when I need it, it's nowhere to be found. If this wouldn't try the patience of Job!"

He sat down at his desk, screwed up his eyes and tried to recall where he had placed the article; but to no avail. He took out his watch and saw that it pointed to 6.45 P. M. At seven he had to catch a car, if he did not want to be late for his lecture in University Hall. Only fifteen minutes—yet he must absolutely have that specimen of ore be-

fore he could go. It was to be the essential feature of his lecture, and he could not go without it. He swore again with much force and volubility. Then he banged his hand on the desk and began to feel all through his pockets for the third or fourth time. A smile began to appear on his face.

"Ah! Here it is at last."

His fingers had felt something that seemed to be the specimen. He produced the article, but frowned when he saw that, after all, it was only a metal case containing a pocket statuette. This, he knew, was one of St. Antony. He opened the case, placed the statuette on the desk and addressed it in this style:

"Now, St. Antony, here's a proposition. I don't believe in you, but I've lost a specimen of ore. You're supposed to be able to find things. If you find that specimen within five minutes, I'll give you five dollars."

He took out his watch and waited calmly as if expecting the statuette to produce the specimen and hand it to him. The seconds ticked rap-

idly away while the professor drummed idly with his fingers. There were only two minutes left. The professor looked slyly at the figure over the rims of his glasses.

"One minute yet!"

He began to smile sarcastically. "Time's up. You lose," he cried picking up the statuette and flinging it into the waste-basket with an angry exclamation. Then he paused for a moment.

"Hang it all, I want that statue, though. It was my mother's."

He thrust his hand into the basket and felt among the papers.

"Now here's more trouble! I've lost this too!"

Seizing the basket, he emptied the contents upon his desk. At first, nothing but paper fell out. He shook the basket. A slight thud betokened the presence of the statuette. But there was another sound! He hastily swept away the paper and saw the statuette—and the specimen. With an exclamation of surprise and delight, he seized the latter, thrust it into his pocket, and rushed out of the study as fast as he could to catch the car.

It was yet early when the lecture was finished, and as the night was pleasant, the professor determined to walk home. The stillness of the night favored reflection, and he soon found his thoughts dwelling on the incidents of the earlier part of the evening. The manner in which his specimen had been found, struck him as somewhat unusual, and he could not help feeling that somehow St. Antony had been instrumental in recovering it. So, being a man of his word, he concluded that he should have to send a check for five dollars to the nearest Catholic church. It would be charity, at least, and undoubtedly, there were some poor people who would benefit by it.

Then he thought of his mother and the implicit faith she had al-

ways had in St. Antony's ability to find lost things. He well remembered how firmly convinced she had been that the saint could find whatever she wanted. Generally her spectacles were the offenders. She had a way of pushing them up on her forehead where she could not see them, and presently they were to all appearances lost. Then St. Antony's services were promptly called into action, much as people now-a-days use the want columns of the daily papers. He had often laughingly remarked that he supposed his mother thought that the saint ran a lost-and-found bureau of his own. But what seemed strangest to him, was that she did not have any special form of prayer to be used on those occasions. She merely said the Hail Mary.

But all this was long ago. He was young then and also a Catholic. He knew all about such matters then, and, in a way, believed in them. He had even admitted then that, perhaps, St. Antony's mission might be to find the right path for erring mortals or find salvation for the dying, but he had always considered it most absurd to invoke a saint for the purpose of restoring a pair of lost spectacles and other trivial things, in most cases not really lost, but simply mislaid.

While musing thus on bygone days, the professor reached his home, and as he entered his study he noticed the statuette still lying on the desk where he had shaken it out of the waste-basket. Picking it up, he placed it before him on the desk and continued his reflections.

How times had changed since he was a young man and a believer. Science and Religion had met in battle on the field of his intellect. Science produced facts, Religion depended on Faith. Science won. At first this victory of Science over Faith was rather a relief. Religion had made certain demands on him.

Science gave full rein. He could act and think as he pleased, and that is what he had done for more than—well he cared not to remember. His mother had remained true to her Faith, and she had been always happy. He clung to Science, and was often unhappy. He wondered if, after all, she was not nearer the truth than he. She believed in saints and was content in her belief. She believed in saying Hail Marys to St. Antony. Maybe, though, this practice was merely the outward sign of a greater faith that was beyond the expression of words. Maybe, the Hail Marys were the words that came most readily to a heart that was filled with deepest emotions; words that were to be viewed, not as words, but as the medium of expression of a soul that put forth all its force in prayer directed to the Supreme Being as typified in the saints.

The professor grew more eager in his mental discussion. His eyes gleamed brightly, and he felt his soul stirred to its very depths. He felt that he must speak; the thoughts that crowded his brain must find utterance. His attitude toward the statuette became more respectful as he said aloud:

"St. Antony, the finder of the lost! H'm, it's all very strange and quite beyond my understanding. But you have helped me find my specimen. I thank you. And now I'll put you back into your little tin can until something else is lost."

The next morning found the professor wending his way to the rectory of the nearest Catholic church. Arrived there, he was ushered into a small parlor and requested to wait for a few minutes. Presently a priest appeared.

"Good morning, Father Ryan," began the professor cordially, as if addressing an old friend.

"Good morning, sir," replied the priest, "but I regret that I do not

know you."

The professor looked surprised.

"You don't know me? Why, I'm Professor Burton. I....."

The priest hastened to apologize.

"Excuse me, Professor. It is true that you are well known, being before the public so much. I know you well by name, but I have never had the honor of meeting you. Sit down," he continued, pointing to a chair. "What can I do for you?"

The professor was slightly piqued over the fact that he had not at once been recognized by the priest, especially since he knew Father Ryan and, as he thought, rather well for an unbeliever. He smothered his feelings, however, and began to explain the purpose of his visit. The matter of the donation of five dollars in honor of St. Antony was soon settled and the conversation gradually drifted to other topics. The professor spoke of his explorations in Central America.

"I also take much interest in explorations," said Father Ryan. "In fact, I went with a party through a series of explorations and adventures in Nicaragua some years ago on behalf of the State University."

"Nicaragua!" exclaimed the professor in surprise. "You don't mean the Robertson expedition, do you?"

"Yes, that's the one. Colonel Robertson led it."

"Why, then you're the man, who helped so wonderfully by being able to talk to the various guides on whom the party had to depend. I was connected with the University at that time and knew Robertson personally. He often talked about that trip, and said that without Father Ryan they would have disbanded before a week was up. Shake hands on it again for old time's sake!"

"I fear you overestimate the slight services I rendered," returned the priest modestly. "I happened to be

acquainted with some of the dialects of the natives. That was all. Beyond that I was more of a burden than anything else."

"Well, it certainly does me good to see you, Father. Won't you come and have dinner with me some night? Then we can talk about our old-time friends and interests as much as we please."

After that, more than one evening found the priest and the professor comfortably seated by the fire in the professor's study engaged in blowing clouds of smoke from their cigars and quietly chatting over the various scientific points that arose. The professor was not a little surprised at the wide range of knowledge the priest possessed and more than once expressed his amazement that a man, whose life was devoted to religion, could have time and ability for anything else. And this priest never talked religion at all! This surprised the unbelieving professor most.

Thus their friendship was gradually cemented more and more, until never a week passed but the two spent an evening together, sometimes at the professor's house, sometimes at the rectory.

* * *

Soon after dark one evening in the late fall of the year, the door of the church of St. Alban's was carefully opened, and a man slowly entered the vestibule. There he paused while he closed the door noiselessly. Taking a few steps forward, he approached the glass doors, that separated the vestibule from the church, and gazed inside. His inspection was a long one, and embraced every section of the church that could be seen by the few dim lights that burned within. Evidently, he was satisfied at last; for he opened the inner door and walked in. Almost mechanically he stretched out his right hand toward a font of holy water and found himself mak-

ing the sign of the cross somewhat awkwardly. Slowly and quietly he walked up the middle aisle, glancing occasionally to either side as if to make sure that no one was there.

Arriving at the sanctuary, he paused. Before him he saw the high altar. At each side and toward the front of it were large forms of angels that supported clusters of electric lights. He moved cautiously to the left. There he saw a statue representing the crucified Savior in the arms of the Blessed Virgin. Beyond that was a smaller altar and there, also, was a statue of the Virgin. He turned and retraced his steps, making an attempt at a genuflection on passing before the tabernacle. The other side of the church showed him a statue of the Sacred Heart, an altar of St. Joseph and—he felt his heart throb—a statue of the brown-robed St. Antony. He stopped for a moment and looked all around the building to see whether he was being observed. Satisfied that he was alone, his courage rose. He knelt down before the statue and bowed his head over the white communion rail. For a few minutes he remained motionless. His heart was full, too full for expression. The words that he wanted seemed far from his mind. His throat was choked.

Presently, he became more calm. He slowly raised his head and gazed long and lovingly at the statue above him. His soul was filled with reminiscences of his youth, his faith awakened, and he realized how much he had missed when he had possessed only science and no religion. He now clearly saw the fallacy he had harbored in his soul for so many years, and was at last fully convinced that there is nothing more unscientific than irreligion.

St. Antony had again vindicated his right to the title "The Finder of the Lost."



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict, XV, received in special audience the Roman fraternity of Tertiary priests, of which he himself was Prefect from 1902-1908, that is until he was appointed Archbishop of Bologna. His Holiness was highly pleased to greet his fellow Tertiaries again and conversed with them in the most cordial manner. He was also delighted to learn that the fraternity continues to increase in membership and that it includes several Bishops and Archbishops among its Tertiaries. In the course of the allocution held on the occasion, the Holy Father characterized the spirit of St. Francis as a spirit of self-denial and love, and demonstrated how the Tertiary priest should endeavor not only to acquire this spirit for himself, but also to infuse it into those over whom God has placed him.—

The inscription on the tomb of Pope Pius X, is, indeed, worthy and characteristic of this great Tertiary Pontiff. It reads in English: "Pope Pius X—poor and rich—meek and humble of heart—fearless defender of the Catholic cause—true to his program to renew all things in Christ—died piously on August 20, in the year of the Lord 1914."—

The causes of beatification of the Ven. Brother Conrad, O.M.Cap., of Parzham in Bavaria, and of the Ven. Contardi Ferrini, a pious Tertiary and renowned university professor, are progressing very favorably.—

Monsignor Fidele Abati of the Franciscan Order died recently at the ripe old age of 95 years. He had the distinction of being the oldest Bishop, in point of years, in the Catholic Church.

Metz, Germany.—The German Tertiary periodical *Sendbote des hl. Franziskus* publishes in its May issue a letter received from a German soldier, who is at present in a French military prison. The young man is a very fervent Tertiary and is using his enforced idleness in propagating the Third Order among his fellow prisoners. As a result of his endeavors, the Tertiary fraternity in the detention camp now numbers more than 80 new members. These soldier-Tertiaries have also formed a literary club, at whose meetings religious and social topics are discussed. Truly, this young soldier knows as well to fight the battles of his God as those of his earthly sovereign.

Another Tertiary soldier writes to the same periodical, that he has often visited the monthly meetings, of the Tertiaries in France, and although he wore the uniform of their country's enemy, yet they seemed not to take the least notice of this and welcomed him heartily as their brother in St. Francis. This great charity shown him reminded him, as he says, of the words recited at the profession of the members, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity."

Palestine.—A notable decision has just been come to in Turkey which

is the victory in the present war of the internationalism of the Catholic Church. When Turkey entered the conflict, an order went out to close all the missions carried on by the Franciscans in the Holy Land extending from Aintab and Mardoch in little Armenia to Palestine, some fifty convents and residences in all, on the ground that they were French. Monsignor Grannini and Father Cimino, Custodian of the Holy Land, have come from Syria to Constantinople to plead the cause of the missions. In the Turkish capital, Monsignor Dolci, Apostolic Delegate, joined his efforts to those of the prelates already named, and they have happily succeeded in convincing the Sublime Porte that the Franciscan missions were not French establishments, but only under French protection. In consequence the Ottoman Government has given an order to the Valis of Adana, Syria, and Palestine that the Franciscan missions not yet closed are to remain open, and those that have been closed should be reopened. It is to be hoped that the Holy Places, of which the Franciscans are the guardians, will benefit by this measure. Many of the Fathers on the staffs of the missions, who were of French birth and who have joined the colors of their native land, are being replaced by Friars of neutral nationality.

Canada.—The Capuchin Province of Canada is proud of four of her priests who have been fighting at the front. One of them, Fr. Leopold, twice wounded, fell at last into the hands of the Germans, and was made a prisoner of war. Another was also dangerously wounded in action, but he was picked up by the ambulance, and is now lying in a hospital. A third, Fr. Albert Gaillot, formerly of Ottawa, has been "proclaimed" to the French army for his bravery in the trenches. The "Bulletin des Armees" said of

him: "Abbé Gaillot, chaplain to an infantry brigade, has given evidence of the noblest chivalry and of the most utter disregard of death, by bringing religious help to the dying and the wounded as far as the first line trenches, under a heavy fire and fierce bombardment." Fr. Albert was superior of the Capuchin monastery at Restigouche, Quebec, when he left for the war. A fourth Capuchin Father, Fr. Blaise, died heroically in the performance of his military duty.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Rev. Fr. Edward Blecke, O. F. M., of Callicoon, N. Y., has been appointed by the Most Rev. Fr. General as Visitor General of our Province of the Sacred Heart. After the canonical visitation, he will preside at the Provincial Chapter, which will be held most probably about the middle of July for the purpose of electing a new provincial and local superiors.

The Rev. Fr. Peter Wallischek, O. F. M., of St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, has been appointed Visitor General of the Friars of the Cincinnati Province.

Kansas City, Mo.—In the Church of St. Monica, of which the Rev. Fr. Cyprian Sauer, O. F. M., is the rector, there were recently blessed two handsome statues of St. Benedict the Moor and St. Iphygenia, Negress Princess. On the same occasion thirty Negro converts were baptized. It was a great day for St. Monica's and the Negroes of this rapidly growing parish. The statues are the gift of W. T. Johnson.

Chicago, Ill.—St. Peter's Church. At the meeting of the English-speaking fraternity of the Third Order, in April, twenty-three Tertiaries had the happiness of celebrating their silver jubilee as professed members. Both the Tertiary banner and the altar railing were tastefully decorated for the occasion. Each jubilarian received a crucifix as a remembrance.—

The solemn novena in honor of St. Antony is attended by great crowds, who are all anxious to receive favors through the intercession of this Saint. Over sixteen hundred persons receive Holy Communion each Tuesday.

San Xavier del Bac, Ariz.—On Sunday, April 18, the venerable Old Mission of San Xavier witnessed a beautiful and impressive celebration. On the day previous, three adult Indians were baptized and on the following morning, about seventy Indians, twelve of whom were first communicants, approached the Holy Table in a body. After the holy Mass nineteen Indians, seven children and twelve adults, were confirmed. This was the second Confirmation class at the Mission within the past six months.

St. John's Mission, Ariz.—The Franciscan Indian missions of Arizona sustained a great loss in the death of one of their pioneer Indian missionary Brothers, the Venerable Brother Irenaeus Kraus, who died at St. John's in the Desert on Sunday night, May 2, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and the thirty-third of his religious life. The good Brother had been sick for some time and the Reservation physician had ordered him to take a complete rest. This he did for a week, and then, with his customary energy, took up his regular duties. He taught the highest class, and had general charge of the larger Indian boys in the mission school. On Sunday, May 2, he was active as usual, and no one surmised that he was directing his beloved Indian wards and praying with them for the last time. Death came rather unexpected, yet did not find him unprepared. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, May 4. The Rev. Fr. Justin, Superior of the Mission, was the celebrant of the solemn Requiem. He was assisted by the Rev. FF. Novatus as deacon

and John Gualbert as subdeacon. The Rev. FF. Gerard and Martin and the Ven. Brother Elzear were present in the sanctuary. The Indian girls of the school sang the Requiem in Gregorian chant. Fr. Justin preached the funeral sermon in simple, unaffected Indian style, which deeply touched the hearts of all present. After the sermon, the body was carried to the Indian cemetery and as the good Brother was laid to rest, all the Indian children, more than 250 in number, filed past the grave and threw a handful of earth on the coffin. The older Indians, who had gathered en masse from all parts of the Mission, did the same, and then shook hands with the sorrowing Fathers in token of sympathy. Brother Irenaeus had been to them a brother, indeed, and the grateful Indians will long cherish his memory.—R. I. P.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church.—During the month of April, the local branch of the Third Order held an election of officers. Most of the former officers were reelected. This speaks well of their efficiency and of the esteem in which they are held by their fellow Tertiaries. About 125 novices, who had been invested at various times during the past two years, were admitted to their holy profession. Many of the Tertiaries have also received their new Third Order emblems and they are well pleased with them.—

Miss Barbara Schmidt, known in the Third Order as Sister Rose of Viterbo, died Sunday, May 16, at St. Mary's Hospital, Quincy, Ill., aged seventy years. The funeral services were conducted in the hospital chapel by the Rev. Fr. Damian, O. F. M. Miss Schmidt joined the Third Order on June 30, 1867 and was professed on July 1, 1868 by the sainted Fr. Maurice Klostermann, O. F. M. The day of her funeral marked the close of the

fortieth year of her services as kitchen maid at the hospital. By her quiet, unassuming and pleasing ways, she won the hearts of both the Sisters and patients. Indeed, her piety was so unaffected and her penances so artfully concealed, that few suspected the rare virtue of her humble soul. Fr. Ferdinand, Editor of *Franciscan Herald*, who for some time filled the office of chaplain to the hospital, says that she was truly a hidden gem, a model Tertiary.—R. I. P.

West Park, O.—On May 5, in the convent of the Poor Clares in West Park, Sister M. Immaculata was invested with the habit of the Second Order of St. Francis, and Sister M. Seraphina took her perpetual vows. The Very Rev. Fr. Leonard, O. F. M., celebrated the Solemn High Mass on the occasion assisted by Rev. Engelhardt as deacon and Rev. Habig as subdeacon, both relatives of the two Sisters. The Rev. Fr. Gaetan, O. F. M., and Fr. Clarence, O. F. M., were masters of ceremonies. Fr. Gaetan also delivered the sermon.

Boston, Mass.—Sister M. Mathilde of the Holy Name of Jesus, known in the world as Miss Olive Mary E. Nolan, died on February 17, at the early age of twenty-four years. She was born in New Bedford, Mass., and entered the convent of the Poor Clares in Boston in 1909, where she also made her final vows on August 18, 1914.—R. I. P.

Sister Mary Pia of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Arnold) departed this life, fortified by the Sacraments, in the Monastery of St. Clare, 38 Bennett Street, Boston, Mass., on April 24. She was seventy-two years of age, forty-three of which she spent in the convent, where she led a very edifying life. Sister Pia was born in Maryland and was the daughter of Mr. Samuel Arnold. The burial services were held in the convent chapel, on Wednesday,

April 28, and the interment took place in Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden, Mass.—R. I. P.

Montana.—We are happy to inform our Tertiaries that the Third Order of St. Francis has recently gained a firm foothold in the Rocky Mountains. It was on the occasion of two large missions which the Franciscan Fathers Francis, Titus and John Joseph of our Province, conducted in the cities of Anaconda and Butte, Montana. Impressed by the thoroughly Catholic spirit manifested by the faithful of that western country during those missions, the Fathers doubted not that the Third Order would reap no small share of the spiritual fruits of the mission. And they were not disappointed in their expectations. For when the good people of Anaconda and Butte learnt particulars about the Third Order, its noble purpose, its vast membership of over three million, its great and manifold advantages and slight obligations, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. On Easter Sunday afternoon, one hundred members of St. Peter's parish in Anaconda were enrolled as novices, and on May 2, on the closing day of the mission at the Sacred Heart Church, in Butte, three hundred parishioners together with their pastor and his assistant, the Rev. J. M. Venns and Rev. J. S. Faley, received the Tertiary cord and scapular, and were proud to be numbered among the children of the great St. Francis. The *Herald* wishes the two new fraternities an ever increasing membership and God's choicest blessings.

Hartwell, O.—On Monday, May 3, Sister M. Magdalen Feeney, of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, celebrated the golden jubilee of her religious life, at the Provincial House of St. Clare, Hartwell, O., where the greater part of her life had been spent. Sister Magdalen and her sister, Sister M. Martha,

who died at Hartwell about a year ago, were the first Irish Sisters to enter the Order of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. She comes of a religious family that gave three daughters to the cloister.

New York, N. Y.—The Croatian and Slovenian Commissariat of the Franciscan Fathers in the United States has a new superior in the person of the Very Rev. Fr. Benignus Snoj, O. F. M., who was appointed to this office by the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Friars Minor. Father Benignus spent fourteen years as a missionary in Palestine, and was appointed by the late Pope

Pius X as Discretus of the Custody of the Holy Land. The Croatian and Slovenian Franciscans have now five houses in this country, one of them in New York City, the Church of SS. Cyril and Methodius at 652 West Fiftieth Street, where they started about a year and a half ago. The Very Rev. Fr. Commissary was received in audience by His Eminence Cardinal Farley on April 28.

Paterson, N. J.—Forty members of the Third Order celebrated, on May 2, at St. Bonaventure's Church, Paterson, N. J., the silver jubilee of their investment with the Tertiary habit.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

Responding to your request to the readers for their views on the suggestion to install a Question Box or Correspondence Page, I wish to say that I heartily agree with Bro. Francis Antony and urge that the suggestion be carried out, as a page of this sort will be valuable in giving needed instruction and advice on the Rule of the Order and on other important subjects that may be brought up.

I was also very deeply impressed by reading the editorial "Our Frontispiece." This I found very instructive, and I would suggest that space be set apart monthly for discussions of this kind, as they explain very clearly the many ways in which a Tertiary can apply the Rule and the spirit of the Third Order.

MATTHIAS A. M. KONDOLF.

Rochester, N. Y.

To the Editor:

In regard to classifying the members of the Third Order I think it would be well to separate the men from the women, and the young people from the old. I know from experience, being professed when I was twenty-one (this being my second year in the Order, Deo gratias!) that a young person would feel more at home among persons of his own age. I would suggest to have a congregation between

the ages of fourteen to twenty-three or four for the young. I think it is important that separate meetings be held for the men and for the women. I strongly disagree, however, with any one who advocates separation on the basis of social standing. This would be contrary to the spirit of our holy Father Francis. We Franciscans should not recognize social distinctions.

WM. J. ANTHONY NOLAN.

Salem, Mass.

To the Editor:

I am a reader of your valued magazine, *Franciscan Herald*, and take great interest in your editorial comment. "Numbers and Efficiency" in the May issue was especially good. You seem to understand what ails the Third Order, and what hinders it from bringing forth the abundant fruit the world has a right to expect of it. I lived for twenty years in —, where I read not only the daily papers but also Catholic papers and periodicals, and counted among my friends numerous Catholics. But in all this time, I never read nor heard a word about the Third Order. Two years ago I went to — and there, by mere chance, I became acquainted with a very fervent Tertiary, who told me all about the

Third Order, and the result was that before long I, too, became a Tertiary. About sixteen months ago, I moved to ——. I was a stranger in the parish, and in spite of my well meant endeavors to become acquainted with the parishioners, I have to this day not made a single new friend. Of course, I am aware, that one does not make friends by going to Church on Sundays, unless some happy occurrence brings this about, and I do not take this ill. But I must confess, that I felt and still feel it very keenly, that the Tertiarials of the parish are as cold toward me as are the other parishioners, although I regularly attend the monthly meetings. Were I to stay away from these meetings, no one would miss me; were I to get sick, no Tertiary would visit me; were I to die, no Tertiary would pray for me. And why? Simply because they do not know me.

Now, if the various fraternities of the Third Order were well organized, such cases as mine would hardly occur. The spirit of brotherly love must be thoroughly inculcated. The Rule says very plainly, "Let the members sedulously exercise

kindness and charity among themselves and toward their neighbors." And have we Tertiarials not the very best examples to incite us to the fulfillment of this precept? Have we not, in the first place, the incomparable love of our Savior, who for us poor sinners gave up his life on the cross? Have we not the glorious example of our Blessed Father St. Francis, the Seraph of Love; of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose whole life was spent in works of charity; and of all the saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis—all shining models of the virtue of brotherly love? Yes, even in the present issues of the *Herald* a most noble example of heroic self-sacrifice, in spite of "rugged routes", is held up to our admiration and imitation in the person of Father Villa, the great Franciscan missionary of South America. If all Tertiarials were imbued with this virtue of charity, then would the Third Order, indeed, be the leaven of society both in private and public life, and many conditions in this world, that now seem well-nigh incurable, would find an easy and sure remedy.

California.

C. B.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

On Sunday, April 25, the students Othmar Thomas, Albert Schwarz, Joseph Pietruscevicz, Stanislaus Kozlowski, and Joseph Wisniewski were admitted to their solemn First Communion in the college chapel.

The results of the German essay contest that took place on April 28, were made public in the college hall on May 12, and beautiful prizes were awarded the winners. The following contestants had the highest averages in their respective classes: *I Class B*: G. Grosskopf and L. Savidge, 99; Ed. Farrell, 97. —*I Class A*: J. Reisch, 97; H. Rutherford and A. Habig, 95.—*II*

Class: A. Kunz, 90.83; R. Adams, 90.50; H. Weber, 89.83.—*III Class*: A. Kriech, 95.83; J. Droste, 94.33; J. Breyer and H. Fox, 88.33.—*IV Class*: F. Kiefer, 94.33; H. Pinger, 91.33; R. Limacher, 87.33.—*V Class*: F. Bienek, 96; J. Martin, 91.67; J. Schmitt, 91.33.—*VI Class*: A. Kie-men, 96.67; Wm. Wernhoff, 94; Jos. Johantges, 93.33.

A very artistic gold filled reliquary was recently imported from Germany to enshrine a precious relic of the true Cross. The relic is now publicly exposed in the college chapel on St. Joseph's altar, and the students are bearing the expense of having a light burning continually before it.

The Very Rev. Fr. Edward Blecke, O.F.M., Rector of the Seraphic College at Callicoon, N. Y., who has been appointed by the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order to perform the canonical visitation of the Province of the Sacred Heart, was here in his official capacity on May 9, and incidentally gave the students a holiday. He left the following morning for Quincy, Ill., accompanied by the Rev. Fr. Rector of St. Francis Solanus College, who, likewise, had been a visitor at our college for a few days.

May 19 was Athletic Club Day at the college. The field program, however, was postponed until a later date owing to bad weather. The annual banquet of the Club was held in the gymnasium, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. In the course of the banquet, speeches were delivered by the retiring and by the new president of the Club. The Athletes are thirty-five strong.

ST. FRANCIS'S COLLEGE

On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20 and 21, the Right Rev. Henry Althoff, Bishop of Bellville, was the guest of honor of the College. We are justly proud of the Bishop, as he was graduated from this institution in 1899, after having previously studied at Teutopolis. On Tuesday evening, a concert was given in his honor by the college orchestra, under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Gabriel, O.F.M. On the following day, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the college church. Besides the Fathers of the Faculty, most of the city priests were present. The Rev. Eppmann of the Bellville Cathedral was the assistant priest; Rev. A. Hohl, deacon; and Rev. A. Giusti, subdeacon; Rev.

Postner and Rev. Driscoll, deacons of honor; Rev. Fr. Leopold, O.F.M., master of ceremonies. After the Mass, the Bishop preached, and then administered Confirmation to thirteen students.

A large new statue of the Sacred Heart was recently placed in the niche above the east entrance to the College.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The beautiful month of May with its cherished evening devotions is always a time of untold blessings for college students. Without doubt many of the best traits of their future careers are first warmed into living hopes and endeavors during those simple but solemn and touching moments of College May Devotions.

The regular gathering of the St. Louis Literary Society was one sparkling with life and enthusiasm. The papers read by M. Mleziva and M. Hallquist and the recitation by Theo. Bucher were received with unmixed delight, and mark an unmistakable advance in the original spirit and aim of the society.

OBITUARY

St. John's Mission, Ariz.:

Ven. Bro. Irenaeus Kraus, O.F.M.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
 English Branch of the Third Order:
 Thomas Halloran, Bro. Francis,
 Bridget Fahey, Sr. Cecilia,
 Mary Burke, Sr. Frances,
 Harriet Prarie, Sr. Frances.

German Branch of the Third Order:
 Rosalie Kleindienst, Sr. Agnes.

St. Augustine's Church:

Nicholas Kraemer, Bro. Felix,
 Andrew Lang, Bro. Antony.

Quincy, Ill., St. Mary's Hospital:

Barbara Schmidt, Sr. Rose.

Chillicothe, Mo., St. Columban's Church:

Victor Young, Bro. Peter.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

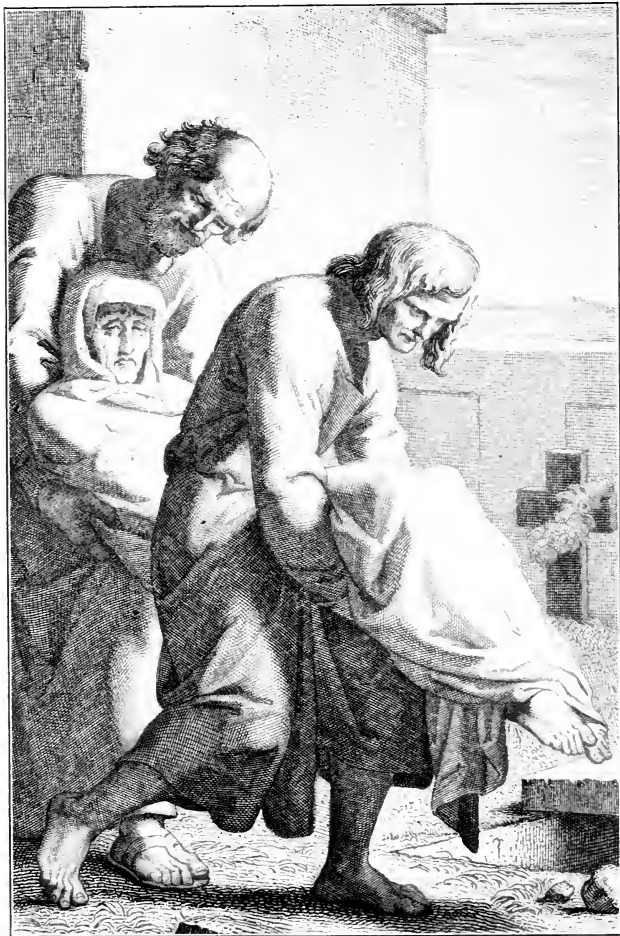
JUNE, 1915.

DEDICATED TO
THE SACRED HEART

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	T.	Bl. James, 1st Ord., Bp., C.
2	W.	Bl. Baptista, 2nd Ord., V.—SS. Marcellinus and Companions, MM.
3	Th.	Corpus Christi. (G. A., P. I.)—Bl. Andrew of Hyspello, 1st Ord., C.(P. I.)
4	F.	St. Francis Carracciolo, C.
5	S.	Bl. Pacificus, 1st Ord., C.
6	S.	Second Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Norbert, Bp., C. Gospel: The parable of the supper. Luke xiv, 16-24.
7	M.	BB. Stephen, Raymond and Companions, 1st Ord., MM.
8	T.	St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, V.—Bl. Bartholomew, 1st Ord., C.
9	W.	St. Paul of the Cross, C.—SS. Primus and Felician, MM.
10	Th.	Bl. Jolenta, 2nd Ord., W.—St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, W.
11	F.	Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. (G. A., P. I.)—St. Barnabas, Apostle.
12	S.	Bl. Guido, 1st Ord., C.—SS. Basilides and Companions, MM.
13	S.	Third Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Antony of Padua, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.) Gospel: The parable of the lost sheep. Luke xv, 1-10.
14	M.	St. Basil, Bp., C. D.
15	T.	St. John, C.—SS. Vitus and Companions, MM.
16	W.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help.
17	Th.	St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany, M.
18	F.	St. Augustine of Canterbury, Bp. C.—SS. Mark and Marcellianus, MM.
19	S.	Bl. Michelina, 2nd Ord., W. (P. I.)—SS. Gervase and Protase, MM.
20	S.	Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. —Octave of the feast of St. Antony. (P. I.) St. Silverius, M. Gospel: The miraculous draught of fishes. Luke v, 1-11.
21	M.	St. Aloysius Gonzaga, C.
22	T.	St. Paulinus, Bp. C.
23	W.	St. Vincent de Paul, C.
24	Th.	Nativity of St. John the Baptist. (P. I.)
25	F.	St. William, Ab.
26	S.	SS. John and Paul, MM.
27	S.	Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Benvenute, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: The justice of the Pharisees. Matt. v, 20-24.
28	M.	St. Leo II, Pope, C.
29	T.	Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. (G. A., P. I.)
30	W.	Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



THE CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY
VII. TO BURY THE DEAD

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 7

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appal.
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in "My God and my all."

Yes! Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
My treasure, my glory, "My God and my all."

To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Tho' grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall,
And love Thee till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, "My God and my all."

And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given
With joy will I answer Thy merciful call,
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion for ever, "My God and my all."

—The Irish Franciscan Tertiary.



ST. LAWRENCE OF BRINDISI

OF THE FIRST ORDER

JULY 7

In 1559, there was born at Brindisi, in the kingdom of Naples, a child that was destined to become one of the greatest ornaments of the Order of the Friars Minor Capuchin, and to render signal service to the Church and to society. This child was Julius, of the noble Venetian family of Rossie. From his earliest childhood, Julius, in his actions and words, gave evidence of the workings of grace in his innocent soul. Under the guidance of his pious parents and of the Conventual Friars, he soon became remarkable for the angelic modesty apparent in his whole demeanor, his recollection in church, and his fervor at prayer, so that he was called "the little angel."

When he had reached his fourteenth year, Julius was placed under the direction of his uncle, Don Peter Rossie, a learned and pious priest, who was entrusted with the education of clerics at the college of St. Mark, at Venice. In the house of his uncle, the Saint applied himself with the greatest diligence to his studies, and at the same time continued, with increased fervor, the pious practices begun at Brindisi. He observed rigorous fasts, kept long vigils, and was so given to communion with God in prayer that he was frequently rapt in ecstasy.

But this life of recollection, mortification, and diligent study did

not satisfy the desire of the Saint's heart. He longed to carry into execution the generous sacrifice which he had contemplated from childhood, to consecrate himself wholly to God in a religious order. At the age of sixteen, he, therefore, applied for admission into the Order of the Capuchins, whose life of poverty and penance attracted him. His request was granted, and on April 18, 1575, he was clothed with the habit and given the name of Lawrence.

Applying to himself the words of St. Jerome to the virgin Demetrias: "Forget all that is past, and think that each day you are but beginning," the young religious made use of every means to make progress in virtue. He strove to observe the Rule with the utmost fidelity and fervor; he was most prompt in obedience, most cheerful in performing acts of mortification and self-denial, full of charity towards his brethren, most fervent in all spiritual exercises, and thus, in a short time, he became a model of religious perfection.

After his profession, Lawrence was sent to Padua to take up the study of philosophy and theology. He rightly regarded science as the gift of God, as one of his biographers tells us, and piety as the condition of obtaining it. Hence, he spared no effort to acquire a thorough

knowledge of the sacred sciences and to equip himself for the office of apostolic teacher. Living in the presence of God, he kept his mind raised at all times to the Father of Lights, and sought the solution of difficulties from Him who is the master of all science. Thus by diligent study and constant prayer, he acquired a knowledge of theology, and especially of the Holy Scriptures that aroused the admiration of all. Owing to his wonderful memory, he also mastered, besides Latin and Greek, the Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, and a number of the principal European languages.

His studies finished, Lawrence, though as yet only a deacon, was selected to preach the Lenten sermons at Venice. Thus began his apostolic career that was to effect so much good for the honor of God and the salvation of souls. He preached at Venice, Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and other cities of Italy, and everywhere his fervent words, the holiness of his life, and the miracles wrought at his intercession confirmed the good in the practice of virtue, and aroused in sinners lively sentiments of fear and compunction. Aware of the Saint's wonderful knowledge of Hebrew and of his zeal for souls, Pope Clement VIII summoned him to Rome to labor for the conversion of the Jews. His great learning, eloquence, piety, and charity could not but make a deep impression on his hearers, many of whom were led to embrace the Christian religion. These suc-



St. Lawrence of Brindisi

cesses in Rome caused the Saint to be called to other cities to preach the truths of the Christian religion to the Jews, and everywhere his labors produced abundant fruit.

On account of his virtues and great learning, Lawrence was chosen to various offices of the Order. Thus he was in turn Lector, or teacher, of theology, Guardian of the convent at Venice, Provincial of Venice, and Definitor-General of the Order. Needless to say, in all these positions of trust and responsibility, he manifested the greatest prudence and charity in all his actions, and effected much for the

exact observance of the Rule and for the strengthening of the religious spirit among his subjects. His counsels and exhortations derived their force from his example. He was a model of humility, obedience, patience, and mortification. His devotion to the Mother of God knew no bounds. Her prerogatives and power were a favorite subject of his conversations, and he seized every opportunity of advocating devotion to her. It is impossible to describe his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. While celebrating Mass, he lost himself in heavenly contemplation and fell into an ecstasy, during which he shed abundant tears.

After the Saint had, in 1600, succeeded in founding convents of the Order in Prague, Vienna, and Gratz, he was obliged to undertake labors of a political nature, which were very beneficial for the Christians of western Europe. At the request of the Emperor Rudolph II, and with the consent of the Pope, he visited the courts of the German princes to obtain their aid against the Turks, who were threatening the Empire. He was received by the princes with every sign of respect and veneration, and easily accomplished the purpose of his mission. Lawrence and several of his brethren accompanied the army as chaplains. The Christian forces met the Turks at Stuhlweissenburg, and, though greatly outnumbered, completely defeated them. This brilliant victory was ascribed by all to the prayers and the heroic courage of the Saint. When all were full of fear and despaired of success, he raised the courage of the troops with a glowing appeal, and raising aloft a crucifix, he led them against the enemy with the cry, "Forward! The victory is ours!" Though he was fully exposed to the view of the enemy, and the Turks directed volleys against him, he remained un-

injured.

In 1602, the servant of God was chosen Vicar-General of the Order. He visited all the provinces of his Order, always traveling on foot in spite of bad roads and infirmities. He took effective measures to maintain the spirit of St. Francis in all fervent communities and to revive it where it had become impaired.

Lack of space forbids a detailed account of the various political missions which the Saint undertook at the request of the Pope and of princes, and of his missionary activities among the heretics of Germany. Suffice it to say, that his superior knowledge, his skill in unmasking and refuting their errors, drew upon him the hatred of these heretics; but disregarding all insults and persecutions, and seeking only the honor of God and the salvation of souls, he passed from place to place and preached the word of God with such zeal and fervor that thousands were convinced of their errors and returned to the allegiance of the Church.

The time at length arrived when the Saint was to receive his eternal reward. A mission to Philip III of Spain in behalf of the Neapolitans, who were oppressed by the Viceroy Ossana, was to crown the career of the man of God. In spite of many obstacles raised by the Viceroy, he set sail from Genoa and successfully carried out his mission. But the hardships of the journey exhausted his feeble strength. He fell ill at Lisbon, and after receiving the last Sacraments with great devotion, he was rapt in an ecstasy, and entered into the joys of heaven, on July 22, 1619. His body was entombed in the monastery of the Poor Clares at Villafranca, in Spain.

Lawrence was beatified by Pope Pius VI, in 1783, and canonized by Pope Leo XIII, on December 8, 1881.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For *Franciscan Herald*, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

3. REVERSES OF THE SERAPHIC ARMY

"All you that were numbered from twenty years old and upwards and have murmured against me, shall not enter into the land." (Num. xiv, 29, 30.)

The Israelites murmured against God and his servant Moses in the desert saying, "Would God that we had died in Egypt and would God we may die in this vast wilderness. . . . And they said one to another: Let us return to Egypt." (Num. xvi, 3, 4.) They had been delivered in a most wonderful manner from the bonds of Egyptian slavery, and instead of being thankful to God for his benefits, they murmured against him and desired to return to the land of bondage. Such ingratitude could, certainly, not go unpunished. God, therefore, spoke to Moses and commanded him to declare to the rebellious Jews, "All you that were numbered from twenty years old and upward and have murmured against me, shall not enter the land." As a punishment for their murmuring and ingratitude they were to be deprived of the joy of entering the long desired promised land. Truly, a great but well deserved punishment.

St. Francis of Assisi, the trained master of mortification and self-denial, broke the fetters that had bound countless Christians to the sinful enjoyments of this world, and led them into the promised land of the Third Order, into a land flowing with the milk and honey of innumerable graces and blessings.

To preserve order in the vast course of people of every state and condition in life, that had harkened to the voice of the Saint and had begun to follow him on the path of penance, and also to insure the perfect observance of the holy Rule, the Vicars of Jesus Christ, under whose paternal care St. Francis had placed his three great Orders, deemed it prudent and even necessary to make a number of wise regulations for the Tertiaries, and insisted on their observance. Among other things, the Pope decreed that the Visitors for the various fraternities should be chosen from among the members of the First Order. It was but natural for the Holy Father to make this ruling; for, who was better suited to fill this important office, than the sons of the Seraphic Father himself?

And yet what happened? The new ordinance was hardly published, when some few degenerate Tertiaries, who seemed to think they knew more about governing the Third Order than the Father of Christendom, opposed its adoption, criticised the Pope, and murmured against him. This ingratitude was all the more detestable, since, from the very beginning of the Third Order, the Popes had been its friends and protectors, and had granted its members numerous great privileges. Besides, this regulation regarding the choice of the Visitors was made

simply for the greater good of the Order. It was sad, indeed, that some Tertiaries so far forgot themselves as to oppose the Pope on this point, and sadder still, that a number of these rebellious and proud spirits never repented of their sin. They were at once dismissed from the promised land of the Third Order and deprived of all its graces and privileges.

Then, too, there were Brothers and Sisters of Penance, who had joined the Third Order to lead a life of mortification, but who soon lost their fervor, and began to long for the flesh pots of Egypt—the pleasures of the world, to which they had but recently bidden farewell. They felt the sweet yoke of Christ too heavy for their weak shoulders, and casting off the garb of penance, they returned again to their former life of pleasure in the world.

In consequence of our human frailty, it not seldom happens that our archenemy, the devil, causes us to become lukewarm and careless in the performance of our daily duties, or makes us feel content with the progress we have already made on the road of Christian perfection, or induces us to put all our piety in outward practices, neglecting the while the inner sanctification of our hearts. St. Paul says, "There shall be men, lovers of themselves, having an appearance, indeed, of piety, but denying the power thereof." (II Tim. iii, 2, 5.) Such persons busy themselves with external acts of piety, but care little for the true state of their soul. They forget the words of the Holy Ghost, "All the glory of the King's daughter is within," (Ps. xlv, 14); and again, "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." (Matth. xv, 8.)

O that all who strive after virtue would harken to these warnings! For what, indeed, are the exterior acts of virtue without the proper in-

terior dispositions? What meaning have humble words and expressions when the understanding is filled with pride? Of what value is obedience when merely the external act is performed without any interior submission of the will? Of what avail is a prayer of the lips when one's heart is far from God? What, in short, is to be thought of any exterior act of virtue, when the corresponding interior act is not awakened in the soul?

Still another cause of reverses to the seraphic army was the constant granting of dispensations from this or that precept of the Rule. Many Tertiaries were compelled to seek a dispensation, for instance, from the prescribed fasts, or from some other regulation which it was impossible, or at least very difficult, for them to perform. But a person who makes an exception in regard to one commandment, is very apt to do so also in regard to other precepts, and likewise, to induce others to seek similar dispensations. All this naturally served to weaken the discipline of the Third Order, and to cool the ardor of the Tertiaries. Pope Leo XIII bemoaning this sad state of affairs and knowing full well the great benefits that could be derived from the Third Order, undertook to reform the Tertiaries by mitigating the severity of their original Rule, and thus succeeded in infusing new life and new strength into the Order.

Thus we see, dear Tertiaries, in reviewing the history of the Third Order, how it, too, had its periods of glory and decline, its days of fervor and its days of laxity, its victories and its reverses. The chief cause of all these evils, which we have reviewed, was disobedience. The sin of our first parents in Paradise was a sin of insubordination to the command of God, and it is disobedience springing from pride that closes to each of us the life-giving

fountains of divine grace. Jesus obtained all blessings and graces for the world by his obedience,—“He was obedient until death, even to the death of the cross,”—and Tertiaries will make themselves partakers of these graces, scattered with so lavish a hand from the Cross,

by likewise practicing the virtue of obedience. Be obedient in small things as well as in great ones; be obedient in all things, and you need never fear that you will be excluded from the promised land of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

VI. THE TERTIARY AN APOSTLE OF JOY

“He that soweth in blessings, shall also reap in blessings.” (II Cor. ix, 6.)

What is happiness? To make others happy. What is joy? To give joy to others. If this truth were our own firm conviction, if it became deeply rooted in our hearts through actual experience, unquestionably the lack of joy would not be so evident in this world and joy would increase on all sides. This would rid us, likewise, of many an enemy of joy and would, at least to some extent, settle the social problem. If the Tertiaries wish to live up to the traditions of their Order, they must act their part in this phase of social reform, they must become dispensers, or apostles of joy.

A glance at the fifth station of the Way of the Cross will tell them how to become such apostles of joy, will show them how to cast the seeds of joy in the lives of those with whom they come in contact. There they behold a man, Simon of Cyrene, assisting our Blessed Savior carrying his heavy cross to Calvary.

Dear Tertiaries, if we cannot take the cross from the shoulders of Jesus, as Simon of Cyrene did, we can, at least, help our fellow men bear their crosses. Jesus is but the leader of the long line of cross-bearers. Aft-

er him comes a never-ending procession of men all burdened with crosses of various sizes. Some bear them joyfully; others reluctantly and only out of restraint. These latter have not as yet learnt that the yoke of Jesus is sweet and his burden light.

We all have our trials and sufferings, and this should make us all the more compassionate with those who are beginning to fail and faint on the way under the heavy burden of their cross. How easily can we not become apostles of joy for such, how easily can we not strew roses of joy along the paths of suffering and misery by going to the aid of the poor and needy, not with reluctance and under coercion, as Simon of Cyrene, but willingly and joyfully?

A sorry witness to human frailty is the fact that not all of our crosses come direct from God. Many a cross that we bear, we have laid on our shoulders by our own careless imprudence or wilful sinfulness. And these crosses of our own choice and make are also, usually, the heaviest to bear, because we lack the interior comfort and peace that God always sends together with the crosses he gives us to bear.

Here Tertiaries have another oc-

casation of diffusing joy and happiness. They should remind their fellow men of the care and sorrow that will eventually result from their foolish and sinful ways; they can warn them against the futility of false and sinful joys after which they are striving so eagerly, and can instruct them how to attain real and lasting joy and contentment of soul. Such warnings and instructions coming from a good and trusted friend, often are far more effective than the well-meant words of a priest. To assuage the suffering of others, to help them carry their crosses, to warn them against false joys and pleasures and thus to preserve them from new and heavier crosses, and lead them to true joy and peace of heart—these are some of the means which the Tertiaries can use in their apostolate of joy.

“And now we must set down the saddest fact of all,” writes Bishop Keppler, “that joy is lacking among children and young people; among those to whom it has always been conceded as a right, and to whom it is as necessary as sunlight is to the flower, or pollen to the bee.” What is more charming than children with their innocence and purity, their humility and mildness, their candor and confidence? And yet suffering and crosses are not even spared them. Already the morning of life is heavy and dark with clouds that threaten to destroy, or at least to blight the sunshine of their existence. Some children have the misfortune at an early age to lose their parents, and are thus deprived of their loving care and protection. Others are brought up amidst poverty and misery to which joy and happiness are utter strangers. And what is most to be lamented, there are men depraved enough to rob the young of their innocence and purity of heart, and with it of their chief source of joy. Fully conscious of the fact that the future belongs to

them that gain the young, these helpers of Satan try everything to win them over.

Hence, the relentless strife for the possession of the young and for all that can influence them; hence, the mighty battle against the holiness and indissolubility of marriage, against the Christian family “the cell of the social organism in both State and Church;” hence, the fierce conflict for the possession of the schools, over which the Crucified still keeps guard from the walls, in which religion is still taught and practiced, and the development of the heart and will and the formation of character are still prime factors in the educational curriculum. It is the battle of the Church against the powers of darkness, to secure for the young true peace and joy of heart in this world in preparation for the endless joys she promises them in the life to come.

Can Tertiaries stand idly by and view with indifference the outcome of these conflicts? Ought they not stretch out a helping hand to save the young for God, for the Church, for themselves, for joy? Children are very impressionable. Do not, therefore, repel the children by harsh words and actions, but be ever solicitous for their welfare and their joy both for this world as well as for the next, mindful of the words of the Divine Friend of children, “Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me; for the Kingdom of Heaven is for such.” (Matth. xix, 14.) Try to gain over the children by that which nature demands for them—joy. Children are easily satisfied. A smile, a kind word, a trivial gift is often enough to gain their confidence, to give them joy.

Endeavor, therefore, dear Tertiaries, to bring joy and gladness to these little hearts whenever and wherever you can. Make home a real home for them; visit them in

the asylums and orphanages; visit the poor children in their homes and relieve their misery and want; protect them on the streets by demanding as citizens that the dangers for their virtue be removed from the public thoroughfares and shop-windows, and support with all energy every movement that might tend to bring joy and gladness to their hearts and at the same time guard the innocence of their souls.

"It would be difficult, indeed, to overrate the importance of keeping a hold on the young after they have left school. Their entire future, perhaps their salvation, will depend on the impressions made at this time." Thus spoke Cardinal Vaughn. When the children, buoyant with innocence and purity of soul, grow up to be young men and women, the dangers that threatened to rob them of their joy in childhood increase rather than diminish. At every turn, almost, enemies are to be found ready to rob them of their virtue and destroy their peace of conscience. The store windows, the shows and theaters, the public places of amusement actually swarm with such enemies.

Here is another opportunity for Tertiaries, to carry on their work as apostles of joy. Here, above all, are advice, warnings, and admonitions necessary. Many young persons, especially girls, out of sheer poverty, leave the path of virtue and seek joy where it can least be found, in the haunts of sin and vice. A kind word, a helping hand, and practical aid work wonders here, and the joy experienced in the performance of these deeds of charity amply repays all the efforts and sacrifices made in their execution.

The Tertiaries should, according to their Rule, strive to settle quarrels, or in other words, they should endeavor to live in peace and harmony with their fellow men. "Let them (i. e. the Tertiaries) se-

dulously exercise kindness and charity among themselves and toward their neighbors, and whenever they can do so, they should strive to settle quarrels." (Chap. i. i., 9.) To succeed in this, three faults must be avoided. The first of these is unsociableness. Forbearance and indulgence with the failings of others, the willingness to forgive at all times, is a small but beautiful social virtue, that begets much peace and joy. The peace-loving person is not easily embittered; he conquers himself, takes his neighbor as he is, has patience with his faults and sympathy for his trials and sorrows. The second fault we must avoid if we wish to preserve peace, is anger and impatience. "Anger impedes charity in one's self and in others," says St. Francis. A good Tertiary will, therefore, follow the practice of St. Francis de Sales, who says, "My tongue and I have made an agreement. We have agreed, namely, that as long as my heart is excited, my tongue will not speak a word." The third fault to be overcome for the sake of peace is the spirit of contradiction. Here again it is the amiable Tertiary, St. Francis de Sales, who gives us the excellent advice, "Above all let us beware of ever contradicting another's opinion without an evident necessity; and even then we ought to do it with all gentleness and an especial skill, so as not to put him out of temper."

The Tertiaries, however, should not only keep peace themselves with others, but according to their Rule, they should endeavor to restore peace where the bonds of friendship have been severed; they should recall the words of our Savior, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," and should strive to the best of their ability to allay the quarrels of their fellow men.

St. Francis enjoined on his brethren to say whenever they enter a house "Peace be to this house." Imitate your God and Savior, the Prince of peace, and your Seraphic Father, St. Francis, the herald of peace, in their love for this heavenly virtue.

Poverty and sickness are two crosses, under which many are languishing. Numerous occasions are offered to Tertiaries to bring joy to persons thus afflicted and the manner of doing this is indicated by the Rule itself. "The Tertiaries will contribute—each according to his means—to a common fund, from which the poorer members of the Association may be relieved, especially in time of sickness. Let the Prefects either visit, in person, any member who is ill, or else send some one to perform the offices of charity. When the sickness is serious, let the Prefects urge the sick person, by warning and persuasion, to attend in time to the matters which concern the purification of his soul." (Chap. ii, 12, 13.) The last part of this precept is of especial importance, since it concerns a matter of the greatest moment,

namely the eternal happiness of an immortal soul. The Tertiaries should acquaint the sick with the end and purpose of the last sacraments and the necessity of receiving them. They can thus do untold good in correcting erroneous opinions regarding the holy sacrament of Extreme Unction and bring great peace and joy to the sick, a joy that will for the most part be experienced when these have once passed the portals of eternity.

We can not conclude this article better than by quoting the sound advice of Bishop Keppler, "There is so much that can and should be done to produce and diffuse joy. Every one has an opportunity to help by sowing good seed and planting sturdy shoots in his own little garden and in the garden of many another.....A hundred little joys are worth a thousand times more than one big joy. The little joys! He who, instead of despising, knows how to appreciate and to use them, will never lack joy. The field of life is never so stony and hard that it does not yield each day some little blossoms of joy."



DEATH OF AGED INDIAN WOMAN

LEONA Ardilla, the oldest Indian woman of Temecula, California, died at Pechanga Reservation, Monday night, May 17. Her age was computed to be 113 years. On Wednesday, May 19, she was laid away in the old graveyard at Pechanga, which figures in the tragic aftermath of the eviction of the Indians from Temecula, as described by Helen Hunt Jackson in her famous novel "Ramona."

Though deaf and nearly blind for the past twenty years, Leona sat daily in the open with some boughs at her back, — the primitive, unroofed breakwind described as the only habitation of the early Indians. There, in the shade of her kish or jacal, she sat and wove baskets. On Monday she tried to finish a basket which she had begun more than a month ago, but death intervened, and it remains unfinished. A year hence, when the Indians will hold their memorial dance of the dead, this basket will be burned together with whatever articles of clothing she may have left.

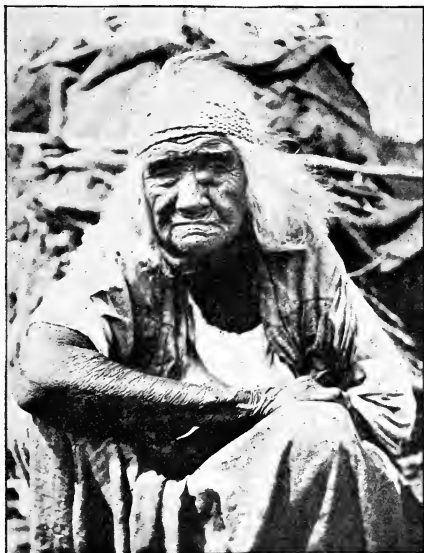
The old basket maker's only living child is Miguela. She is eighty

years of age, and was present at her mother's deathbed. The common opinion is that the stoical Indians never weep. But tears flowed unrestrained at the bier of Leona. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. George Doyle, missionary of Pala and the neighboring reservations. He was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Dominic Gallardo, O. F. M., superior of Old Mission San

Louis Rey. Fr. Dominic gave the absolution and placed the cross over the grave. There was a special fitness in his presence, as he is the successor of Padre Peyri, O. F. M., the founder of San Luis Rey and its wise and kind ruler for more than thirty years.

Leona distinctly remembered Fr. Peyri, "el buen padre," and recalled, too, very well how he, undismayed, stole back into the

hills and founded Pala mission without the knowledge of the Mexicans. She often recited the story of the dispossessing of the Temecula Indians from what is now Pauba ranch. She dwelt especially on the struggle for life after that cruel event. Of gentle disposition, and uncomplaining regarding the many and great wrongs done her people, she lived



Leona Ardilla Courtesy *The Tidings*

a simple Indian life, eating her porridge of weewish, the bellota of the Spanish, that is, acorn. This was for years her staple food. She ate it just as she worked on her baskets, with the prayers on her lips

which were taught her by Padre Peyri of San Luis Rey, and she was never happier than when priests or Sisters of St. Joseph from Banning came to visit her.—R. I. P.

From *The Tidings*

A LITTLE APOSTLE

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

NIGHT was falling fast. The children took their supper in silence, and, after reciting their night prayers together, the three youngest went to bed, while Lizzie again took up her post at the bedside of her dying father. Mrs. Williams, who had left the house directly after dinner, had not yet returned. The whole affair seemed to make no impression on her unfeeling heart. It was after ten o'clock that night when she finally stumbled into the room in a half-drunken stupor, and mumbling something to herself, sat down at the kitchen table and soon fell asleep.

Lizzie, who seemed not to experience any fatigue whatever, watched and prayed through the long weary night, ever ready to render what assistance she could to the unhappy sufferer. After midnight, the patient began to slumber more quietly. The only light in the room was a tallow candle that stood on a broken stool and cast its flickering rays on the dying man. At times, he lay there so quietly that Lizzie feared death had already snatched him from them. Yet, she never lost hope in the Blessed Mother's power to grant her petition. One by one the beads slipped through her fingers and with each Hail Mary that ascended to Mary, Health of the Sick and Refuge of Sinners, sped

also the renewal of her offering to give her life, if need be, for her poor father's conversion.

Three o'clock struck in the great tower across the street, and then all was still again, except for the heavy breathing of the sleeping woman and the soft sweet voice of the little nurse telling her beads. Then four o'clock. The patient moved uneasily, groaned, and was quiet again. After some time, Mr. Williams opened his eyes and looked about. Lizzie, rapt in her devotion, continued to pray half-aloud, all unconscious of the fact that her father was intently watching her. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

"For whom are you praying, Lizzie?"

The child, startled at the unexpected question, rose to her feet. Her father had not spoken so kindly to her for years. Bending over him, she replied sweetly, as she kissed his burning forehead:

"For you, father dear."

"You are too good to me," he answered with a tremor in his voice, while the tears streamed down his pallid cheeks.

How he longed to return to the religion of his youth, to the faith that alone could bring peace to his soul! Yet, he feared. His ingratitude, his unfaithfulness, his

sinful life weighed him down like a huge stone and filled him with dread. He trembled from head to foot as he began to realize that he was standing at the portals of eternity, and the cold sweat of despair gathered on his brow.

"Oh father, what is the matter? Why do you tremble so?" cried the frightened child as she wiped his forehead.

"Don't ask me, Lizzie," he said, making a great effort to appear calm.

"Oh father, I must know. You are growing weaker every minute. Please, do let me run for the priest. The church is only a few blocks from here. I will run quickly and call Father Francis, who knows you so well."

"Father Francis would not come to see me, Lizzie. It is not long ago that I cursed him to his face, when he upbraided me for not going to the sacraments."

"Oh that won't keep him from coming father. He will be only too glad to see you. Lie still while I go call him," she continued. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Taking her shawl from a nail, Lizzie quietly left the house and sped along the deserted streets. It was half past four in the morning, and the eastern sky was aglow with the first blush of day. Arrived at the door of the convent, Lizzie gave the button a vigorous push. Soon the porter appeared.

"Oh Brother," she gasped excitedly, "please tell Father Francis to come at once to father. He was scalded yesterday in an explosion. He is dying and wants to receive the sacraments."

"Very well, my child. I will inform Father Francis at once."

"Thank you, Brother. Now I must hurry home as he is all alone."

A few minutes later, Lizzie reentered her father's room, her face beaming with joy, as she exclaimed:

"Father Francis will be here right away, and I am so happy. Now let us pray to the Holy Ghost to help you make a good Confession, father," she continued kneeling down at his bedside.

Mr. Williams the hardened sinner, the Socialist, the enemy of religion was conquered,—conquered not by arguments, not by the thundering voice of a missionary, but by the love and devotion of a child.

Father Francis found his penitent in the best disposition, and before an hour had passed, Williams was reconciled to his God and enjoyed a peace of heart that he had not experienced for years.

Toward eight o'clock that morning, Lizzie heard a soft knock at the door.

"Ah madam," she exclaimed joyfully, as she opened the door and saw her new friend, Sister Elizabeth, "I am so glad you've come. Poor father is dying, but, thank God, he has received the holy sacraments. Come, let us go to him," she continued, leading the way to the bedroom.

Mrs. Williams scowled when she saw the handsomely dressed lady enter the room, but softened somewhat when the stranger paused to greet her saying pleasantly:

"Good morning, Mrs. Williams. I am very glad to meet the mother of my little friend Elizabeth."

"Good—morning—ma'am" stammered the woman, all unnerved by the stranger's friendliness. "But I'm not Lizzie's mother; I'm only her stepmother," she added, abashed at the undeserved compliment.

"Father, here's the good lady who gave me the money yesterday. She may come in now, may she not?" Lizzie asked as she entered the bedroom.

"Yes, child, let her come in," whispered the dying man eagerly.

As Sister Elizabeth approached his bedside, Mr. Williams grasped

her hand in his and looking into her eyes said:

"Madam, I thank you. You are very good to be so kind to us poor strangers. May God bless you!"

"I am only doing my duty as a Tertiary of St. Francis, Mr. Williams," she replied. "God has given me wealth, and I am trying to do as much good with it as I can. I love the poor especially, because our Blessed Savior and His Mother Mary and St. Francis were poor. Do not fear for your children, for I will take care of them as long as I live."

"Thank you, madam. God has been too good to me,—much more so than I deserve," Williams answered much affected. "I would—like—to—say more—but—I—I can't. Lizzie,—my child—come—near me," he said, after a pause.

His last moments had come. Lizzie knelt down at his side, and pressing a crucifix into his hand, began the rosary, while Sister Elizabeth and the children knelt about the bed and made the responses: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

And the words, speeding heavenward from innocent lips, bore aloft with them the soul of the penitent father brought back to God by the love of his child.

As he breathed his last, Mrs. Williams, who had viewed the whole scene unnoticed from the open door, turned aside—and wept.

* * *

Sister Elizabeth went up the steep steps of the old tenement with a heavy heart. She, the wife of the wealthy factory owner, Mr. Bailey, had found a little friend among the poor such as she had sought for in vain among the élite that frequented the grand salon of her magnificent home. She had found a heart wholly aflame with charity, a soul pure as the driven snow, a flower diffusing everywhere the sweet fra-

grance of heavenly virtues. And now already this treasure was to be taken from her. God seemed to fear lest the lily whiteness of her soul should be stained by contact with the things of this world, and he was about to transplant her into the celestial garden of his saints.

Lizzie's cough, which at first had caused her no worry, soon proved to be very serious, as it developed into pleura-pneumonia, and five days after her father had passed to the grave, she, too, was lying at death's door.

"How is my little girl this morning?" enquired Mrs. Bailey, as she entered the kitchen and found Lizzie's stepmother sitting at the table crying bitterly.

"She will not live through the morning, the doctor says," Mrs. Williams replied, drying her tears with the end of her apron. "Father Francis brought her the last sacraments early this morning and now he is with her again. Oh madam," the woman continued, her voice quivering with emotion, "you have no idea how much I owe to this child! I, too, was once as innocent and pious as she. I lived on the farm with my parents, brothers, and sisters, with not a care in the world. After my father's death, which occurred when I was sixteen, I went to the city to visit a friend, and that visit was the beginning of my downward career. I drifted from place to place, and for the past ten years I have been here in this city, without God, without peace, without hope. When I married Mr. Williams, I did so not out of love, but merely to gain a permanent home and an assured income. But he spent all his earnings, and then I tried to make money on these poor children. Their own mother had brought them up well, especially, the eldest child, and I hated her because she was good and I was wicked. But, madam, when I saw

her last Tuesday morning, kneeling there at her father's side, holding the cross in his hand and saying the rosary, I remembered so well how I had done the very same thing for my own dear father. But her father had not been good to her as mine had been to me; and the sight of her heroic love and my black ingratitude filled my heart with sorrow and remorse. And this morning after Father Francis gave her the last sacraments, I fell on my knees at her bedside and begged forgiveness for the cruelty with which I had treated her. 'Mother', she said, 'I have nothing to forgive. I have loved you always and prayed for you. Ask Father Francis to hear your Confession that God, too, may love and forgive you.' And madam, I immediately arose and left the room with the priest and made my Confession here at this table. And now, after more than twenty-five years of sin and misery, I have again found peace of heart."

Here the conscience-stricken Magdalen burst into fresh tears—but they were tears of joy and repentance, tears of a contrite and humbled heart.

Just then the priest opened the door of the bedroom, and motioned the two women to enter. Lizzie lay there so quietly, that one might suppose her soul had already fled. As Mrs. Bailey leaned over her little friend, the child opened her eyes and smiled sweetly.

"I am so glad you came," she said faintly; "I know I am dying, but I am happy because I am dying for father and mother."

Mrs. Bailey did not understand what the dying child meant by these

words, and it was only after her death that she learnt from Father Francis how the heroic girl had sacrificed her young life for the conversion of her father and step-mother.

"And you will be kind to Johnnie, and Charlie, and Annie when I am gone, won't you, Sister Elizabeth?" Lizzie continued in a very weak voice, "and also to my mother, won't you?"

"Yes, my child, I will be very good to them all. I will provide for them, and, if they wish, they may even come and live with me," Mrs. Bailey answered, as she kissed the child's burning brow.

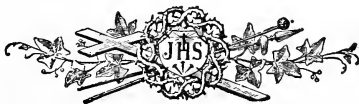
"Oh how good you are!" Lizzie whispered, as tears of joy sprang into her eyes.

Father Francis now entered the room with the three youngest children, and his practiced eye at once noticed that the little sufferer had but a few minutes more to live. Kneeling down, he immediately began the prayers for the dying.

Lizzie lay motionless, her eyes resting on a crucifix that she held in her right hand, while with her left, supported by Mrs. Bailey, she held a burning candle. Mrs. Williams knelt at the foot of the bed vainly endeavoring to smother her sobs, and the children cried as if their little hearts would break.

Suddenly, the dying child roused herself, and, raising her gaze toward heaven, she faintly gasped the prayer she had so often said in life, "My God, all for Thee!" and then gently fell asleep in death.

The little apostle had not toiled and prayed in vain.



FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. They are truly peacemakers who amidst all they suffer in this world, maintain peace in soul and body for the love of Jesus Christ.—St. Francis.

2. There is not a man, however cold his heart may be toward God, who, if he invokes the name of Mary with a firm resolution not to fall into sin again, though he may not be delivered forever from the temptations of the devil, will at least not willingly commit mortal sin.—St. Bridget, Tertiary.

3. Know that I consider it a greater honor to be the daughter of poor St. Francis, the Seraph of Assisi, than to be a daughter of Archduke Carl Emanuel.—Princess Mary Frances, Tertiary.

4. Whenever you see holy water, do not pass by without blessing yourself.—St. Paschal Baylon, 1st Order.

5. The spirit of St. Francis inculcates respect and reverence toward the Church and the Holy See; its serves to restore Christian simplicity to the families, because it banishes luxury and mere worldly amusement.—Cardinal Bourne, Tertiary.

6. He alone is a truly Christian man, who in suffering and persecution, yes even in danger of death, professes Christ.—Bl. Thomas More, Tertiary.

7. Of St. Lawrence of Brindisi, O.M.Cap., it is written: "He united the life of action with the life of contemplation, so that he gave himself up to incessant labors for the defense of the Church and the salvation of his neighbor, and yet never lost sight of the holy presence of the Divine Majesty."

8. Lord Jesus, deign by the intercession of St. Elizabeth to grant us that peace which thou camest on earth to bring: peace in the midst of the world, peace in spite of injuries and outrages, peace in tribulation, peace in anguish of soul and body, peace with God and man. Grant us, above all, to love thy holy Cross, for the love of the Cross will lead us to that peace which is true and lasting.—Prayer on the Feast of St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Tertiary.

9. The Pope is the conerstone of the Church of Jesus Christ; to separate ourselves from the Pope is to separate ourselves from the Church, and to renounce the Church is to renounce Jesus Christ Himself, whose voice she is.—St. Nicholas of Gorcum, 1st Order.

10. We are but pilgrims and travelers during this miserable life, and as we know not the day when our journey is to come to an end, it is very necessary that we should always be ready, lest, perchance, we be excluded from Paradise.—Bl. Davanzato, 3rd Order.

11. Let not those who know their brother's fault humiliate him nor speak of it; but rather have compassion for him and keep his secret, because he who is ill has need of medicine and not he who is well.—St. Francis.

12. Bodily ills are ordained by Divine Providence for the soul's good; God sends them to you to detach you from the world; to make you think of death; and to call you from the dissipations of this life to more useful and holier thoughts.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

13. The surest way of obtaining God's grace is by holy indifference and resignation to his holy will.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, O. M. C.

14. Perfect Christians always bear in mind the shortness of life and live as if dying daily. They prepare themselves all the more carefully for the life to come, as they judge the things of time from the standpoint of eternity.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

15. The zeal in coming to the rescue of our fellow men should, of course, be solicitous first for the imperishable good of the soul, but it must not neglect what is necessary and helpful for the body.—Pope Leo XIII, Tertiary.

16. Charity loves to be humble and submissive; it seeks the common good, the benefit of them any and not its own advantage.—St. Bernardine of Siena, 1st Order.

17. If you are a Christian, show it, not only in word, but in reality—by the deeds you do.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

18. Pray, work, hope.—Motto of Bl. Simon of Lypnica, 1st Order.

19. I can not thank God enough for receiving me, unworthy as I am, into this holy Order. Because, if even in this holy state I at times stumble over the "stones of scandal," into how many sins would I not have fallen in the world, where the occasions of sin are so numerous.—Bl. John of Dukla, 1st Order.

20. The highest degree of mildness consists in kindly and lovingly receiving, serving, honoring, and conversing with those who trespass on us at an unseasonable moment or contradict us, making themselves troublesome and ungrateful unto us.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

21. We must not forget that all our power for good comes from God, and it is needful not to forget God if we would really benefit our fellow men. Moreover, the habit of prayer will, more than anything else, prevent the social worker from becoming intolerant and pharisaical, and this is a danger against which every reformer or apostle has to be on his guard.—Fr. Cuthbert, O. M. Cap.

22. A right intention (for daily Communion) consists in this: that he who approaches the Holy Table should do so, not out of routine, or vain glory, or human respect, but for the purpose of pleasing God, or being more closely united with him by charity, and of seeking this divine remedy for his weakness and defects.—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

23. We owe all respect and honor to the priests of God, who are our superiors and surpass us in dignity. They are the spiritual brothers of every Christian, the spirit and life of this world.—St. Francis.

24. "Glory be to God!"—this was the sole motive of the thoughts, the desires, and the prodigious labors of St. Francis Solano, of the First Order, the "Apostle of Peru."

25. Happy is he who has charity for every one, and who does not desire that they have charity for him.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

26. It is certain that there is no means of grace more generally useful than prayer; and therefore, we ought to entertain a great esteem and love for it, and to make every endeavor to pray well.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

27. I have despised the kingdoms of the world and all vain ornaments for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Bl. Cunegundes, 2nd Order.

28. If we have the honor of God at heart, we must not forget that the results of sins of omission are greater than those of sins of commission. These last injure only the person who commits them, whereas the former injure many.—Fr. Mark D'Aniano O. M. Cap.

29. We have so little time to do penance, for we are hastening with great strides toward the grave.—Bl. John Colombini, Tertiary.

30. It has pleased our Lord from my earliest childhood to give me a great love toward His Mother. This is why I have always loved her dearly and have placed all my confidence in her. She is the beloved of my heart; by her intercession I hope to obtain grace and mercy from our Lord.—St. Bernardine of Siena, 1st Order.

31. Strive to be worthy sons and daughters of your holy Patron, St. Francis. Imitate especially his heroic love for God and his neighbor, his humility and his love of poverty. Consider as trifling the vanity and honors of this world. Show yourselves always as true lovers of poverty, above all now in these days of avarice and greed; be satisfied with your condition, with your allowance, and hang not your hearts on riches, honors, and worldly pleasures. In every poor and suffering person, seek your brother in Christ.—Bishop Morosini, Tertiary.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

I read with great interest the letter of N. J. in the May number of the Herald. I am, like N. J., a middle-aged Tertiary, professed just two years ago and, like N. J., viewing the vast multitudes attending the meetings, I am always deeply impressed but in quite a different way.

What strikes me most forcibly is that at these meetings all are equal. There are no "middle aisle, front pews" reserved for the aristocracy. If the pews are all taken, the well dressed lady or gentleman as well as the poorest, kneel in the aisles, perfectly contented just to

be there. This, to my mind, is proof that all have the true spirit of St. Francis and I am very happy to be among them. My candid opinion is, that if the rich and well educated and those in good social standing must have separate meetings to be induced to enter the Third Order, they had better keep out of it.

If the above-named class would take the trouble to become acquainted with the other classes, I am sure they would find many every bit as intelligent, refined, and courteous as themselves, and fully capable of working hand in hand with them.

Chicago, Ill.

MARG. DAVIDSON.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE NEVER-FAILING TREASURE OF HOLINESS

"Joculatores Dei—God's troubadours," was the name applied to St. Francis and his first disciples by their contemporaries. No appellation could have been more appropriate. For, like the troubadours of those days, they went about singing. Their theme was love—love of the King of kings and of the Lady Poverty. At first, people marveled at the sight of these singing preachers, and even viewed them askance. But their habitual cheerfulness, in spite of penances and persecutions, won the hearts of all with whom they came in contact, and soon the multitudes caught up their joyful strains, and carried them not only into their homes but into distant lands. St. Francis was ever of a cheerful disposition, and it was but natural that he should impart his cheerfulness to others. But, what is more, he insisted on its cultivation among his followers. Ever since then "sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness" has been prized as a precious heritage of the Franciscan Order. Those of our readers who have followed the series of articles on "The Order of Penance and of Joy" will have ere this arrived at the conclusion that the children of St. Francis have the right as well as the duty to rejoice in the Lord.

But Franciscans have no monopoly on spiritual joy. Every Christian should cultivate it both for its utility and for its necessity. "The joyfulness of the heart," says Holy Scripture, "is the life of the man, and a never-failing treasure of holiness." If this is true, then spiritual joy, like piety, is profitable to all things, bearing promises for the present life and for the life to come. Ascetical writers are agreed that sadness causes the eternal ruin of many souls, while spiritual joy is the salvation of many. It is a rampart for the protection of innocence, or a powerful means to repair its loss. If, in the moment of temptation, sadness takes possession of our heart, we are wrapped in darkness, lose all energy, and finally succumb. The weapons we ought to use in the conflict—prayer, confidence in God, mortification—are of no avail, because our sadness has deprived us of the strength to wield them effectively. If, on the contrary, we possess spiritual joy which is grounded in hope, we are sufficiently armed against all attacks of the enemy of our salvation.

Sadness frequently leads to unrestrained criminal gratifications. It is precisely because they are a prey to sorrow and pain that many are inclined to sensuality. "The heart of man," says St. Gregory, "can not be without enjoyment; if he finds none in virtue, he will seek for it in excesses." Spiritual joy, on the contrary, dilates the heart and opens it to the inspiration of divine love, so that it is ready to bring every sacrifice for God. Hence, we may apply to it what is said of holy love: "It feels no burden, values no labors, would willingly do more than it can, complains not of impossibility. It is able, therefore, to do anything." God grant that the prayer of the Church may be heard in our regard: "To be delivered from present sadness and to possess eternal joy."

OUR FRONTISPIECE

"To bury the dead" is the title of the last of our present series of frontispieces. The picture recalls the days of the Christian persecutions,

when pious men, known as *fossore*s, made it a practice to procure the bodies of the holy martyrs and confessors of the faith and to inter them in the catacombs or in some other decent burial place. Theirs was a perilous occupation. For, to be detected at their labor of love, meant certain death for them. Yet, they gladly risked their lives in order to bestow on the earthly remains of their brethren the honors of a Christian burial.

Care for the dead is expressly enjoined by the Rule of the Third Order. "At the funeral of a deceased member, the Tertiaries who belong to the same town, and those who happen to be staying in it, should assemble, and they should together say.....the Rosary for the heavenly comfort of the deceased." Tertiaries, therefore, are commanded to assist in a body at the funeral of their brothers and sisters and to pray for the repose of their souls. They will perform this work of mercy all the more willingly if they regard it in the light of faith. Already the patriarchs and the just of the Old Law took every care to bury their dead with proper and respectful decency; and for this they were specially blest by Almighty God. The Catholic Church, too, has from the beginning manifested the most tender solicitude for her departed children. And indeed, the body of a deceased Christian is worthy of veneration. It was the instrument of the soul during life, the instrument of many a good and holy action. Through the senses and organs of the body, as through channels, the sacramental graces flowed into the soul. The body was the temple of the Holy Ghost and the receptacle of the precious Body and Blood of our Lord. It is for these reasons that the Church has prepared for her dead so worthy and touching and impressive a funeral service. The Requiem Mass, the lighted tapers surrounding the coffin, the sprinkling with holy water, the incensation, the procession, the planting of the cross over the grave—in short, every prayer and ceremony of the funeral rite is replete with deep significance and indicative of the Church's reverence for her deceased children.

By devoutly attending these services, therefore, we make an open profession of our faith, we manifest our love and respect for the deceased, we show our sympathy for the surviving members of the family, bring them comfort, and merit their gratitude. Furthermore, the performance of this work of charity is very salutary for ourselves. For, it fills us with a holy earnestness and reminds us of the vanity of everything earthly. "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting; for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh of what is to come." (Eccle. vii, 3.)

HELP THE MEN AT THE FRONT

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who is said to be a devout Christian, recently wrote to his relatives at home, "Here at the front, we can always tell when the people at home neglect to pray." Similarly, one of our Indian missionaries lately sent us the following note: "Do not forget now and then to emphasize in your *Herald* the value of prayer for the conversion of the Indians. People may not have money, but they can pray and offer up their sufferings for the success of the missionaries'

labors. The measure of success in the missionary field is in exact proportion to the number of prayers said and sufferings endured."

It is a wonderful dispensation of Divine Providence that God has attached his special graces to our petitions. As in the order of nature, so in the order of grace it is his wont to make use of creatures to carry out his designs. Thus, in his condescending love for us he reckons with a beautiful trait of the human heart, its innate sympathy for misery, and he expects and wishes that we bring this trait into play when there is question of alleviating the spiritual and corporal wants of others. To this end he has given us power over his own paternal heart by endowing us with the right of interceding with him for others. "I desire therefore," says St. Paul, "that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men."

But who of all men are more in need of supplications and prayers and intercessions than they who are sitting in the darkness of heathenism and in the shadow of eternal death? Deprived of the divine light of truth and grace, they are wandering about aimlessly or groping their way to the Father of lights. Submerged in a sea of iniquities, they are vainly struggling to reach the shore of justification, on which we stand. Will we do nothing to save them? Will we not even extend our hands in an effort to rescue them? "All who truly love God," writes St. Alphonsus, "will not cease to pray and to work for the salvation of sinners. Is it possible to love God, to contemplate his mercy to souls, to think of what Christ did for them and to remember how much he wishes us to pray for the salvation of souls—and to remain indifferent at the sight of so many unfortunates that are lost forever?"

Knowing the reward promised to the merciful and believing in the efficacy of prayer, how can we neglect to pray for the conversion of sinners? "He who has no sympathy for sinners," says St. Vincent de Paul, "and shows them no love, deserves no mercy from God." Let us help the men at the front who are bravely fighting against fearful odds to extend the Kingdom of Christ and to rescue souls from the archenemy of mankind. Let us give heed to their cry: "Brethren, pray for us." (I Thess. v, 25.)

PROTESTANT VAGARIES

"A cunning manipulator of Biblical texts can prove anything which his prejudices dispose him to maintain," says the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist). "Almost every iniquity known to mankind has been buttressed by citations from the Scriptures. But this evil has always in the long run suffered defeat, because men have eventually discovered in the words of Jesus Christ a corrective for every infirm moral contention which has been advanced on the strength of an isolated or misinterpreted text. Here we have the ultimate authority respecting the conduct of life and the reliability of alleged truth. Jesus said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life!' Let everything be brought to the test of what Christ taught and is. Devotion to the ideals expressed in His character will save any one from fatal blunders. Metaphysical difficulties involved in theological doctrines are of small importance, compared with the preservation of spiritual vitality."

We have no fault to find with the *Christian Advocate's* contention that in religion there is hardly an error "but some sober brow will bless it and approve with a text." But we find it rather difficult to believe that "this evil has always in the long run suffered defeat," at least in the manner indicated in the above quoted words. To bring everything "to the test of what Christ taught and is," can hardly be called a safe and practical rule for the ordinary Protestant. For, suppose he is in the dark, as he frequently is, as to "what Christ taught and is," how will he be able to discover "a corrective in the words of Jesus Christ for every infirm moral contention?" True, he has the Bible. But, if he is in doubt, as he often must be, as to the correct interpretation of its doctrines and actions, how can he make his own religious belief and moral code conform thereto? If Protestants were not so hopelessly and irreconcilably divided in their opinions of "what Christ taught and is," they might still hope to establish some sort of "authority respecting the conduct of life and the reliability of alleged truth," and there might be less occasion for manipulating Biblical texts on their pulpits for the sake of "buttressing infirm moral contentions." But so long as they adhere to their favorite principle of free interpretation of the Bible and reject the divinely constituted authority of the Church in matters of faith and morals, so long will the professional jugglers of sacred truths continue to ply their trade to the detriment of many who are vainly seeking "the preservation of their spiritual vitality" amid the aimless vagaries of Protestantism.

THE CITY ON THE MOUNTAIN

Even in these days of truculent warfare against the Catholic Church in this country, it is nothing uncommon to meet with the most glowing tributes paid to the fair Spouse of Christ by non-Catholics. These encomiums come not infrequently from the highest statesmen, the most enlightened clergymen, and the ablest editors of the land. This is owing to the fact that thoughtful Protestants, who have the interests of society at heart, can no longer close their eyes to the truth and beauty of Catholic principles and ideals any more than they can fail to see the absurdity and hideousness that attach to the prevalent departures from those principles and ideals, as evidenced in the moral, social, religious, and political life of the nation. They have only to view the evils afflicting society and the stand taken by the Catholic Church to be convinced that she is ever ready to promote and defend everything that is essential or conducive to the country's welfare, while she as unhesitatingly sets her face against all evil influences that threaten to undermine the nation's health. Divorce, race-suicide, disintegration of the family, public dishonesty, monopoly of wealth, socialism, godless education, immoral literature, pandering, alcoholism, agnosticism—on all these questions concerning the nation's health and life, the Church has taken a decided stand. She has, in fact, proved to be the one effectual breakwater against the tide of iniquity that is rising ever higher and higher, the sole bulwark capable of resisting the ceaseless attacks of the forces of infidelity and immorality, the only army able to cope with the dangerous foes leagued together for the ruin of Christian society. As such she can not escape the notice of thousands outside her pale who, though they may not love her, can not withhold from her their meed of gratitude and admiration.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

VIII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

As stated in our last instalment, the authorities at the Mexican Capital, in 1715, at length decided to establish a permanent settlement in Texas, near the sites of the abandoned missions on the Neches, and to have the Franciscans renew their efforts for the conversion of the Hasinai, or Texas Indians. In order to accomplish the latter object, twenty-five soldiers under a captain were detailed to accompany the missionaries. Each soldier was to receive four hundred dollars a year, and each one was to receive at once a year's salary in advance. The captain received five hundred dollars. As the failure of the first missions was largely due to the bad conduct of the guards, it was resolved to send only married soldiers, who would take along their families with the determination of remaining in the new territory as colonists. After the necessary supplies and implements had been collected, the order for the expedition to start was issued on October 1, 1715. Captain Domingo Ramón was appointed commander of the new enterprise.

The requisite missionary force was easily secured; for, when the Fr. Guardian of the missionary College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro, called for volunteers, more Fathers offered themselves than were neces-

sary. Fr. Francisco Hidalgo, who had reluctantly retired from Texas twenty-two years before, ⁽¹⁾ and who had all along hoped and prayed for the reestablishment of the missions, was, of course, the first selected. The others chosen to accompany Fr. Hidalgo were Fr. Gabriel Vérgara, Fr. Benito Sánchez, Fr. Manuel Castellaños, and Fr. Pedro Pérez de Mezquia. These five religious left their mother-house with the blessing of the Fr. Guardian and the best wishes of the community on January 21, 1716. At Saltillo they came up with the military guards. After celebrating Holy Week at Boca de Leones, the expedition proceeded northward. On reaching the Rio Grande missions, of which Fr. Isidor Espinosa, the author of the "Cronica Serafica," was in charge as superior, he was given a letter of the Fr. Guardian ordering him to join the expedition as presidente, or superior, of the missionaries belonging to the College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro.

At Mission San Juan Bautista, south of the Rio Grande, another band of missionaries awaited the expedition. They were Fr. Matias Sanz de San Antonio, Fr. Pedro de Mendoza, Fr. Agustin Patro, and two lay brothers not named, and one Donado, or Tertiary Brother, under the Ven. Fr. Antonio Mar-

(1) See *Franciscan Herald*, May 1915, page 187.

gíl. These religious belonged to the missionary college of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Zacatecas. They were to found missions apart from the Fathers of Querétaro, but to proceed under the same military guard.

The expedition, which at length began the march about April 26, 1716, in reality took the form of a pilgrimage. Every third day a sermon was preached, and many of the seculars received the sacraments on the journey. Every day the "Alabado" was chanted, just as the Friars were accustomed to do in choir. (2)

On June 27, thirty or forty Texas Indians, headed by five chiefs, came to welcome the missionaries whom they had so long expected. Next day, after marching nine leagues, nearly one hundred Indians approached to show their satisfaction. The Fathers walked in procession to meet them, bearing the banner, which on one side showed the Crucified Lord, and on the other, Our Lady of Guadalupe. While the procession advanced, the missionaries chanted the *Te Deum Laudamus*, until they reached a spacious enramáda, or brushwood structure, which the Indians had erected for them.

Here the Fathers and officers were treated to a regular Indian peace ceremony. Each Chief took a quantity of powdered tobacco, and put it into a curiously decorated bag of chamois leather. This made the rounds from one to another in order to signify the union of their minds. Putting some of the tobacco into a pipe decorated with feathers, the token of peace among the Indians, one of the chiefs lighted the pipe, and

then had it pass from mouth to mouth, beginning with the missionaries. These in turn took a draft and then passed it on. This ceremony, as Fr. Espinosa describes it, was, with some variations, in vogue among all the North American Indians, and invariably preceded all deliberations.

The Spanish commander next distributed the gifts sent by the viceroy. They consisted of chocolate, hats, blankets, tobacco, and various trinkets. The Indians, in turn, presented corn, melons, tamáles, beans, and nuts. Nor did the feasting stop there, but continued three days. The dances were prolonged far into the night in order to show the satisfaction of the Indians at the coming of the missionaries.

On July 3, 1717, the Mission of San Francisco de los Tejas was re-established, though not on the spot it occupied in 1690. On July 7, Mission Purísima Concepcion was founded among the Hasinai; and a few days later, Mission San José was planted among the Nazonis, ten leagues north of Purísima. These three missions belonged to the Fathers from the College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro.

The Ven. Fr. Antonio Margil and his brethren from the College of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, also established three missions. The first, Mission de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, was placed among the Nacogdoches, at what is now the city of Nacogdoches. The second, Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, arose among the Adays Indians, fifty leagues to the east, close to the territory of the French. The exact location of all these missionary centers will be given later.

(2) The words are: "Alabado y ensalzado sea el Santísimo Sacramento del Altar! Bendita sea la Limpia y Purísima Concepcion de Nuestra Señora Maria Santísima sin mancha de pecado original!"



FIRST COMMUNION IN THE DESERT

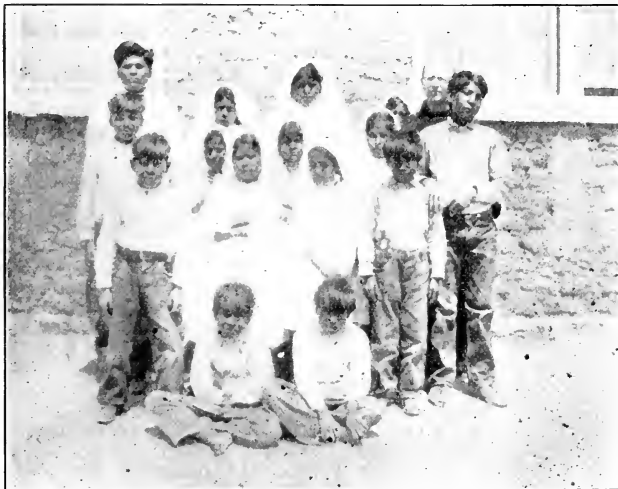
By Fr. Gerard, O. F. M.

Wednesday, April 21, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was a happy day for the Catholic Indians of St. Peter's mission, Casa Blanca, Arizona. It was the occasion of the First Communion of thirteen children of the mission.

At the sound of the Angelus on the morning of the festive day, the children made their way from their homes to the church in silence. My catechist, Miss Isabella Kisto, a recent graduate of St. John's Board-

munion, to which they listened with much attention. The fervor and reverence with which they approached the Holy Table, was very touching and edifying, and also the earnestness with which they made their thanksgiving after receiving.

These little ones had been well prepared for the day by my catechist, Isabella Kisto. For six months she had zealously imparted to these children of the desert the knowledge, reverence, and devotion



Fr. Gerard and Indian First Communicants

ing school, then pinned a beautiful white flower on the boys' blouses, and adorned the dusky girls as little brides of our Blessed Savior with white veils and wreaths of pink and white blossoms. When all was in readiness, I began holy Mass. To incite the children to yet greater devotion, I gave them a short instruction on Holy Com-

necessary for the worthy reception of the Divine Guest. During the week previous to the celebration, she had instructed them daily. Without a thought of pecuniary remuneration, out of pure gratitude to God for the priceless boon of Holy Faith and the thorough Catholic education she herself had received from the kind Fathers and good

Sisters of St. John's, this pious Indian maiden gladly walked the distance of four miles for each instruction. It is, likewise, owing to her untiring and unselfish labors that our little mission is kept clean and tidy. She has taught the boys to pull the weeds rampant about the mission, and the girls to sweep and dust the church, clean the windows and adorn the altar. She herself washes the window hangings, altar linens, and communion cloths. All this gives the missionary much joy, especially since the good girl is doing this of her own accord and to please God.

A similar celebration took place at my other mission of St. Michael, Sacaton Flats, Arizona, on Wednesday, April 28, when twenty children of our Catholic Day School received their First Holy Communion. The success of the celebration is owing to a great extent to the good teacher of the School, Santiago J. Juan, a young Papago Indian, who received his education

partly at St. John's Boarding School and partly at Banning, and who is now doing all in his power to assist his tribesmen in the learning and practice of their holy Faith.

Such events as these are among the few consolations of the Indian missionary. All the trials and troubles and sufferings and privations seem small and dwindle into nothingness, when he sees the Kingdom of the Eucharistic Lord spreading among those who, a few years ago, had no knowledge of the Savior and knew not how near to us is the God of the Christians. The kind reader will please not forget to recite now and then a fervent prayer for the intentions of the missionaries, this vanguard of the Christian army. For prayer is one of the most powerful means to obtain the blessing and assistance of Him, who alone can move the passionate heart of the Indian to love what he has hitherto hated and to hate what he has hitherto loved.

THE FLAME-FLOWERS OF SAN JUAN

By Miriam Navarro, Tertiary

“O CLEMENS, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria!” murmured Vincente, the little Indian altar boy at Mission San Juan, as, walking softly in the dimly lighted chapel, he finished his appointed task. The following day was to be the great fiesta. This was the day on which the whole Indian village turned out to pay its respects to the great Precursor, the Saint of the desert, San Juan Bautista.

Padre Solano never wearied of extolling the Santo's life of penance and sacrifice, holding forth to his docile flock this shining example for their imitation. All that they grasped, perchance, of his burning words, was that the holiday meant a bountiful fiesta which they could

enjoy to their hearts' content.

But Vincente, the dusky altar boy, seemed to possess a fuller comprehension of what the fiesta was to solemnize. To him the picture of San Juan, el buen Patrón, seemed almost a living being, so well had he absorbed the Padre's wonderful story of the Saint. And to-day as he burnished and polished the blessed home of el Santo in the arid desert, he fancied that the sweet eyes of the Baptist sought his own black orbs, and demanded of him a service of more than ordinary import.

Reverently he spread over the dusted altar a cloth of immaculate whiteness, embroidered in some far-off Spanish cloister, the while he

gazed thoughtfully up at the wreath of scarlet roses that the artist had so significantly painted above the head of the martyred Baptist.

"Ah, those old painted flowers" the boy thought almost disdainfully, as he proudly surveyed the mass of bright yellow desert-daisies, that he had crowded into a brown earthen vessel and placed before the picture of the Patrón. Then stepping a few paces back he continued to admire his gorgeous gift, while his sweet voice rose and sank as he crooned the simple notes of the Latin hymn the Padre had taught him, "Virgo castissima, Virgo purissima, ora pro nobis."

Fray Solano, entering just then, smiled at his acolyte's devotion and at the quaint sounding Latin that fell from his untutored lips. Searchingly and approvingly he scanned the lad's faithfully accomplished task,—the well-swept floor, each dustless pew, the rudely carved altar with its odd statues of old Spanish art, the pleasant whiteness of the lime-washed walls, and even the great rough rafters, that supported the roof, and afforded the busy spiders with comfortable homes—all religiously cleansed in honor of the great San Juan.

"Well done, Vincente mio," said the Padre kindly, after finishing his scrutiny. "But those common flowers, those desert daisies, so appropriately named 'dormidera'—sleeping-petals—are not for this sacred place."

The little acolyte's face fell as he heard these words, and his dark black eyes moistened as the Padre continued slowly:

"Couldst thou but see, my child, the crimson roses, the virgin lilies, the wonderful gardens of fair Granada—ah! those are the flowers for our San Juan's fiesta," and the good Padre sighed as he thought of his home in far-off Spain, on the banks of a sparkling stream, where the

flowers bloomed so prodigally and the song-birds sang so sweetly. Then, as if ashamed of his momentary weakness, he said, speaking more to himself than to the wondering Indian boy:

"How foolish of me to indulge in these idle wishes. How stupid of me to sigh and pine for Iberia's gardens here in these sandy wastes, where even in the month of roses all is brown and bare and dead, save the poor yellow desert-daisies and the thorn-covered cactuses."

Vincente said not a word, but his lips quivered as the Padre lifted the disdained daisies from their exalted place and cast them out the open window. Long after Fray Solano's brown figure had disappeared, the humble admirer of San Juan, unmindful of the noonday Angelus bell, tarried near the now undecked altar. Again and again he sighed, again and again he longed to be able to find somewhere flowers that would be fully worthy of the great Patrón and his fiesta.

As he sighed and wished, he suddenly recalled tales told by the old men who had brought the heavy pine timbers for the mission church from the great high mountain beyond the river; tales that told of a wonderful flower, red as blood, as the blood of the holy martyrs.

"Surely," he said to himself, and his spirits rose at the thought, "surely there still must be blossoms on the crest of the mountain in the cool shade of the great pine trees, beautiful red flowers growing by the side of the gurgling brooklet that comes down through the deep cañon from the mountain top,—fit offerings for San Juan and his fiesta."

The more he pondered, the greater became his longing to make the attempt. But could he reach yonder craggy height that loomed up so clear against the midday sky? And then there was the river to cross;

but it was low and it could easily be forded. The trail was steep and thorny—but was he not strong and robust with his fourteen years and brawny sinews and hardened muscles? However, must he first ask the Padre for permission? No, that would never do. He was finished with his task, and he would not be needed before evening; besides, the flowers were to be as much a surprise to his beloved Fray Solano as an offering to San Juan, for Vincente did not know which of the two he loved most.

All aglow with excitement, he quit the chapel, and bounded down the path that led to the river. Passing the house of his good aunt Rita, he paused just long enough to beg a tortilla or two and then hurried on his way. Wading through the sluggish water, he soon reached the opposite bank and then ran again with the fleetness of a deer toward the mountain.

The noonday sun was broiling hot, and the heat waves danced and flickered everywhere on the rock-ribbed slope. Upward, upward he hastened unmindful of the heat, eager only to reach the beautiful red flowers that grew in the clump of pines on the rocky summit. Far below him nestled the white walled Mission in the measureless wastes of the brown desert broken only here and there by giant cactuses lifting their gaunt arms like silent monitors pointing heavenward. But Vincente did not pause to look back. With quickened steps he followed the numberless windings of the trail that led through tangled meshes of mesquite and cactus and over sharp stones that were beginning to wound his bare feet.

Now the shrubs grew denser and the air more bracing, wafting the spicy scent of desert foliage and the resinous odor of distant pine trees. Great boulders shouldered out across his path and rendered the

trail longer and more toilsome. Surely, he reasoned, the clearing must no longer be far off, for there were the stately pines rearing their proud though storm-torn heads against the granite cliffs. On, on he pushed through the thickets of vine and wild lilac, hardly noticing the thousand butterflies that fluttered in the sunlight with their rainbow hues. Of a sudden, he heard a noise as of rushing waters. He plunged through the copse—and there, on the banks of the purling waters a clump of slender bushes—one glory of red and scarlet!

"O mira, mira!" he cried in an ecstasy of joy as he pressed the crimson cups to his lips, and inhaled deep drafts of the perfume from their golden hearts.

Indeed, these were the flowers of which the old men had spoken, the flowers red as blood, red as the blood of the Christian martyrs. Kneeling down on the soft green sod Vincente carefully cut the long slender stalks, and bound them together into a great red sheaf, the sight of which would bring joy untold to the heart of good Padre Solano. And how beautiful would not the altar appear on the morning, transformed as it would be with the crimson glory! And San Juan,—would he not smile his appreciation of the beautiful gift—the flame-flowers for his fiesta?

Never had conquistador been more exultant nor carried his palm of victory more proudly than did Vincente bear that scarlet sheaf of blossoms, as he skipped lightly down the long slopes homeward, and filled the evening air with the sweet strains of his song, "Virgo castissima, Virgo purissima, ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis!"

Soon he reached the ford. Crossing the river, he ran along the bank under the shade of the cottonwoods. A short distance from the Mission he knew the women were washing

their linens in the river, preparing for the joy of the fiesta. Already the shadows were lengthening, and he saw the women gathering the dry garments from the surrounding sagebrush, their soft chatter ringing like music in his ears after his long and wearisome climb. As he drew nearer to the river intent on refreshing his parched lips and sprinkling his precious burden again with the cooling waters, he almost stepped on a sturdy little papoose, which an Indian mother had carefully laid in the shade of a huge boulder. The little one began to babble and stretch out his tiny hands to the pretty flowers. Vincente searched for a blossom to spare for the chubby fingers, saying cheerily the while:

"Surely, niño mio! Thou art Delphina's, and thou art the little rascal that shrieked so loudly the last holyday when the good Padre poured the water over thee and made the sign of the Cross on thy forehead, thou naughty Julian! But here, I will give thee this beautiful red flower for thy fiesta," and placing the blossom in the baby's outstretched hand, Vincente hurried on his way.

Scarcely had he taken five steps, when he heard a hissing sound, unmistakable in its terrible significance, that destroyed at once the sweet tranquillity of his soul.

Flight was the first impulse of the boy, quick, ignominious, cowardly flight. He hesitated and looked about himself. There, just a short distance from the playing papoose lay the deadly viper eyeing its victim and preparing to spring. Still the boy paused. Should he endanger his life to save a little baby? Should he be unconscious on the morning, or perhaps even dead, when all the village was to celebrate the great fiesta? Who would serve the Padre's Mass if he were not there? And then the flowers—was

not the dear San Juan to look smilingly down upon him from behind those crimson blossoms—those blossoms that he striven so hard to obtain? Was he not to see them in the large vase on the beautiful white altar? He glanced at the flaming mass in his arms—and lo! the eyes of the Baptist, who loved the Child Jesus so tenderly, seemed to gaze at him from out the scarlet petals so gravely, so reproachingly, so questioningly.

Vicente paused no longer. His courage returned and casting the flowers aside, with a bound he snatched up the little Julian and darted away. But the serpent had been equally swift, and its poisonous fangs plunged deep into the poor boy's heel.

"Delphina! Isabel!" he cried as he felt the sharp pain in his foot, "come quickly, el niño, el niño!"

In a moment, all was confusion. The terrified women guessed at once the cause of the cry. Delphina clasped her frightened brown babe to her breast, while Isabel, her sister, bound a stout cord tightly about the stricken boy's ankle to stop the flow of blood to the heart. Dazed as he already was, Vincente disclaimed all pain in his anxiety to gather up his precious flowers, lest they be overlooked and forgotten.

Amid the lamentations of the good Indian women, he was half led half carried to Fray Solano, who was much distressed by the sad plight of his beloved little sacristan.

"Quickly call José, the blacksmith!" he exclaimed. "He is even now forging the steel in the smithy. Tell him to bring me the iron heated to whiteness."

The Padre applied the cruel iron to the wound and murmured, "Courage, Vincente mio, courage! We will sear out the serpent's venom. Courage, muchachito mio! San Juan is with you, and all will be well in the morning."

The flesh quivered under the trying ordeal, but Vincente bore it all bravely.

"Padre mio," he whispered, "the flowers, the flame-flowers of San Juan. I—I brought them—" but he never finished the sentence and fell fainting back in the arms of Isabel.

That night, Fray Solano knelt alone before the tabernacle. His heart ached sorely for the patient little acolyte, who was still lying at death's door, in the stupor of the deadly poison. The moon shone through the small window from the south side, and its silvery light fell full on the picture of the gentle San Juan, smiling from the dark depths of the altar niche, as he seemed to gaze down on the large bouquet of crimson blossoms at his feet.

What passed between the brown-

robed friar, San Juan and the Prisoner in the tabernacle on that memorable night, is known to them alone. But on the following morning, in the glamor of scarlet flowers and flickering candles, a small figure in cassock and surplice limped painfully to the altar and knelt there in transports of joy, his eyes glistening with tears, his heart filled with love and gratitude. Never, thought Vincente, had the dear San Juan looked down so lovingly, so approvingly as on that morning.

He guessed rightly. San Juan had demanded a service of him, and Vincente had not been found wanting. Like el buen Santo, his heart, too, was aglow with the flames of love, the love that burned in the hearts of the holy martyrs the love that was symbolized in the flame-flowers of San Juan.

MAXIMS OF FATHER FABER, TERTIARY

Remember, in the spiritual life there are recreations, but there are no holidays. That school breaks up but once, and the home afterwards is eternal.

Is it not our experience that it is always God who does things for us, even those things which we seem to do most for ourselves?

Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness, and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists.

The devil makes the rosary a special subject of temptations, weariness, contempt, and the like. Persevere in it, and it will itself be the chain of your final perseverance.

If you are young, look onward to the opening trials of life; if you desire to find yourself strong in God's grace and established in holiness you must be sure of prayer; if you are middle-aged and not so holy as you feel you should be, and look on to old age and its peculiar difficulties, you must be sure of prayer; if you are old and look on to death, etc., be sure of prayer. Let us all look into the bright heaven above us; are you to be there? Is it to be your everlasting home? Be sure of prayer.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—At the recent General Chapter of the Franciscans held in Rome, on May 22, the Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, O.F.M., Provincial of the Province of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis Province), was chosen one of the six Definitors General, who together with the Procurator General form the council of the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order.

Fr. Benedict was born at Leob-schuetz, Germany, on September 15, 1857. At the time of the expulsion of the religious orders from Germany under Bismark in 1875, he came to this country as a student, and finished his classical studies at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill. He entered the Franciscan Order on December 7, 1878, and pronounced his simple vows in the following year on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On January 1, 1883, he was admitted to solemn profession and was ordained priest in St. Louis, Mo., May 22, 1884. After his ordination, Fr. Benedict was sent to St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., where he taught until he was called to the chair of the humanities in 1893. In 1897, he was summoned to St. Louis to teach moral theology to the clerics of the Order at St. Antony's convent. This he continued to do until raised to the highest office in the Province at the provincial chapter held in 1909. It was during the years he taught in St. Louis, that Fr. Benedict acquired the reputation of being one of the foremost authorities on moral theology in the United States. In 1912, the De-

finitors and Guardians of the Province reelected him to the office of provincial. Last November, Fr. Benedict went to Rome on business of the Province, and remained in Europe until the General Chapter, at which he assisted as one of the electors.

Although we greatly appreciate his elevation to one of the highest dignities in the Order, yet his absence from home will be no small loss for our Province. *Franciscan Herald* is especially indebted to Fr. Benedict, since it owes its existence to his love for the Third Order and his interest in the Indian missions. We trust, therefore, and beg our kind readers to unite their prayers with ours, that God, who has thus far guided his steps, may continue to assist him in his new and arduous duties, that his labors may redound to the greater honor of God and to the good of the whole Order.

The General Curia of the Order of Friars Minor now consists of the following prelates: The Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General; the Very Rev. Fr. Bernadine Klumper, Procurator General; and the Very Reverend Definitors General: Fr. Placidus Lemos, for the Spanish provinces; Fr. Michael Angelo Marucci, for the Italian provinces; Fr. Benedict Schmidt, for the English-speaking provinces; Fr. Columban Dreyer, for the French provinces; Fr. Wendelin Vosnjak, for the Croatian and Slavic provinces; Fr. Pancratius Rathscheck, for the German provinces. Owing to the European war, no further ac-

count of the General Chapter has reached us. The German and Austrian Franciscans, who had assisted at the Chapter, were, by order of the Italian War Department, given safe passage back to their homes immediately after the sessions were over. The Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt will return to the United States with the other American Provincials, on the Italian ship *Duca Della Abruzzo*, which leaves Naples on June 30, and is due at New York on July 11. The Rev. Fr. George Wetenkamp, O.F.M., of our Province, who won the degree of Doctor of Theology at the University of Innsbruck, and for some time past has been teaching in one of the theological colleges in Rome, will also return to this country with Fr. Benedict. —

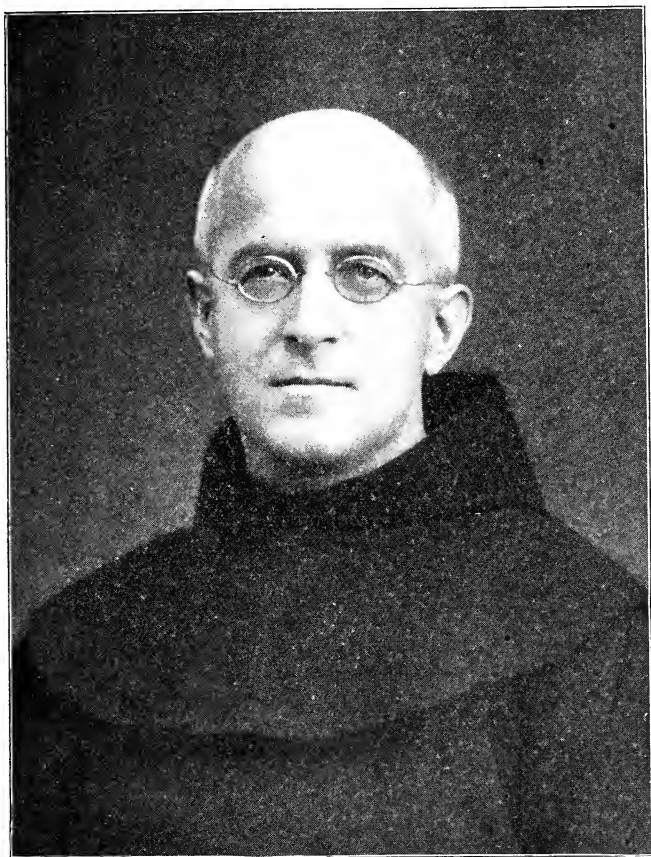
The Order of Friars Minor Capuchin has 54 provinces, containing 775 houses, in which are to be found 5399 priests, 1198 student clerics, and 2802 lay brothers, giving a total of 9399 professed religious. If to these are added the novices and the Tertiary Brothers living in their convents, the grand total is 10,104. Attached to the various parishes in the provinces are 6204 branches of the Third Order numbering 928,576 secular Tertiaries. The foreign missions of the Capuchins number 42, divided as follows: 6 in Europe, 11 in Asia, 4 in Africa, 16 in America, and 5 in Oceania. In these missions 746 priests and 292 lay brothers are engaged. —

His Eminence, Cardinal Gennaro Granito Pignatelli di Belmonte has been appointed Protector of the Friars Minor Capuchin as successor of the late Cardinal Agliardi. The new Protector comes from a noble Neapolitan family and is a prince by birth as well as by his rank in the Church. At the papal secretariat of state he received his diplomatic training together with

the present Pope, under Cardinal Rampolla.

Teutopolis, Ill., — A spectacle that gave joy to God, to Angels, and to men, was witnessed in the church of the local Franciscan monastery on Tuesday, June 22, when eleven young men bade farewell to the world, to its joys and deceits, to its hopes and failures, to devote themselves body and soul to the service of God in the great Order of the humble St. Francis of Assisi. For the past six years, this day had been constantly before their mind's eye; all during the course of their studies, the thought of this day had buoyed them up when difficulties arose, when temptations threatened, and the wily world courted their guileless hearts. This day was the goal for which they had longed with all the ardor of youth these many years, and at last it dawned—beautiful and serene and bright, reflecting, as it were, the beauty of their souls as they offered themselves in sacrifice to their Creator.

The solemn service began at a quarter after eight o'clock. The Rev. Fr. Rector of St. Joseph's College, as delegate of the Very Rev. Fr. Leonard, Vicar Provincial, was celebrant of the Mass, with the Rev. Fr. Silas and Augustine as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The St. Joseph's College choir of mixed voices, which is unquestionably one of the best student choirs in the country, sang Filke's Mass in G (Op. 80), a difficult and classically beautiful composition, with Fr. Schuetky's *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, a seven voice chorus, as motet at the Offertory. The excellent singing of the boys is due to the untiring efforts of their choir master, the Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.F.M., one of the professors of St. Joseph's College. The Clerics of the monastery sang the propers of the Mass in Gregorian chant. The ceremony of



THE VERY REV. FR. BENEDICT SCHMIDT, O.F.M.
Definitor General of the Order of Friars Minor

investment according to the impressive and deeply significant ritual of the Franciscan Order, followed immediately after the Mass.

The following are the names by which the young men will henceforth be known in religion: Fr. Michael (Joseph Kola); Fr. Richard (Andrew Kiemen); Fr. Theodore (William Wemhoff); Fr. Hugo (Henry Martcie); Fr. Felix (Alphonse Pudlowski); Fr. Raphael (Lawrence Vonder Harr); Fr. Victor (John Herring); Fr. Matthias (Edward Stein); Fr. Arnold (Antony Schwarz); Fr. Antony (Herbert Wagner); Fr. Louis (Joseph Johantges.)

After the investment of the clerics, the following lay brothers were admitted to the First Order: Br. Salvator Schmitz, Br. James Jucius, Br. Edmund Wissmann, Br. Norbert Majoros. Hereupon three young men were garbed with the habit of the Third Order Regular: Antony Tarozas, Br. Augustine; Francis Guerin, Br. Alphonse; Louis Bernicken, Br. Benno.

After the exulting strains of the *Te Deum laudamus* had died away, the neo-novices repaired to the convent where they received the congratulations and hearty greetings of the Fathers and Brothers of the college and monastery, of their overjoyed parents and relatives, and of their former fellow students. That God, who has chosen them for his service, may give them *pax et perseverantia* in their holy vocation, is the sincere wish of *Franciscan Herald*.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—On the feast of Pentecost, the Rev. Father Ferdinand, O.F.M., editor of the *Franciscan Herald*, was here to assist the Fathers both in the confessional and in the pulpit. During the solemn novena in honor of St. Antony, the Rev. Father Luke, O.F.M., of Gary, Ind., and the Rev. Father Paschal, O.F.

M., of Oak Forest, helped every Tuesday morning to accommodate the great crowds of people, who were anxious to receive the holy sacraments. On the feast of St. Antony, solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Henry, O. F.M., Superior. The Rev. Father Odo, O.F.M., of Dubuque, who was deacon at Mass, preached an eloquent sermon in honor of the Wonderworker of Padua. Before the High Mass, lilies were blessed in honor of St. Antony.

Bayfield, Wis.—The Rev. Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.F.M., pioneer Indian missionary in the great Northwest and faithful contributor to *Franciscan Herald*, will celebrate his golden sacerdotal jubilee in Bayfield, Wis., on July 14.

St. Louis, Mo.—The annual Corpus Christi procession was held in St. Antony's parish on Sunday, June 8, with the largest number of participants ever recorded. The procession formed in line immediately after the seven o'clock Mass, and marched through the streets of the city to the large and beautiful grounds of the Maryville Sacred Heart Convent, where at various points altars had been erected and Benediction was given at each stopping place. This annual event at the Franciscan Church is an inspiring manifestation of Catholic faith and reflects very favorably on the piety and devotion of the denizens of this populous city.—

On July 2, the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, will confer the Sacrament of Holy Orders on a number of Franciscan clerics at St. Antony's Church.

West Hoboken, N. J.—On Wednesday, May 26, two Franciscan clerics, Fr. Samuel Grega, and Fr. Denis Robinson, were elevated to the holy priesthood by Bishop O'Connor in St. Michael's monastery, West Hoboken.

St. Peter, Minn.—The Rev. Fran-

ciscan Fathers Titus and John Joseph conducted a very successful mission from May 23-30 in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Peter, Minn. Although the weather was far from favorable, the parishioners were very zealous in their attendance at the various services, and large crowds received the holy sacraments during these days of grace.

Oldenburg, Ind.—His Eminence Cardinal Falconio, O.F.M., has been nominated by the Holy Father Cardinal Protector of the Sisters of the Third Order Regular in Oldenburg, Ind.

Seattle, Wash.—The Franciscan Sisters purchased six lots in Seattle, Wash., for the purpose of erecting this summer a charitable home and convent, to cost approximately \$75,000.

Rockford, Ill.—The Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D. D. blessed the new wing of the St. Antony Hospital, Rockford, on Thursday, June 3. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock, with many members of the clergy present. It is estimated that, when the building is completed and equipped, it will have cost about \$100,000. The hospital is in charge of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis of Peoria, under the able supervision of the Ven. Sister Clara. The handsome chapel on the second floor of the new wing, which will comfortably seat two hundred people, is one of the beautiful features of the new addition. There is also a capacious gallery on the third floor which permits patients in wheel chairs to attend divine services.

San Xavier del Bac, Ariz.—The Franciscan Fathers at Mission San Xavier send encouraging news regarding the renewed fervor of the Papago Indians under their charge. The number of confessions and communions are constantly increasing,

and the Indians are also gradually acquiring the habit of sending timely notice to the Mission in case of dangerous sicknesses that the Fathers might come to administer the last sacraments. The May devotions, too, were well attended. They were held every night at Our Lady's grotto in the mountain overlooking San Xavier and, besides the large number of women, children, and old men, there was always a goodly number of young men present at these devotions. The Fathers are giving special attention to the young men and women of the Mission, and the hopes they place in them bid fair to be realized. One of their first endeavors will be to found a library, which will afford the Indians instruction as well as entertainment. Our readers are, perhaps, not aware of the fact that the young men of San Xavier are unusually bright and that about two-thirds of them have attended the Government schools either at Sante Fe, or Riverside, or Oklahoma, or Cholloco, or Grand Junction, or Phoenix. That they are also enterprising, is evident from the following instances. One young Indian of the mission recently won a prize of \$100 in cash, a scholarship at the University, and a cultivator for raising the most corn on one acre of land. Another Indian has presented his petition to be appointed postmaster. Of course, these are not every-day occurrences, but they illustrate the fact that, given the opportunity, the Papago Indians are not slow to use it to the best advantage.

Sacramento, Cal.—Quite a large and enthusiastic audience greeted the players of the Third Order of St. Francis on Thursday evening, May 20, when they presented the legendary drama "St. Elizabeth of Hungary, or The Miracle of Roses" in St. Francis Hall, this city. The performers were well cast in every

instance, and they evinced much cleverness, giving a remarkably smooth production. This beautiful five-act drama depicts the sorrows, charity, and wonderful magnanimity of the dear St. Elizabeth, the patroness of the Third Order, in a manner that deeply impresses the audience and makes one realize that the Saints, too, think and feel and suffer like other mortals. The tone of sadness that prevades the entire play is happily relieved by a number of comic situations, thus assuring the attention of even the fun-loving public. This play can not be too highly recommended to Tertiaries for any dramatic entertainment they might wish to give.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.—Thanks to the arduous and indefatigable labor of the Tertiaries, seventy-eight new members were received into the Third Order at the regular meetings held during the month of June. At the previous receptions in April, fifty-five persons were invested with the Tertiary scapular and cord. On June 11 and 25, special meetings of the English and German fraternities were held in St. Joseph's school hall. A complete report of the work done in the last twelve months was read and various important matters yet to be accomplished were discussed.—

The Rev. Fr. Dominic Rowland, O.F.M., of the Holy Name Province, New York, who was for some time Director of the local English branch of the Third Order, was the guest of the Franciscan Fathers at St. Joseph's Convent for several days. His visit was occasioned by the celebration of the first holy Mass of the Rev. Dominic Sweeney, at which service Fr. Dominic preached an eloquent sermon. The Rev. D. Sweeney is a professed member of the Third Order. May God grant him many years of fruitful labor in his priestly career!

New York, N. Y.—The parish of

St. John the Baptist, New York City, which is in charge of the Capuchin Friars, celebrated its diamond jubilee on Sunday, May 30, with imposing ceremonies. His Eminence, Cardinal Farley was present. The Right Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, sang the pontifical High Mass, and a large number of Monsignori, Abbots, and other high dignitaries of the regular and secular clergy attended the celebration. St. John's parish was founded in 1840, and the first church was dedicated on September 20, of the same year. It served as a mission station until the Rev. Fr. Zachary, O.F.M., became its first pastor. After his resignation in 1844, it was attended, in turn by various secular priests and Capuchin Friars until 1852, when the Capuchins took permanent charge. The pari shows a debt of gratitude to the humble yet energetic and lovable Fr. Bonaventure Frey, O.M. Cap., of blessed memory, who built the present stately gothic church and succeeded in uniting all the warring factions of the parish. Cardinal Farley paid a noble tribute to the venerable Father, styling him a model pastor, and also congratulated the parishioners on having the Capuchin Fathers to care for them, declaring that the present excellent condition of the parish is owing chiefly to the energy, self-abnegation and piety of these humble sons of St. Francis.—

About 250 New Yorkers, members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and their friends, made their first visit to the Memorial Church of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., on June 13, the feast of St. Antony of Padua. The visitors were met at the car-line by the Franciscan Fathers, who, after blessing the white silk banner of St. Antony which the pilgrims had brought along, conducted them in procession to the Monastery. On reaching the

church, they were welcomed with the joyous strains of the *Te Deum*. A private Mass followed, at which one hundred men, women and children received Holy Communion. After Mass, the different sections, accompanied by a religious as guide, visited the principal shrines in the church, which are facsimile reproductions of those in Jerusalem. The address, usually made to the pilgrims on an occasion of this kind, was omitted. In its stead, the pilgrims were conducted in procession through the Monastery grounds to

the little Alverna Chapel, thence to the Grotto of Lourdes where the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung by the choir. At ten o'clock, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the presence of His Excellency, John Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate. After Mass, the Friars entertained the visitors at luncheon. About 1 P. M., they left for the city on sight-seeing cars and other conveyances, and after visiting the Capital, Library, and other public buildings, they reluctantly departed for New York.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The annual spring outing at Bishop, Ill., was held on May 24. The boys passed the day playing various games, roaming through the woods, and enjoying the invigorating country air to their hearts' content. Toward sunset, a number of obliging farmers came with their roomy wagons. The boys crowded into them and had a most pleasant ride to the College.

The feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with great solemnity at the College Thursday, June 3. The weather was all that one could wish for, thus permitting a gorgeous decoration of the campus and the four outdoor altars of exposition.

After long and patient waiting for favorable weather, the postponed annual field day program took place on Saturday, June 5. The main features were the following: a hundred yard dash won by Joseph Martin; the long distance throw (305 feet) of Louis Vogel; the hammer throw (92 feet, 7 inches) of Wm. Wemhoff. John Wisniewski carried off the honors in the standing as well as in the running broad jump, with 9 feet, 11 inches to his credit in the former, and 17 feet, 9

inches in the latter. In the vaulting contest, Clement Thiel and Joseph Johantges were tie, both clearing the cord at 7 feet, 6 inches. The winners of the relay race were John Schmitt, Robert Limacher, and Alphonse Pudlowski. The season of 1914-1915 of the St. Joseph Athletic Club was very successful and surpassed the preceding year in many respects. Although eleven star athletes of the club are now treading the quiet walks of the novitiate garden, the newly elected officers are confident that, with the lately acquired brawn of the new members, the year 1915-1916 will not fail to keep up the present high standard.

On Sunday, June 6, the Right Rev. Bishop of Alton conferred the tonsure on thirteen Franciscan clerics in the college chapel. They have just finished their course in the humanities in the local convent, and will soon leave for West Park, O., to take up the study of philosophy. On the same occasion, fifteen students received the holy Sacrament of Confirmation.

The commencement exercises of Class 1915 were held on the evening of the feast of the Sacred Heart in

the college hall. Nine members of the class received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. They were: Joseph Kola, Andrew Kiemen, Joseph Johantges, Lawrence Vonder Haar, Herbert Wagner, Alphonse Pudlowski, Henry Martcie, William Wernhoff, and John Herring. The following program was rendered:

Violin Quartet:

Rev. Fr. Julian, O.F.M., John Herring
Alphonse Pudlowski, Joseph H. Kola

Latin Essay: "De opibus animoque forti ac
invicto Romanorum post cladem apud
Cannas acceptam.".....Joseph H. Kola
Qui Vive Galop (Pianosolo).....Wm. Gana
Henry F. Martcie

German Oration: Das Leben ist ein Kampf;
d'rum rueste dich."

Andrew J. Kiemen

Violin Obligato.....Wichtl
John A. Herring

ValedictoryJoseph J. Johantges
Gottesrat und Scheiden (Song).....Mendelssohn
John A. Herring, Henry F. Martcie, Jo-
seph J. Johantges, Antony Schwarz, Jo-
seph H. Kola

Address to Graduates and Conferring of De-
greesRev. Fr. Rector
Calvary (Cornet and Piano).....D. Rodney
Antony B. Schwarz, Henry F. Martcie

Sunday, June 13, marked the close of the novena in honor of St. Antony of Padua. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Rector, who also preached the festive sermon. In the afternoon of the same day, nine novices of the college fraternity of the Third Order were professed.

The final written examinations were made on June 17, 18, 19, and the oral on June 21. On June 22, the students were present at the investment of Class 1915 in the First Order of St. Francis, and after the ceremonies enjoyed a visit with the novices in the convent garden. In the evening, the closing exercises were held in the college hall, at which the following pleasing literary and musical program was given:

Hearts and Flowers.....Theo. Tobani
College Orchestra
The Old-Fashioned School Nath. Hawthorne
Francis Fosselman

St. Philip Neri and the YouthDr. Byrom
Stephen Dippel
Die Beiden Grenadiere (H. Heine) ..Rob. Schumann
College Orchestra & Choir
In Our Blessed Mother's Keeping ..Marg. E. Jordan
Henry Aretz
Slumber Song (Flute and Piano).... Franz Schubert
A. Bramleve and R. Wilhelmi
The Knight's Toast.....Anon
Charles Michels
Humorous Selection.....Anon
Charles Koerber
Auf der Berge gruenum Saume.....F. Kuecken
College Choir
Farewell Address.....Robert Limacher
Let the Hills and Vales Resound..Brimley Richards
College Choir
Distribution of Testimonials.....Rev. Fr. Rector
The Directorate March.....John P. Sousa
College Orchestra

On the morning of the following day, June 23, the boys assisted at a High Mass of thanksgiving for the blessings received during the past school year, and then, bidding farewell to Old St. Joe's and to one another, they turned their faces homeward to enter on their well-merited vacation.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

On Tuesday, May 25, the college boys accompanied by members of the faculty, made a boat excursion to Keokuk, Iowa. The weather was rainy in the morning, but after some time turned out to be delightful.

On account of special circumstances, the college closed unusually early this year. The final examinations were held June 4, 7, 8.

On Monday evening, June 7, there was a reception in the college auditorium in honor of the newly ordained priest, the Rev. Henry Schnelten of St. John's parish, an alumnus of this college. After an address by the Rev. Fr. Rector, Eugene Fix delivered a speech and Marcellus Gruenewald read a poem of congratulation, whereupon the young priest responded.

On Wednesday morning, June 9,

a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was sung, the Rev. Henry Schnelten being celebrant. In the evening of the same day the commencement exercises were held. Valedictories were delivered by Herbert Mertens and William Gott. Marcellus Gruenewald read the class-poem. The degree of Master of Arts was awarded to George Falter, John Ferring, Eugene Fix, William Gott, Marcellus Gruenewald, Andrew Musholt, Andrew Robinson. The following young men received the degree of Bachelor of Arts: Bernard Brueggemann, William Connell, Roger Middendorf, Michael Schmaeing, Leopold Tibesar, Lawrence Winking. The degree of Master of Accounts was awarded to Oscar Orf. In the commercial course, the following boys received a diploma: Oscar Figgins, Joseph Gand, Daniel Manix, Herbert Mertens, Walter Mescher, George Oakford, Henry Schauer, Raymond Spengel, John Witherow. Joseph Dell Era received a certificate in bookkeeping and Lawrence Deters Hubert Dempsey and Ray. Strub each were awarded a certificate in stenography and typewriting.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The feast of St. Paschal, by a sacred tradition in this college, stands dedicated to the solemn worship of the Blessed Sacrament by the so-called thirteen hours of adoration. It is, in a manner, the most impressive day in our calendar, being rapt in that solemn yet thrilling silence, that pleasing sense of sweet awe, so peculiarly characteristic and becoming to all sanctuaries of the August Presence. Its only sounds are those of sacred music and the uplifted voice of prayer. How all this solemn grandure of devotion fits into the ardent nature and responsive hearts of college boys, was abun-

dantly evidenced in the lavish decoration of the altars, in the punctual and uninterrupted order of adoration, and, above all, in the compelling enthusiasm of the little boys' choir, to whose angelic voices had been entrusted the music of the day.

The canonical visitation of the College was performed on May 24, by the Very Rev. Fr. Edward Blecke, O.F.M. What enshrined him in the hearts of the boys was, of course, the holiday he granted them.

The 18th of June came at last. That day of mingled joy and pain, when the year's work having been accomplished and the examinations past, the faces of the students once more turned from their chosen work to the home-world, that with open arms was awaiting them. With a hearty farewell, and with her best blessing on their precious heads their Alma Mater sent them forth again to the sacred bosom of their families, with an earnest prayer that they may be preserved in soul and body, renewed in vigor, and strengthened in their resolution to labor for the salvation of the great world, to the many needs of which the days of vacation bear emphatic witness.

OBITUARY

- Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**
 English Branch of the Third Order:
 Catherine Terry, Sr. Mary,
 Jennie Stephens, St. Frances,
 Emma Walsh, Sr. Bridget,
 Catherine Murray, Sr. Margaret.
German Branch of the Third Order:
 Barbara Santner, Sr. Elizabeth,
 Barbara Gotch, Sr. Teresa.
- Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**
 Lawrence Goldbach, Bro. Francis,
 Margaret Ruese, Sr. Clara,
 Caroline Schuetz, Sr. Colette,
 Anna Guenther, Sr. Magdalen,
 Caroline Ebert, Sr. Barbara,
 Lillian Prohaska, Sr. Clara.
- Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:**
 Mary Bruckner, Sr. Delphina.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

JULY, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Th.	Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
2	F.	Visitation of the Blessed Virgin (G. A., P. I.) SS. Processus and Martinianus, MM.
3	S.	St. Juliana, V.
4	S.	Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Ulric, Bp. C. Gospel: Jesus feeds the multitude. Mark viii, 1-9
5	M.	St. Antony Mary Zaccaria, C.
6	T.	Octave of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
7	W.	St. Lawrence of Brindisi, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
8	Th.	St. Elizabeth of Portugal, 3rd Ord., W. (P. I.)
9	F.	SS. Nicholas and Companions, 1st Ord., MM. (P. I.)
10	S.	The Seven Brothers and their Mother Felicitas, MM.
11	S.	Seventh Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Veronica, 2nd Ord., V.—(P. I.) St. Pius I, Pope, M. Gospel: The false prophets. Matt. vii, 15-21.
12	M.	St. John Walbert, Ab., C.
13	T.	St. Anacleto, Pope, M.
14	W.	St. Bonaventure, 1st Ord., the Seraphic Doctor. (P. I.)
15	Th.	Feast of the Most Holy Sepulcher.—Bl. Angelina, 3rd Ord., W. (P. I.)
16	F.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.
17	S.	St. Alexius, C.
18	S.	Eighth Sunday after Pentecost —Bl. Simon of Lypnica, 1st Ord., C.— SS. Symphorosa and Companions, MM. Gospel: The parable of the unjust steward. Luke xvi, 1-9.
19	M.	Bl. John, 1st Ord., C.
20	T.	St. Jerome, C. D.—St. Margaret, V. M.
21	W.	Octave of St. Bonaventure.—St. Praxedes, V.
22	Th.	St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
23	F.	St. Apollinaris, Bp. M.—St. Liborius, Bp. C.
24	S.	St. Francis Solano, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)—St. Christina, V. M.
25	S.	Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. —St. James the Greater, Apostle.—St. Christopher, M. Gospel: Jesus weeps over Jerusalem. Luke xix, 41-47.
26	M.	St. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin. (P. I.)
27	T.	Bl. Cunegundes, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)—St. Pantaleon, M.
28	W.	SS. Nazarius and Companions, MM.—Bl. Nevolonus, 3rd Ord., C.
29	Th.	St. Martha, V.—SS. Felix and Companions, MM.
30	F.	St. Camillus of Lellis, C.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM. <i>The Confession for the gaining of the indulgence of the Porziuncola may be made already to-day, and Holy Communion received either on August 1 or 2.</i>
31	S.	St. Ignatius of Loyola, C.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

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NO. 8

THE ANGELIC SALUTATION

VIRGIN, all hail! on whom the gifts of grace
Were without number, without measure, poured;
In whose chaste womb, no unmeet dwelling-place
Even for Him, reposed thy God and Lord.
Blessed 'mong all the daughters of frail Eve
Thou art—unrivalled, peerless, and alone;
And blessed that adorable Son
Whom God's own Spirit did of thee conceive.
O stainless, beauteous Mother of my God!
Plead, pray for me, who tremble when I view
The paths of guilt my erring life has trod;
Pray now, and in that dreadful moment, too,
When my soul, from its prison-house of clay,
To God's dread judgment-seat shall soar away!

By Fr. W. A. Doyle, O.F.M.



ST. LOUIS, BISHOP OF TOULOUSE

OF THE FIRST ORDER

AUGUST 19

THIS saint was the son of Charles II, Count of Anjou and Provence, and King of Naples. He was born at Brignoles, in southern France, in 1274. At his baptism, he received the name of Louis, in memory of his great-uncle St. Louis IX, King of France. His mother, a niece of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, was above all solicitous about the spiritual welfare of her children and strove to make them faithful servants of the King of kings. She instructed them in the practice of prayer and encouraged them to make use of the opportunities to perform good works and to exercise themselves in virtue. Louis, a child of grace from his infancy, listened to her instructions and exhortations with pious eagerness, and, earnestly striving to carry out her instructions, soon became a model of modesty, obedience, kindness, and purity. He delighted in visiting churches to pray before the tabernacle, and to converse with religious on the perfect practice of piety. He cared little for the comforts and pleasures which the court of his father afforded him, and at an early age, began to perform acts of self-denial and mortification. When only seven years old, he often slept on a mat which was placed on the floor of his room, instead of taking his rest in his bed. Thus, by prayer and self-denial, he early laid

the foundation of those virtues which shone forth so conspicuously in his later life: chastity, meekness, poverty in spirit, humility, and charity.

The virtue and constancy of our Saint were soon to be tried by adversity. When he was fourteen years of age, his father was taken captive in a naval battle by Peter III, King of Aragon, and after four years, was released on harsh conditions. He was obliged, moreover, to give fifty hostages, among whom were Louis and his two brothers. The hostages were brought to Barcelona and kept in rigorous captivity. The virtue of the holy youth became manifest in this painful trial. Without the least sign of impatience, he bowed to the adorable will of God, and endeavored to make the privations and insults, which he had to suffer, so many means to grow in the love of God. To a nobleman, who expressed his astonishment at the serenity of the Saint's soul in the midst of such trials, he replied, "Adversity is most advantageous to those who profess to love God. We learn by it patience, humility, and resignation to the divine will, and are at no time better disposed for the exercise of all virtue."

Not content with what he suffered in consequence of his harsh treatment, he practiced extraordinary voluntary austerities. He fasted

rigorously on several days of the week, afflicted his body with bloody disciplines, and carefully avoided amusements that might endanger the purity of his soul. To preserve the lily of innocence in all its freshness, he, moreover, used the greatest reserve in all his dealings, and he never spoke to persons of the other sex except when necessary and in the presence of a witness. His charity toward the poor and the sick knew no bounds. He often invited a number of poor persons to his apartment, waited on them, and assisted them with the most touching care. He delighted in visiting the lepers in their homes to console and help them in their affliction, and even cleansed and dressed their ulcers.

Whence did the youthful Saint derive the courage and strength to gain the mastery over himself and to practice heroic virtue? In fervent and assiduous meditation and prayer. With two Franciscan friars, under whose direction he, together with his brothers, had been placed at the request of his father, he daily recited the Divine Office. To this he added the Office of Our Lady, and other prayers in honor of the Passion of Christ. His love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was so burning, his faith so lively, that, in order to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass, and to partake more abundantly of its fruits, he daily approached the tribunal of Penance.

While striving to grow in virtue, Louis did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. Under the direction of a pious knight and of the sons of St. Francis, he applied himself with great diligence to the study of those branches of learning which are useful and necessary for the education of a prince, and also to the study of philosophy, theology, and the Sacred Scriptures. Endowed as he was with a very high degree of intelligence, he made rapid progress in



St. Louis of Toulouse

all branches of learning, so that he was able to maintain the most difficult theses against learned opponents. His great accomplishments, far from arousing in him sentiments of vanity and pride, only increased his love of God and his contempt of the things of this world, and he began to meditate on giving up his rights to the throne of Naples to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God.

About this time, the Saint fell seriously ill. When all hope of recovery seemed lost, he made the vow to enter the Order of St. Francis, if he recovered his health and liberty. At once, his strength began to return, and he was soon re-

stored to health. As the Friars Minor did not dare to admit him into the Order without the consent of his father, he publicly renewed his vow before an altar of the Blessed Virgin, and patiently waited until Providence would make it possible for him to carry out his pious resolve.

In 1294, a treaty of peace was concluded between the kings of Naples and Aragon, and Louis was set at liberty. He at once declared his determination to fulfill the vow he had made to consecrate himself to the service of God, and to give up his rights to the crown of Naples in favor of his younger brother. His father strenuously opposed his resolve, and many were the assaults the Saint had to sustain, many were the tempting offers made to shake his resolve; but he remained inflexible. His constancy at length gained the victory, and though the opposition of his family made it impossible for him to receive the habit of St. Francis, he was ordained priest in 1296.

In the same year, Boniface VIII, admiring the learning, prudence, and holy life of the young priest, appointed him to the vacant see of Toulouse, in France, commanding him in holy obedience to accept the post. Louis submitted to the command of the Pope, but requested that he might first be permitted to fulfill his vow to enter the Order of St. Francis. The Pope gave his consent, and Louis, full of spiritual joy, received the habit and made his profession in the church of Ara Coeli, in Rome. The dearest wish of his heart was realized. Henceforth he could repeat in all truth the words that were familiar to him: "Jesus Christ is my treasure. If I possess Him alone, I have all things."

After receiving the episcopal consecration, Louis set out for his dio-

cese. He traveled as a poor religious, clothed in the habit of the Order. When he made his entry into Toulouse, the people flocked from all sides to meet him, and all were enchanted with his modesty, kindness, and piety. The saintly bishop displayed the greatest activity and solicitude in fulfilling his pastoral duties: he took the wisest measures with regard to the education and reform of the clergy, visited his whole diocese, leaving everywhere monuments of his zeal, charity, and sanctity. He reserved a fourth part of his revenues for the maintenance of his household, the rest he devoted to the wants of the poor, of whom he daily entertained twenty-five at his table. In his apostolic labors, he continued to practice great austerities, and regulated his life as closely as possible according to the Rule of the Order. The humility of the Saint, and his desire to serve God in the retirement of the cloister, caused him to petition the Pope to deliver him from his charge; but Boniface VIII, appreciating the merits of the saintly young bishop, refused to accede to his wishes.

The Saint's desire was, however, soon to be fulfilled. On his return from a journey into Catalonia, in Spain, which he had undertaken to visit his sister, the Queen of Aragon, and to consecrate a church built in honor of St. Nicholas, he fell ill at Brignoles. He prepared for death with all the fervor of his God-fearing soul, and after receiving the last Sacraments on his knees, he fell asleep in the Lord on August 19, 1297, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in the convent church of the Friars Minor at Marseilles, as he had desired. On account of the many miracles wrought at his tomb, he was canonized by Pope John XXII, in 1713.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

33. INDULGENCES AND PRIVILEGES

"And of his fulness we have all received, and grace for grace." (John i, 16.)

The Apostles knew that their Lord and Master Jesus Christ was full of grace, for in him dwelt bodily the fulness of the Godhead, as St. Paul himself avers. These immense treasures of grace Jesus has entrusted to his Apostles, and through them to his holy Church, which he instituted for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Redemption and of communicating the fruits of his passion and death to mankind.

By grace we usually understand a supernatural gift bestowed on us by God to assist us in attaining our eternal salvation. But the word is also frequently used to designate any supernatural gift, whether it comes directly from God or only indirectly from him through his Church. In this latter sense, an indulgence may also be styled a grace. To understand the doctrine of indulgences better, we will consider this subject more at length.

Every sin, be it mortal or venial, is an offence against God. A mortal sin merits an eternal punishment, whereas a venial sin entails merely a temporal punishment. Remission of the eternal guilt of mortal sin may be obtained by the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance, or, when this is impossible, by an act of perfect contrition. Venial sins are remitted either by a

worthy Confession or by acts of contrition, which may be perfect or imperfect. After any sin, be it mortal or venial, is remitted, there usually remains some temporal punishment which the sinner must suffer either during this life or in purgatory. This temporal punishment due to sins forgiven is expiated in this life by various works of penance, such as fasting, praying, almsgiving, the practice of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, patience in trials and sufferings, and also by the gaining of indulgences. To postpone the suffering of this temporal punishment until after death, is foolhardy in the extreme, since the pangs of purgatory are intensely severe and, according to the words of the Eternal Wisdom himself, there is no redemption from purgatory until the full punishment due to sin has also been fully expiated: "Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou pay the last farthing." (Matt. v, 26.) The remission of this temporal punishment by means of indulgences, however, is very easy.

What is an indulgence? An indulgence is the remission granted by the Church of the temporal punishment which remains after the sin has been forgiven. If the entire punishment is remitted, it is called a plenary indulgence; if only a portion of the punishment is pardoned, the indulgence is styled

partial. It is a doctrine of holy Faith, however, that no punishment due to sin will be remitted without some satisfaction being offered in its stead. Whence does Holy Church obtain the necessary satisfaction to make compensation to the divine Justice? She has recourse to her treasury, which is replete, not with stocks and bonds, not with gold and silver coins and jewels, but with the infinite merits of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and the superabundant merits of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and all the Saints and Blessed. Here, too, do we find that immense treasure-trove of merits of the Seraphic Father and of all his glorious band of holy children.

Jesus Christ, the Judge of the living and the dead, has solemnly declared: "Whosoever shall give drink to one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, Amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." (Matt. x, 42.) If so trivial a deed of charity will not be passed by without reward, how rich in merit must not be the life of a zealous Christian, especially the life of a saint, whose days are spent in works of charity! From these treasures, therefore, which have been confided to her custody by her divine Founder, Jesus Christ himself, Holy Church makes an offering to God, the most benign although most just Judge, and begs him to accept these merits of his only begotten Son and of his saints in lieu of the satisfaction we still owe him for our misdemeanors. God in his infinite love and mercy graciously accepts the offerings of his immaculate spouse, the Church, and remits the punishment either entirely or at least partially.

If we now recall the countless hosts of zealous Christians that have followed St. Francis in his three Orders on the path of penance and

good works, and also the great number of his children that have attained to extraordinary sanctity, we need not wonder that Holy Church has been especially lavish in dispensing to the followers of the Poverello of Assisi numerous and singularly great indulgences; for she seems to think that they have a more than ordinary claim on the superabundant merits of their holy Father and their sainted brethren. Moreover, the numerous indulgences conceded to the Third Order, are intended to serve as an inducement for the faithful to join the Tertiary ranks. Indeed, Pope Pius IX expressly stated this when he wrote: "The Third Order has been so richly endowed with indulgences, that the faithful might thereby be induced to join an institution in which they are certain of growing continually in virtue, and of becoming always more intimately united with God."

While we are on this subject, it would be well to give here a detailed list of the rich indulgences that have been conferred on the Third Order. As their number, however, is so great, lack of space forbids us to do so. Besides, they can all be found arranged under various headings in every Tertiary manual. Let it suffice, therefore, to mention here that the Church has granted to the Third Order over 200 plenary indulgences and countless partial indulgences that can be gained each year. Moreover, the General Absolution (to which a plenary indulgence is connected) is given over thirty times, and the Papal Blessing is conferred six times each year. Many other plenary and partial indulgences can be gained by the Tertiaries, namely by the pilgrimage indulgences, the Roman stations, and the Franciscan crown or rosary. In regard to the great indulgence of the Porziuncola, Tertiaries may gain this indulgence not

only in the churches of the First and Second Orders and the Third Order Regular, but also in churches where the Third Order Secular has been canonically erected. And if they happen to be in a locality where there are none of these churches, they can gain this indulgence by fulfilling the conditions of Confession and Communion and making the prescribed visits to the parish church.

Considering the fact also that, owing to the spiritual relationship of the Tertiaries with the Franciscans, Capuchins, Conventuals, and Poor Clares, they can partake of the rich indulgences that have been granted to these great Orders, we may well exclaim, that the treasure-trove of the Third Order is well-nigh beyond comprehension. And these immense treasures are all within easy reach of every Tertiary. They have but to stretch out their hands and they will be filled to overflowing with countless graces and blessings. How easy, therefore, is it not for the members of the Third Order to carry out the command of our Savior: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor the moth consume, and where thieves do not dig out nor

steal." (Matt, vi, 20.) How do not the children of this world toil and slave to gather together treasures, which, when once attained, bring no real happiness, but rather are full of dangers for soul and body, and which they must surrender at the hour of death. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity," warns Jesus, "that when you shall fail (die) they may receive you into the everlasting dwellings." (Luke xvi, 9), The indulgences that we gain during life, are the friends we send ahead, that they may intercede for when once we appear before the dread tribunal to give an account of even every idle word we have spoken.

And do not forget, dear Tertiaries, the words of our Savior: "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much is required," (Luke xii, 48.) Numerous and great graces and privileges have been granted you. Use them zealously and conscientiously, that you may give a good account of your stewardship. Accustom yourselves, therefore, to make the intention daily on rising to gain all the indulgences you can during the day, and when night falls, you will have stored up for yourselves great treasures in heaven.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

VII. A GALLERY OF JOYFUL FRANCISCANS

I. ST. FRANCIS

"Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance." (Acts, ii, 28.)

In our past treatises on joy, we have tried to learn wherein true joy really exists and how we can become votaries and apostles of this joy. The better to put these

salutary lessons into practice, let us turn to the lives of the saints and saintly persons of the three Seraphic Orders, and consider their joy, the greatness of its depth and measure, and the sources whence they drew it. Joy is a bright golden thread that runs through the

lives of all saintly Franciscans. St. Francis lovingly called his brethren "God's laughing troubadours" and such they were indeed. Peace and joy are even to-day the main characteristics of the true followers of St. Francis, of all those who strive to imitate him in the strict observance of the holy Rule. It is impossible to investigate, even cursorily, the measure of joy of all the Saints of the three Orders. Hence, we must necessarily limit ourselves to considering a few of the choicest flowers in the seraphic garden of joy. We shall begin with the Seraphic Father himself.

St. Francis of Assisi possessed a degree of joy seldom found in the lives of other saints. Justly was he called "Brother Ever-Glad," the "Virtuoso of Joy," the master of joy, whom a non-Catholic (Julius Hart in the *Berlin Tag*), styled the most fortunate man that ever lived, the true "Happy Hans." With him joy was a natural gift. Even before his conversion, when during the war against Perugia, he spent a year in a military prison, he astonished his companions with his constant cheerfulness and incessant singing. Later on when he accepted the most beautiful, but at that time forsaken and despised "Lady Poverty" as his bride, he acquired a new but unlimited source of joy; his treasure of joy became greater than that of all earthly princes, even though he was poor and wore the garments of the lowly.

To all his spiritual sons and daughters, St. Francis was a perfect model of penance; and this penance, by means of which he subdued the carnal cravings, was to him another font of joy. His biographers tell us that one time he trundled his body in a bed of thorns, near the Porziuncola chapel, to quell the temptations of the flesh, whereupon the thorn bush was changed into a bush of beautiful thornless roses.

Can we, dear Tertiaries, imagine a more fitting picture of the close union between penance and joy?

Francis was the master of joy, and more especially of joy in suffering. For him the strains of pain and joy commingled; yea, the severest pain to him was a source of the highest joy. He himself affirmed this in the remarkable dialogue with Brother Leo, which, on account of its singular beauty, we here insert.

"One day, as St. Francis was going with Brother Leo from Perugia to Santa Maria degli Angeli, in the winter, and suffering a great deal from the cold, he called to Brother Leo, who was walking on before him: 'Brother Leo, if it were to please God that the Brothers Minor should give, in all lands, a great example of holiness and edification, write down, and carefully observe, that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' A little farther on, St. Francis called to him a second time: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor were to make the lame to walk, if they could make straight the crooked, chase away demons, restore sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and, what is even a far greater work, raise the dead after four days to life, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' Shortly after, he cried out again: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor knew all languages; if they were versed in all science; if they could explain all Scriptures; if they had the gift of prophecy, and could reveal, not only all future things, but likewise the secrets of all consciences and all souls, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' After proceeding a few steps farther, he cried out again with a loud voice: 'O Brother Leo, little Lamb of God! if the Brothers Minor could speak with the tongues of angels; if they could explain the

course of the stars; if they knew the virtues of all plants; if all the treasures of the earth were revealed to them; if they were acquainted with the various qualities of all birds, of all fish, of all animals, of men, of trees, of stones, of roots, and of waters,—write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' Shortly after, he cried out again: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor had the gift of preaching so as to convert all infidels to the faith of Christ, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.'

Now, this discourse having lasted for the space of two miles, Brother Leo wondered much within himself; and, questioning the saint, he said, 'Father, I pray thee, teach me where to find cause for perfect joy.' St. Francis answered, 'If, when we shall arrive at Santa Maria degli Angeli, all drenched with rain and trembling with cold, all covered with mud and exhausted from hunger; if, when we knock at the convent-gate, the porter should come angrily and ask us who we are; if, after we have told him that we are two of his brothers, he should answer angrily, "What you say is not the truth; you are but two impostors going about to deceive the world, and take the alms of the poor; begone I say;" if he refuses to open to us, and leaves us outside exposed to the snow and rain, suffering from cold and hunger till night arrives,—then, if we accept such injustice, such cruelty, and such contempt with patience, without being ruffled, and without murmuring, believing with humility and charity that the porter really knows us, and that it is God who makes him speak thus against us,—O Brother Leo, write down that this is a cause of perfect joy. And if we knock again, and the porter comes out in anger to send us away, as if we were vile impostors, with oaths

and blows, and saying, "Begone, miserable robbers! go to the hospital, for you shall neither eat nor sleep here!"; if he takes hold of a knotted stick, and, seizing us by the cowl, throws us on the ground; if we bear all these injuries with patience and joy, thinking of the sufferings of our blessed Lord,—O Brother Leo, write that here, finally is cause for perfect joy. And now, Brother, listen to the conclusion. Above all the graces and gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ grants to His friends, is the grace of overcoming oneself, and accepting willingly, out of love to Christ, sufferings, injuries, discomforts, and contempt."*

Constant cheerfulness and friendliness in God were, in fact, the chief characteristics of our Seraphic Father and the main source of his influence. Therefore he took great pains to inculcate this same spirit of joy among his followers. He was wont to cry out: "We Friars Minor, what are we other than God's singers and players, who seek to draw hearts upwards and to fill them with spiritual joy?" Against all trials and temptations Francis over and over again advised his brethren to use three remedies—the first was prayer, the second obedience, the third was evangelical joy in the Lord, which drives away all evil and dark thoughts. "Let those who belong to the devil hang their heads," he was wont to say, "we ought to be glad and rejoice in the Lord."

As St. Francis bequeathed holy poverty to the members of his three Orders, so, too, has he bequeathed to them his cheerfulness and spiritual joy. They have carefully cherished this treasure, and through all the centuries his Orders have been real nurseries of joy, real seraphic flower gardens, where so many roses of happiness and cheerfulness have blossomed forth.

*The Little Flowers of St. Francis, Eng. Trans., London 1887.

IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDÉ, O. F. M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O. F. M.

FOREWORD

The story of Brother Peter Fardé dares belief to the limit. The reader will, at times, incline to doubt either his eyes or the nature of the story or, certainly, the trustworthiness of the narrative. We wish to assure him, however, on every score. The imagination will not easily run in the lead of Brother Fardé's wonderful experiences; and as to his story, it is not meant to be a "Franciscan Crusoe," though in novelistic incident it matches the boldest Robinsonade. Brother Fardé is a fact and his story must also be taken as a fact.

Born at Ghent in Belgium, Brother Fardé entered the Franciscan Order September 12, 1671, in the convent of the Order in his native city, which belonged to the Province of Flanders. He was professed there at the age of twenty years on September 12, 1672. The years 1682 and 1683 he spent in the Holy Land. After collecting alms in his home country for the holy places, he set out to return to Palestine in 1686, and here begins his interesting tale of adventure. Captured by pirates, sold as a slave, tortured for his faith, ransomed, shipwrecked on his journey back to Belgium, and marooned on a bare rock off the coast of Guinea till, after eleven months of untold hardships, a pirate vessel brought him to Salee, Morocco, he at length returned to Belgium in the year 1690. His death occurred June 16, 1691, at Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he had been sent in the capacity of a Commissary of the Holy Land. These facts in the life of Brother Peter are vouched for by incontestible documentary evidence.

But can one believe the details of Brother Fardé's story? Are they not, perhaps, the outcroppings of a mind diseased by suffering? The evidence at hand is against this assumption. The sources of the good Brother's story are seven letters written by himself to friends and relatives at home, to acquaint them with his whereabouts or to secure means of ransom and transportation. Their contents are partly supplemented and borne out by an eighth letter, written by Daniel Van Breukel, who shared the Brother's misfortunes as far as Agades. Brother Fardé's letters show no trace of a mental breakdown, being confined to a mere recital of his adventures, never dilating on his miseries, often poking fun at them to beguile undue alarm on the part of his folks. Again, his superiors and fellow religious unwaveringly accepted his story, though, as canny Flemings, they would have been the last to give ear to tales of super-romance. They knew Brother Fardé as the son of a highly distinguished family of Ghent, who, previous to his second trip to the East, was characterized by his solid good sense and uncommon piety, and was greatly esteemed on account of his energy, education and accomplishments. On one occasion he evoked the grateful acknowledgment of both the local and the general authorities of the Society of Jesus for signal services rendered them. So, far from regarding him as a mental wreck, or still more as an impostor, his superiors made him Commissary of the Holy Land on his return to the Province after his adventurous trip, and finally took up the details of his inhuman sufferings in the obituary published to the Province on his demise.

Such as incline to think no temperamental or bodily constitution could have withstood the strain of Brother Fardé's experiences, we remind of the power of

prayer and virtue, and of the phenomenal hardihood of many people of past ages and also of our own day. By way of further proof, we subjoin, that eminent authorities fail to find fault with the veracity of Brother FarJé (see *Archivum Franciscanum*, viii, 1, 1914), and Fr. Michael Bihl, O. F. M., declares in *Wissenschaftlichen Beilage zur Germania* (Berlin), ix, 67, 1906, "there is no reason to question the honesty of the simple lay brother."

CHAPTER I

Off for the Holy Land—A Sermon on Board—Dismaying Encounters— The Battle—After the Storm

On August 3, 1686, two trading vessels, convoyed by a frigate, left the harbor of Lisbon with a favorable breeze. They were Dutch vessels bound for Alexandria, Egypt. On one of the ships, the *Charity*, the lowly hero of our story was a passenger.

Brother Peter Fardé, a Franciscan lay brother from Ghent, had previously spent two years in the convent of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, and had been sent back to the Netherlands to collect alms for the ransom of several Christian captives in Palestine. He had acquitted himself very satisfactorily of his charge, returning with a round sum of money from Ghent to Amsterdam, and from there to Texel, where he had reembarked. Five Catholic young gentlemen, bent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, had put themselves under his guidance. Two of them were sons of wealthy families of Amsterdam, the three others were English noblemen.

The voyage had begun under favorable auspices and up to Lisbon they had had the best of weather. The convoy had lain to at Lisbon for a week and was now resuming its course, as already mentioned, on August 3. There were only twenty Catholics aboard the *Charity*, and they were mostly passengers; most of the crew were Protestants of one sect or another. Brother Peter soon appeared among them in word and deed as a saintly religious and a

fervent apostle. His exemplary conduct, his ardent, unaffected piety, his dignified but mild conversation won him the respect of all from the very outset.

On August 5, a quarrel broke out among the crew. The pilgrims happened to be about their devotions in the hold of the vessel, when they heard terrible cries and frightful curses on deck. The sailors were coming to blows, when Brother Peter rushed into their midst. "Brothers," he said in a thundering voice, "are you Christians?" "Yes," returned one of the sailors, "and a good deal better than you Papists!" "You are miserable wretches," replied the intrepid Brother. "You call yourselves Christians? Then you ought to know that God sees all and that you must give an account to a just and severe Judge of your thoughts, words, and actions. And still you blaspheme! Are you ready this moment to render your account at the tribunal of God?"

These simple but vigorous words made a powerful impression on the rough hearts of the men. Unable to meet his glance, they dropped their eyes and slunk away without a word.

(What we are now about to narrate would be incredible, indeed, were it not that eyewitnesses, one of them himself a convert of Brother Peter, vouch for it.)

Two days after the brawl, a pla-

card was stuck up on the foremast, containing a short exposition in seven points of the text: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." It was the work of the Brother. Led by curiosity, everybody crowded to read the publication, whose tenor was so unusual on board a ship. Brother Peter took the opportunity to pronounce a forceful discourse that had a telling effect. Nine of the sailors renounced Calvinism and embraced the Catholic religion.

A terrible encounter soon interrupted these apostolic labors. Just as our mariners drew up near the straits of Gibraltar and prepared to double Cape St. Vincent, they saw to their great dismay that a southeast wind had arisen preventing their entry into the straits. They were forced to take to the main and steer for the Canary Islands. Hardly had they struck out on their new course, when out of the straits there came a flotilla of six Algerian corsairs which at once gave chase to the Hollanders. The captain of the frigate ordered all sails hoisted and called the commanders of the two traders to council. They agreed to flee full sail ahead and seek refuge in the Canaries; but to give battle, if flight should prove ineffectual.

They soon realized that they were no match for the swift Algerians. Their vessels were too clumsy and too heavy-laden to admit the hope of outracing the feluccas of the pirates, which seemed to cut the waves as swiftly as lightning. August 10, they were overhauled by the pursuers, who counted them easy game. But the captain of the frigate was a hardy old mariner, of stout mind and great courage. Seeing all hope of escape cut off, he determined to fight and sell life and liberty as dearly as possible. To begin with, he rigged out the vessels with a peculiar kind of defence. On each of the three vessels, he had four masts laid across the

deck, so as to protrude fourteen or fifteen feet on each side of the ship, thus preventing the pirates from laying to alongside and boarding the vessels. The passengers had to help as well as the sailors to prepare for the coming battle. On the *Charity* they were required to assist the gunners to ball and powder. Brother Peter and two of the Englishmen had to help train the guns and roll them back to the portholes after the recoil.

Seeing that the conflict was inevitable, Brother Fardé addressed his companions exhorting them to fear nothing, but to place their entire confidence in God and the intercession of St. Antony of Padua. He reminded them that they had had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion before leaving Lisbon and warned the Catholics, especially the converts, to make an act of contrition. "And now," he concluded his remarks, "let each man do his duty!" So saying, he led them on by his good example, singing the *Si quaeris* to St. Antony, or reciting it aloud with his companions.

Meantime, the enemy came within gun range. The frigate opened with a broadside, the traders following it up. The six feluccas returned the fire together, and dense smoke shrouded the scene. The *Charity* lost its topmast at the outset, and two hours later also her mainmast came thundering down on the deck. The tackle was quickly cut away setting the mast and its spars adrift in the sea and restoring the ship's equilibrium. Before long there were many dead and wounded on both sides, but the unequal contest continued. The captain of the *Charity* later declared that, in those hours of distress, his sole confidence had been in the prayers and exhortations of Brother Peter. And his confidence was not misplaced.

The doughty friar had been

wounded in the back by a splinter from a beam, but he did not leave his post. He could not walk, but he crawled about on all-fours from one to the other of the poor wounded men, cheering this one, helping another to refreshment, preparing a third for death. Without a thought of his own burning wound, he kept up his song to St. Antony, not ceasing singing and praying except to speak to his wounded companions. He had the happiness of converting eight Calvinists among them, some of whom recovered from their wounds.

Until evening set in, the brave Hollanders showed a dauntless fight, although they were then so fatigued that they could scarcely move a limb. Death or captivity seemed inevitable. Suddenly there arose one of those terrible storms, which arise so frequently and unexpectedly in the tropics. It became pitch dark. Flash followed flash, and thunder pealed on thunder. The waves lashed the sides of the vessels with appalling fury, while the blasts of wind raged so vehemently that the *Charity* threatened every moment to founder. It was their good fortune that they had lost their mainmast.

The three ships of the Hollanders were separated by the fury of the storm and left to the mercy of the waves. The rovers had made for the high sea at the outbreak of the storm, and were lost to sight. Brother Fardé, who could not help on deck on account of the severe wound in his back, remained below, and while the elements raged, he prayed and comforted his companions. Gradually the wind subsided, the sky cleared, the clouds vanished, and the moon beamed brightly on the still ruffled waters.

At daybreak, everyone was on deck except the wounded men and their nurses. Anxiously did they scan the broad expanse of water,

but no ship save their own was to be seen. Their companion vessels had, undoubtedly, been lost, and the crew of the *Charity* ascribed their own wonderful escape to the prayers of the holy Franciscan.

The *Charity* was now sailing between the Canary Islands and the Azores not far from Madeira. They turned the ship in the direction of this island, but how were they to get there? The poor vessel had been very roughly handled. It had seven leaks, and of the masts and rigging, only the foremast remained. During the storm, the extra masts, which they had thrown across the deck to prevent the pirates from boarding, had also, unhappily, been lost. To successfully navigate the *Charity* in its wrecked condition, was impossible.

The ingenious captain, however, was not at a loss what to do. He proposed to make a search for the mainmast, that had been shot away during the battle and cast into the sea. Boats were lowered, and the sailors had the good fortune to find the great beam tossing about on the waves a few miles distant from the ship. Towing it after them, they drew it aboard and soon had it hoisted in its former place. The sails were spread, the ship trimmed, and men were constantly kept busy at the pumps.

But there was yet a sad and holy duty to perform. Twenty-three men, among them one of our English pilgrims, had fallen in the battle. As no priest could be had, Brother Peter prayed the office of the dead and the funeral prayers. When he had finished, the crew marched in procession to the gangway. A salute was fired, and then the bodies were slowly lowered into the deep.

Moreover, the many wounded sailors and passengers stood in need of careful nursing. Several even had to suffer the amputation of an

arm or leg. Two of Brother Peter's companions also had to undergo this painful ordeal. One of them, a young Hollander of but eighteen years of age, died the following day in consequence of the operation.

The captain had intended to land at Madeira, but the constant east wind carried the ship to St. Micha-

el's island, which is one of the Azores. Without delay, the men set to work to repair their vessel and make it seaworthy. Brother Fardé used his leisure to nurse his own severe wounds, that he, too, might be able to resume his voyage which was to prove even still more disastrous for him.

(To be continued)

DR. MULHOLLAND'S BOYS

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

PAUL never could forget the awful day that he fell down the stairs and hurt his hip. He was only a little fellow when it happened, but he remembered the terrible pain, and afterwards how it hurt when the doctors worked over him at the big hospital. Now he had to go about on crutches, and it seemed that he should always be forced to do so. This thought often brought the tears to his eyes, although he tried to be patient and not let his mother see how bad he felt.

Paul's father was dead; and his mother went out every day to work in the houses of several wealthy people, and in this way she managed to support herself and little son.

At school, when his companions talked over their plans for the future and told of what they intended to be when they grew up, Paul could not help feeling very sad at the thought that he could never take his place in the great busy world like other boys, for he was very ambitious in spite of his frail body.

One Saturday afternoon, he was sitting on the porch in the sun, when a good-natured looking boy came dashing along on his

roller skates. Seeing Paul with his crutches beside him, the lad stopped and greeted him cordially.

"Hello there, kid. What's the matter?" he asked, coming up to the steps.

Paul told the story of his mishap, and how hard his mother had to toil every day, adding that he was unable to do a stroke of work to help her. The stranger listened to Paul's story, and then began an autobiographical sketch. "My name's Jimmy Gibbons," he said by way of introduction. "My folks just moved into town a few weeks ago. My father's a motorman. I go to the Brothers' school down here, and I got in an' hustled up a job sellin' papers as soon as I could. Got a paper route mornings and evenings. I've made up my mind to be a doctor, so I'm going to try and help myself a little to get there. Say kid," he suddenly exclaimed, as an inspiration struck him, "why can't you get in and sell papers, and make a little money, too?"

"Why, mebby I can," answered Paul, his face brightening. "I never thought of that."

"Of course, you can't take a route, 'cause you're not able to ride a bicycle," went on his companion

enthusiastically, "but what's the difference? I'll fix you up on a corner down town—get you a stool to sit on and a bundle of papers, and you can just coin money. Leave it to me to put you on the road to success," and Jimmy grinned good-naturedly. "Now I must skidoo and get my papers," he said rising. "You talk it over with your ma, and I'll be in on Monday evening to make arrangements." He was off like a flash, leaving Paul more hopeful and cheerful than he had been in all his life before.

That night Paul told his mother of his new-found friend and of his suggestion. Mrs. Sheldon readily agreed to it, declaring that the strange boy must be very nice indeed to want to help Paul out like that. When she asked his name, she was informed that it was Jimmy Gibbons.

"Must be an Irish Catholic. Jimmy Gibbons!" she added with a sniff. "I never had much use for them people; still, if the boy can help you out, why, what's the use of caring about his race or religion? It's real good of him to be so interested, I'll say that much, even if he is one of them image worshippers."

Jimmy called on Monday, as he had promised, with the result that the next day found Paul ensconced on a cracker box at a busy street corner and equipped with a bundle of papers, which he was disposing of rapidly. The sight of the crippled boy sitting with his crutches beside him elicited much sympathy from the passers-by, and he met with very good luck. He had a glowing account to render that evening to Jimmy, as he hobbled along beside him on the way home.

Their route took them past the church, and Jimmy announced to his companion that he was going to step in for a moment. Paul looked

puzzled. "Goin' to church, did you say? What' you givin' us? This ain't Sunday."

"Don't you know Catholics use their churches every day as well as Sundays. 'Tisn't only a once-a-week affair with us. Want to come in, too? The Lord will be glad to see you, all right," Jimmy replied.

"I wouldn't mind takin' a squint into the place," declared Paul, and he started agilely up the steps on his crutches.

He watched very intently every movement as his companion blessed himself with holy water, and then genuflected before entering the pew. Paul clumsily took a seat beside him, and stared around wide-eyed at everything. It surely was an interesting place, he thought to himself. Reminded him of a museum he was in once—so many curious things to look at. Those pictures around the walls, however, seemed very odd. Who was the poor Man, he wondered, that those fellows were dragging along. In another picture they were nailing Him to a cross. "My! that is awful!" thought Paul. When he got outside, he would ask Jimmy about it. Jimmy was too busy praying just now. Paul turned and looked at his friend who was kneeling with his gaze directed toward the white altar over which the ruby lamp cast a soft warm light. "Jimmy, sure, is a good sport," he thought, "and a mighty smart fellow, too."

When they were outside again, he plied his comrade with questions, and Jimmy found that Paul had only the vaguest notions concerning God. In answer to the boy's inquiries about the Stations of the Cross, Jimmy related the story of the Birth, the Passion, and the Death of our Divine Savior. Paul listened with rapt attention.

"Say," he said with a long sigh, when Jimmy finished, "that's

great. I always heard the Cathlicks was a bad lot, but I can't see where it comes in. Leastways, you're all right, for you've sure been kind to me," and he looked admiringly into Jimmy's honest, freckled face.

"O forget it!" Jimmy ejaculated, and he went off whistling while Paul hobbled up the steps of his home.

Day after day found Paul at his corner selling his papers. Sometimes, it was pretty hard to get out early on cold mornings, when he was very sleepy and his bed seemed so warm and comfortable; still, the fact that at least he could help his mother and himself a little was a great stimulus, and he felt that he was equal to anything. Life had taken on a new aspect for him since Jimmy Gibbons had come across his path.

Mrs. Sheldon, despite her admiration for her boy's new friend, was not prepared for Paul's observations one night as they were sitting before the fire.

"When I told Jimmy some of the stuff I'd heard about Cathlicks, he told me that they wasn't all angels, but that awful lies was told about the Church, and that the Church is all right even if all the people ain't sometimes, an' I believe him, too. An' he's goin' to give me some books that's very easy to read, so's I can learn more about it." Mrs. Sheldon looked up from her sewing and stared at her son as though doubting his sanity.

"You don't mean that you're goin' to be one of them people, and have to do all that the Pope says?" she gasped.

"I'm not sayin' fer sure I'll be one, mother," announced Paul, "but wuss than that could happen to me."

Paul's interest had been thoroughly aroused when, upon inquiry, Jimmy had explained why

the sanctuary lamp burned day and night.

"Say kid," he said earnestly when his friend had finished his lucid and reverent talk on the Blessed Sacrament, "is that straight? Him that died on the cross is right there all the time?"

Jimmy reiterated his declaration of faith in the Real Presence, while Paul's face was a mingling of reverence and doubt. "I can't quite make it out, but if I believed it the same as you do, Jimmy, I'd a been comin' down here often an' tellin' Him all about my aches an' pains an' troubles—and say, it wouldn't a' been so hard to stand knowin' I was talkin' to Him who'd gone through so much wuss."

The thought of the Real Presence so impressed him that he began to go down to the church on the long summer evenings after supper, and sat gazing at the altar, rapt in profound thought. He was still incredulous concerning this article of Faith, but he loved to sit there in the restful gloom, his crutches beside him, and watch the flickering light, while he "thought it all over," as he would say.

One morning, after one of his vigils, he was in a more jubilant frame of mind than usual when he greeted Jimmy. "I see it," he exclaimed as his friend joined him, "I see it all now as you do. I believe it all, every word of it!"

"What's got into you?" asked Jimmy staring blankly at Paul's glowing face.

"Well, here's the way I thought it all out last night as I sat watching the light." Jimmy was aware of his friend's vigils in the church, and often went with him. "Well, you see He was so much in love with us poor critters," Paul explained as he hobbled along beside his companion, "that He wouldn't be satisfied just to die for us. He could do somethin' more to show

how awful much He thought of us. So wasn't it just like him to find a way to be with us all the time? Don't you see how He just couldn't a' done any other way but just that? And say, Jimmy I'm that tickled I could holler fer all that's in it. Ain't it the greatest thing in the world tho', the Cathlick Church, I mean?"

Jimmy was highly delighted over Paul's surrender to grace. He shook Paul's hand warmly. "Congratulate you, me boy," he said, "I'm awful glad that you've come through at last." Suddenly the light died out of the lame boy's face. "Say, Jimmy," he said wistfully, "I ain't there yet, an' maybe they won't take me at all. Think they will? Besides, ain't there a lot of awful stunts to go through? But of course I don't care how hard it 'ud be to get there—"

"Don't you worry," interrupted his friend. "I'll take you to see Father Doyle, and he'll put you wise to everything you got to do. Leave it to him to straighten you out. You'll like him, too. He's the finest priest there is."

The good pastor was pleased when the two boys called and explained their errand. He assured Jimmy that he was a real missionary. But Paul declared that, although Jimmy had "put him wise to a lot of Cathlick dope, somehow it seemed as though the lamp burning there all the time sort of lit him up inside so's he could see things that at first he couldn't swallow at all."

Preparations for Paul's reception began at once, and Father Doyle marveled at the boy's readiness to absorb Catholic truth. At first, his mother bitterly opposed her son's step, but relented when she realized what it meant to him.

One day, when the two friends were chatting together, Jimmy reiterated his intention of being a doctor when he grew up. "I'll treat poor folks free, too," he declared, "and not let them suffer 'cause they haven't got the money to pay the bills. No siree! There's lots of doctors that could do heaps of good if they weren't so crazy after the money."

There was a far-away look on Paul's face as his chum talked, and then he said shyly, "Can't guess what I'd like to be, can you?" Before Jimmy could reply he went on. "I want to be a priest! 'Course I'm crazy to say it, 'cause I can't never get there. But just the same, it's good to think about it an—an—well kind a' imagine you have a sort of a invite. You know what I mean!" Jimmy looked at Paul with sympathetic eyes. "Gee! don't I wish you could be a priest though," he exclaimed, "you'd make a great one, too, believe me!" So it came to pass that Paul's waking and dreaming hours were filled with visions of the holy priesthood. "If I can't be a priest," he confided to Jimmy, "well, anyway, I've got my partner down there all the time," nodding his head in the direction of the church. "and that's a mighty big thing."

(To be continued)



FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed is he who feels no pleasure or joy save in most holy conversation and in the works of the Lord, and who by these means leads men to the love of God in joy and gladness.—St. Francis.

2. Porziuncola was the beginning and center of the Order of Friars Minor, the soul of its institution. Here arose that wonderful spring, from which many thousand silver streams branched off silently and humbly through the garden of the Church, converting arid and desolated regions into beautiful and fertile fields. Hither, to the cradle of the Order, St. Francis loved to return. Here it was, where he received that extraordinary indulgence, granted him by Christ; the indulgence, which can be gained without sacrifice, without works of penance, without alms, dependent solely on a visit to the church.—Dr. Franz Hettinger, Tertiary.

3. Love of our neighbor that is not grounded in the love of God, has neither constancy, nor strength, nor meritoriousness before God; those that practice it have their reward already.—Fr. Bernard Clinsten, O. M. Cap.

4. If we understood the nature of purgatory, we would be more anxious to free the dear souls there. Oh purgatory, how terrible thou art!—Ven. Mary Cherubini, 2nd Order.

5. Keep a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others speak of important things only, and then only when asked.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

6. I place my hope in God and in justice.—General Tilly, Tertiary.

7. If the contemplation of creation is so sweet, how much more so must be the contemplation of the Creator.—St. Charles Borromeo, Tertiary.

8. If you wish to have a good conscience, desire to know Jesus alone, for he is the Way. If you wish to possess wisdom, desire to know Jesus alone, for he is the Truth. If you wish to attain to glory, desire to know Jesus alone, for he is the Life.—Bl. John of Alvernia, 1st Order.

9. Be particularly careful never to repeat what you have heard of others unless it is for the sake of edification.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

10. We ought not to be wise and cunning after the fashion of the world, but simple, humble, and chaste.—St. Francis.

11. To expect help and to do nothing is to tempt God.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

12. As long as you love the things of this world, you lose the fruits of divine love. We can not serve two masters without displeasing both.—St. Clare of Assisi.

13. Thou knowest, my most sweet Lord, that I have always desired and sought thee and thy good pleasure. Unite my exiled soul to thee. This miserable life is not life to me, but a daily death, and the whole

world, for love of thee, seems to me but infernal darkness.—Bl. Peter of Molliano, 1st Order.

14. Every Mass thou hearest perceptibly increases thy future happiness.—Fr. Cochem, O.M.Cap.

15. He who is honored with Mary's friendship shall be inscribed in the book of life.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

16. I humbly beseech thee, Lord, that whosoever, being attacked by the plague or in danger of being attacked thereby, shall implore my protection with faith, may be preserved from the scourge or delivered from his sickness. I venture to solicit this grace, not because of my own merits, but in the name of thy mercy and clemency, which are infinite.—Dying prayer of St. Roch, Tertiary.

17. When I receive an affront, I look at Jesus Crucified, and I say to myself, "Is there any comparison between what I suffer and what Jesus suffered for me?"—St. Elzear, Tertiary.

18. Sight is the source of the greatest sins; it is the most fatal enemy of the soul. Behold, then, why we are not permitted to look at anything that ought not be the object of our desires.—St. Clare of Montefalco, 3rd Order.

19. Jesus Christ is all my riches, he alone is sufficient for me. All abundance that is not my God, is want for me.—St. Louis of Toulouse, Bishop of the 1st Order.

20. He who patiently bears trials for God's sake, will soon arrive at great perfection; he will be the master in this world and will already have one foot in heaven.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

21. Short are the days of life, and after a short time death will overtake us, and we must leave all that is under heaven. Only virtue and vice, the good and the bad, which we poor creatures have done, will we take along with us.—St. John Capistran, 1st Order.

22. The condition of things human must be endured; it is impossible to reduce civil society to one dead level. Nothing is more useful than to look upon the world as it really is and, at the same time, to seek elsewhere for the solace to its troubles.—Pope Leo XIII, Tertiary.

23. St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary, tells us that there are two classes of men who need Holy Communion: the perfect, that they may not decline in perfection, and the imperfect, that they may become perfect; the strong, that they may maintain their strength, and the weak, that they may acquire strength.

24. He who censures the practice of frequent Communion does the devil's work.—Ven. de Ségur, Tertiary.

25. I think more of the private chapel where I was baptized than of the cathedral of Rheims, where I was crowned; for the dignity of a child of God, which was bestowed on me at Baptism, is far greater than that of the ruler of a kingdom. The latter I shall lose at death, the former will be my passport to everlasting glory.—St. Louis IX, King of France, Patron of Tertiaries.

26. If you wish to be holy, then be humble; if you wish to be the most holy person in the world, then be the most humble.—St. Joseph Calasanz, Tertiary.

27. The humble have two eyes in their heart, one with which to see their own faults, the other with which to see the good qualities of others.—Bl. Gabriel Mary, 1st Order.

28. No servant is ashamed of the livery of his master. Why, then, should you be ashamed of the cross, on which the Son of God redeemed you? Bear aloft his banner and the sign of life and salvation. Whoever would enter into eternal life, must carry his cross and follow Him, who did not spare Himself.—St. Roch, Tertiary.

29. It is immaterial through whom God is honored, as long as he is truly honored.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

30. Our own industrial system has its own wrongs and injustices, and against these the Tertiaries of these days must do battle if they are to be of any value to the Church to-day.—Fr. Cuthbert, O.M.Cap.

31. The spirit of St. Francis consists in an inclination toward poverty, simplicity, humility, and obedience. Therefore, the Third Order means a battle against the main faults of the times; against self-love, against the inordinate desire for riches and worldly amusement, and against the spirit of independence. It is, therefore, our duty to care that the Third Order have many members, not only in name, but also in spirit, in deed and in self-sacrifice.—Pope Leo XIII, Tertiary.

CHINESE PROVERBS

The following Chinese proverbs, which were translated for the *Ave Maria*, can be read and observed with profit also by Christians.

“Better to be poor and live peacefully, than to be rich and have a peck of trouble and worry.”

“With a clear conscience, safety reigns under a thatched roof.”

“It takes a quiet observer to realize the emptiness of earthly things.”

“Friendship should never be over-intimate.”

“Promise not yourself tranquility in any situation, for the world is a troubled sea.”

“To get on well with your neighbors, you should not be too exacting in your demands.”

“With a calm mind, even the roots of vegetables taste delicious.”

“How many mistakes creep in because people are in such a hurry!”

“It is highly beneficial to give your heart and mind a rest in solitude.”

“You can not be safe from stumbling unless you walk on even paths.”

“Whether a man is worthy of confidence is something which can be tested only by time.”

“The avaricious man commits a lifelong mistake, of which he seldom repents.”

LETTER FROM OUR MOST REV. FATHER GENERAL

P. MINISTRO GENERALE
DEI FRATI MINORI
VIA MERULANA 124
S. ANTONIO

ROMA

Romae, die 21 Junii, 1915.

Reverende Pater,

Quum Nobis constiterit, ope eximii periodici cui titulus *Franciscan Herald*, magna te atque indefessa cura adlaborare ut Tertii Franciscalis Ordinis saluberrimum Institutum piunique opus in commodum Nostrarum apud Indianos Missionum diffundantur magis propugnenturque validius, de zelo tuo libenter tibi ex corde gratulantes vota facimus, ut opus tuum atque periodicon maiori in dies incremento propagetur uberioremque fructum afferat in honorem Dei ad salutem animarum.

Quod ut felicius succedat, tibi, dilecte fili, collaboratoribus tuis necnon ipsi periodico peramanter in Domino benedicimus tibi que demandamus, ut Tertiariis quoque ac benefactoribus Missionum grati Nostri animi testimonium exprimas iisque communicare velis paternam Nostram Seraphicam Benedictionem.

Addictissimus in Christo Jesu,

(Loco Sigilli)

R. P. Directori
Periodici "Franciscan Herald."

Rome, June 21, 1915.

Reverend Father,

Being aware of the fact that, by means of the excellent periodical entitled *Franciscan Herald*, you are striving with great and untiring zeal widely to propagate the most salutary Institute of the Third

Franciscan Order, and strenuously to further the good work of aiding our Missions among the Indians, we heartily congratulate you on your zeal, and wish that your undertaking and periodical may daily meet with increased success and bring greater fruit for the honor of God and the salvation of souls.

In order that this happy result may be effected, we lovingly in the Lord bless you, beloved son, your collaborators, and your publication, and commission you to convey to the Tertiaries and to the benefactors of the Missions the expression of our thanks and to

communicate to them our paternal Seraphic Benediction.

Most devotedly in Christ Jesus,

*H. Seraphicus Pius
Min. Carolis*

To the Reverend Editor
of *Franciscan Herald*.

The above picture is from the latest photograph of Father General.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

APPROBATION OF NEW GENERAL

It is with a feeling of the highest gratification that we present to our readers a letter of approbation lately sent to us by the newly elected Minister General of the Franciscan Order. As may be gathered from the translation, the Most Reverend Father General is greatly pleased with the program and the work of *Franciscan Herald*, and in order to inspire the contributors and the subscribers to cooperate for the increased success of the periodical, he graciously deigns to impart to all who are in any way connected with the publication, or interested in its work, his paternal Seraphic benediction. He charges us, likewise, to communicate this his blessing to the Tertiaries and to the benefactors of the Franciscan missions. This we cheerfully do.

So singular a favor from the hand of the successor of our holy Father St. Francis is something to be proud of as well as to be grateful for. We feel a pardonable pride in the fact that our humble publication was deemed worthy of recognition by the highest authority in the Franciscan Order, and we are deeply grateful for the trust reposed in us and for the blessing bestowed on us and all our collaborators and benefactors, among whom we number also our subscribers, each and all. Our readers, we are sure, will share our feelings, and will continue to cooperate with the management for the success of *Franciscan Herald* so that it may some day—we hope in the near future—take its place in the front rank of Franciscan periodicals, both as to matter and make-up and as to the number of subscribers.

Humbly prostrating ourselves at the feet of the Most Reverend Minister General of the Friars Minor, we declare our unswerving loyalty to him as to the successor of St. Francis; we profess our entire submission to all his decrees and mandates; and we pray God to grant him all the graces necessary for the successful discharge of his many and arduous duties.

AS TO INDULGENCES

The term "indulgence" originally signified "favor, remission, forgiveness". Now it is commonly used in the sense of unlawful gratification or free scope to the passions. Hence, it is frequently misunderstood and misinterpreted by some ignorant or prejudiced people who are prone to connect with it the idea of license or permission to sin. It is needless to say that an indulgence granted by the Church is not a permission to sin. It is not even a remission of sin, but merely the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin after the sin itself has been forgiven.

That the Church has the power of granting indulgences is evident from the words of Christ to St. Peter: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." By these words our Savior empowered his Church to deliver her children from every obstacle that might retard them from the kingdom of heaven, that is, from sin and the temporal punishment incurred by it. Nor is this power of remitting the temporal punishment due to sin restricted to the Sacrament of Penance. Christ himself made no such restriction, and the Church has never known of it. Already in the earliest days of Christianity the Church made use of her

prerogative of granting indulgences even outside of the confessional. St. Paul exercised it in behalf of the incestuous Corinthian. Following his example, the bishops of the Church not only imposed what are known as canonical penances, but also mitigated or cancelled these penalties according to their discretion. In doing so the bishops granted what is called an indulgence.

There can be no doubt that this practice of the Church is most salutary to her children. To be freed from temporal punishments due to sin is alone a great gain. If this grace is not fully appreciated by some Christians, it is because they do not realize what it means to a soul separated from the body to be deprived of the sight of God. As it is the height of happiness for such a soul to see God, so it is the greatest of all pains to be banished from his presence, even for a moment. Indulgences are salutary also for this reason that they spur us on to repentance and to the exercise of many good works. A striking example of this is the great Porziuncola Indulgence. The millions of confessions made and holy Communion received and devout prayers said on occasion of the Porziuncola Indulgence—all these good works are directly or indirectly the result of the Church's granting this indulgence.

Whatever non-Catholics may think or say of this practice of the Church, our readers will know that the Church has the power of granting indulgences and that their use is salutary for the faithful, and acting on this knowledge they will not neglect to make use of so singular an opportunity of atoning for their sins as is offered to them on the second of August. "Brethren," says St. Paul, "let us do good while the day lasts, for the night will come, when no man will be able to work."

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH.

This is the keynote of a powerful sermon preached by the Most Reverend John Ireland at the opening of the twelfth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association. The address was not a plea or an apology for the Catholic school. Indeed, the Catholic school needs no apology, or, to use the Archbishop's own phrase: "The Catholic school is its own argument." It was rather a masterful exposition of the reasons that have prompted American Catholics to erect and support their own schools for the education of their own youth. Never have we heard the case put so clearly and so forcefully as was done by the Most Reverend Archbishop in his own matchless style. We regret that we are unable, for lack of space, to bring even so much as an epitome of His Grace's address. There is one passage of his sermon, however, that we should like to bring to the attention of our readers. It deals with the paramount influence of the school on the youthful mind, and affords wholesome food for thought to both parents and educators. The paragraph reads:

"The influence of the school upon future manhood and womanhood can not be overduly emphasized. It is the nursery where mind and heart are put into enduring form. This is the rule, which exceptions only confirm. The lessons of the school, direct or indirect, are those that in coming time will dominate the intellect: impressions set there upon the soul sink into its deepest fiber: they will not depart with the passing of the years. Five days out of the seven the school holds sway: they are the days of serious labor, of serious reflection. Outside those days, play and

rest are urgent in their claim. To be effective, the school must be authoritative: the master's word is the law; the master's nod, the compass of orientation. As he speaks, as he breathes, so speaks and breathes the pupil. The silent atmosphere of the school in itself is a strong formative element: it is to the mind and heart, as the air of the skies to the material body. That the lessons, the influence of the class-room are paramount in importance, is the open proclamation of leaders in plans and systems of pedagogies. What does not enter, one way or another, into the curriculum of the class-room, they ceaselessly repeat, will be no part, or only a minimized part, of the subsequent career of the pupil. It has become a truism, that the class-room is the training-field of manhood and womanhood. As the pupil in the class-room, so later the man and the woman. This being the undeniable fact, I put the question—Is the secularized school-room the place for the Catholic child? Can the Catholic Church, with loyalty to her principles and to the requirements of her faith, countenance the secularized school?"

To put these questions is to answer them. No Catholic parent, who ponders the tremendous influence, for good or for bad, exercised by the school on the minds of the young, can fail to see that there is only one school to which he can safely entrust the education of his son or daughter, and that is the cross-topped school. Whatever claims to superiority over Catholic schools secular institutions may have—and we are by no means ready to admit these claims—they can not claim to educate their pupils for life, because they debar from their curriculum that which alone makes life worth living—religion.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' APPEAL

To the Editor:

Four Catholic Indian boarding schools of Oklahoma, for the children of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Tribes will be deprived after July 1 of their contracts by reason of a recent decision of the Controller of the Treasury. The loss per year occasioned by this decision is more than \$25,000. These schools for years have been accorded contracts payable out of Choctaw-Chickasaw tribal funds. The change of policy came without warning and unexpectedly, as these funds will be disbursed the coming fiscal year under the identical law which is in force this year, during which time the schools in question have received their contracts and payments as usual.

While we hope to obtain relief from the next Congress, a year must intervene during which the schools will be without support.

These institutions are the fruit of years of sacrifice and devotedness and they are accomplishing a noble and necessary work: it would be a crime to discontinue them.

We therefore call upon the faithful everywhere for special contributions for the upkeep of the Catholic Choctaw-Chickasaw schools during the coming fiscal year. All Catholic publications are requested to give space to this letter and to call the attention of their readers to it.

Contributions should be sent to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, 1326 New York Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,

President, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

Baltimore, June 21, 1915.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

IX

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

BEFORE proceeding with our narrative, we may state at once the exact location of the Texas missions, as we promised in the last issue. The discovery of the truth is only of recent date, and it is due to the indefatigable Professor of American History at the University of California, Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton. Historians prefer information at first-hand, when it is obtainable, and as there may be among the readers of *Franciscan Herald* some critical historians, at least in the making, it will be wise to reproduce Dr. Bolton's own statement on the subject. It reads as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
Department of History,

Berkeley, California, June 26, 1915.

My dear Father Zephyrin:—

Since writing my article in 1908, (1) I have been over the entire ground of the mission sites—or nearly all of it—and I find my conclusions as published confirmed in every particular. I identified absolutely the site of the first mission of San Francisco, (2) and those of Santa Maria and second San Francisco (3) approximately. The last-named was on the highway, near the great Neches Mounds, on the land of the Morrill Orchard Company, just east of and across the river from Neches, Houston County. The Presidio (4) de los Tejas

was at the spring just west of Douglas, Mission Concepcion on the Angelina just west thereof.

Guadalupe (Mission) was in the center of modern Nacogdoches, and I am now of the opinion that the so-called "Old Stone Fort" was the Mission building.

The Mission of Los Ais (Ays) (5) was right at the present City of San Augustine (San Augustine County, Texas), where ruins were still to be seen a short time ago.

Mission San Miguel de los Adaes was right at the modern village of Robeline, Louisiana, and a short distance to the northeast was the Presidio. I saw the ruins of the latter three years ago, when I made a horseback journey over the famous old trail. (6)

Mission San José de los Nazones was near the border of Rush and Nacogdoches counties.

I am sure you can rely on these conclusions with confidence.

Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT E. BOLTON.

Having now located the Texas Missions, we may proceed to relate their vicissitudes. One should think that, after their many protestations, the Indians would have eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of receiving instruction in the Christian religion, and that for this purpose they would have settled down around the mission chapels, as the Fathers also wished them to do. But alas! the notorious

(1) See "The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association," April, 1908.

(2) See *Franciscan Herald*, February, 1915, page 65.

(3) See *Franciscan Herald*, March 1915, page 109.

(4) Garrison for the protection of the Missions.

(5) Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores.—In the July issue of *Franciscan Herald*, *Adays* should have been *Ays*.

(6) In the enumeration of the Missions in the July issue, this Mission was overlooked.

fickleness of the savage Indians, until they have been thoroughly accustomed to the solid food of Christian doctrine, was again evidenced in the Texas missions. Many of the Indians never outgrow the milk and cake period.

In the case of these Texas Indians, as was experienced at all Indian missions before and since, the Fathers realized that long-suffering, silent patience was, indeed, the one indispensable virtue of a missionary. This does not mean that the messenger of the Gospel among the aborigines must remain silent at all hazards and at everything; but he must, nevertheless, strive to imitate the example of patience given by our Blessed Savior, the first Missionary, who, likewise, was sent to a carnal people. Yet, our Lord was not silent at irreverence in the Holy Place and, filled with holy indignation, he drove the buyers and sellers out of the Temple. Thus, too, the missionaries could not brook irreverence on the part of the Indians. As one of the first missionaries in California rightly said, the Indian seems to consider only that to be wrong for the perpetration of which he is punished. Being themselves men of deep faith, and consequently of profound reverence for sacred places, things and persons, the Padres insisted that their over-grown children, the convert Indians, should also show reverence and honor to all that pertains to God and religion.

The Ven. Fr. Magín Catalá, "The Holy Man of Santa Clara," for instance, would never permit Indians, whether Christian or still heathen savages, to enter the church buildings with their feather bonnets or crowns on their heads, or while carrying bows and arrows. For only in this way could the savage be duly impressed

with the dignity of the temple of Almighty God. Doubtless, too, Fr. Magín and the other zealous missionaries, since they daily meditated on the words and acts of our Lord during his sojourn on earth, often recalled that "he suffered not that any man should carry a vessel through the temple." (Mark xi, 16.)

But the Fathers had to practice not only patience. Their wits were also taxed to the utmost in devising ways and means to persuade the Indians to settle in the shadow of the Cross, and give themselves to industrial pursuits, with the view to receive the instructions they had so loudly clamored for. Addicted to idleness, and having no other aim or ambition in life but the gratification of their carnal desires, these savages preferred unbridled freedom to pueblo life and agricultural labors, and this, too, in the face of long periods of want in their hovels and an abundance of food under the eyes of the Fathers at the Missions. Passionately fond of hunting, the men moved from one region to another, and, of course, the family had to accompany them on their wanderings. For who but the women would put up the wigwam, carry water and wood, and prepare the food? Missionary control was, therefore, out of question. When the chase afforded no food, the Indians would betake themselves to the mountains in search of nuts or anything that could sustain life.

Another obstacle to the success of the missionary enterprise, was the intercourse of the Indians with the French settlers and soldiers in Louisiana. These adventurers, who, though usually quite indifferent to religion, nevertheless called themselves Christians, displayed more vices than virtues, and in this way increased the indifference and even aroused the contempt of the

savages for Christianity, who otherwise could have been won over to Christ by the teaching and holy lives of the missionaries. Hence it was that patience ruled as the mother and sister in the household of the poor Padres, who in spite of the continued adversities never lost that ardent zeal for souls that had led them into this wilderness.

Unfortunately also for the missionaries, even had the Indians proved more tractable and had complied with the wishes of Fr. Hidalgo and his companions, they could not have maintained their converts at the missions. For on coming into the Texas country, the Spanish commander had imprudently distributed clothing, tobacco, and various other articles that the In-

dians coveted, with such a lavish hand, that little or nothing remained over for distribution after his departure. The result was, that the missionaries had no gifts with which to attract the childlike people of the deserts and the mountains. As Fr. Arricivita said, "The Fathers could no longer speak the language that alone was understood by the natives—the language of gifts." Soon, therefore, the missionaries found themselves compelled to depend on their own hands for the construction of their little churches and wretched dwellings, and for the cultivation of their little vegetable gardens. Very often, indeed, as we shall learn in the next issue, the Fathers lacked even the most necessary food.

CATHOLIC INDIAN CONGRESS AT BALL CLUB, MINN.

By Fr. Chrysostom Veruyt, O. F. M.

ABOUT 125 miles northwest of Duluth, is situated the Chippewa Indian village, Ball Club. The Chippewa name is Pagaadowaning, which means the place where they play the LaCrosse game. The Indians used to play this game in the olden times on the long sandy beach of Ball Club Lake, which is a beautiful stretch of water about six miles long and from two to three miles wide.

At the urgent request of good Father Felix, O.S.B., I went there to attend the annual Indian congress, which was scheduled for June 23-27. I arrived in due time and was met by the Rev. Father and many Indians, who conducted me to the house of a kind-hearted Indian woman. Just before beginning my noonday repast—it was already near two o'clock and I was quite hungry—I was asked the important question whether I liked

woodchuck (ground hog) meat. They told me that it was very good and palatable, since the woodchuck lives on grass and herbs. However, as I had never yet eaten this delicatessen, I thought it best not to attempt it and decided to satiate my craving hunger with more ordinary fare. On five of the days I tarried at Ball Club, the two Benedictine Fathers, the Rev. Thomas Borgerding, of Red Lake, and the Rev. Felix Nellis, of Ponsford, and I were served with a substantial meal consisting of pork, potatoes, wild rice and bread.

The Indians came in great numbers from Red Lake, Leech Lake, White Earth, Bena, Ponsford and other places of Northern Minnesota, and pitched their tents near the church. In all, about 200 men, women and children attended the congress. They were all nicely dressed in their Sunday clothes, and

I noticed especially that the women and girls were neatly and modestly garbed, and made no attempt to imitate many of our young lady tourists, who wear little or nothing on their necks and shoulders. These graduates of our modern higher-educational institutions can learn, if not some unnecessary "ologies and isms," at least a most necessary lesson in female modesty from their less tutored but more virtuous red-skinned sisters.

fifty by twenty-seven feet, which, however, is only about half finished. Immediately after the High Mass, I preached every day in Chippewa on some practical subject. Here-upon a short meeting was held in a large bowery formed of leafy branches to protect the people from the burning rays of the sun. The men sat on one side and the women on the other, while we three priests and the Eshpabidjig, that is those that sit high, namely the Indian



Photo by Grace C. Horn

Indian Squaw and Papoose

During the congress, there was daily Mass at 5:30 o'clock, at which many of the Indians received Holy Communion. This was followed immediately by another low Mass. The daily High Mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock. The choir sang their parts in the Chippewa dialect, and, I must say, the singing was very good, indeed. The two low Masses were said in the old log chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was also kept, but the High Mass was sung in the new church, a building

officials, sat near the entrance of the bowery.

The principal daily meeting was held in the afternoon and lasted from two o'clock until six. Speeches were delivered by both men and women, and both men and women enjoyed the privilege of the ballot in the election of the officers for the ensuing year. At these meetings, practical issues were debated, one afternoon being entirely given over to the discussion of the much-mooted question: Is it always and

in every case sinful for an Indian to drink, to dance and to gamble? Many able speeches were made pro and con, and a number of them were truly eloquent. Some Indians are born orators, and these are usually chosen to speak at all important meetings, especially when treaties are to be made with the whites. After the Indians had aired their views on the subject, Father Thomas gave a great speech in Indian, in which he presented the sound theological teaching of the Church in regard to this question. Indians are naturally inclined to drink, to dance and to gamble, and as it is extremely difficult to keep them within the proper bounds in this matter, the Ven. Bishop Baraga, in his Indian books of instruction, simply forbade these diversions to them absolutely. However, now that they demanded a plain and unequivocal explanation of the teaching of the Church on this point, we priests considered it our duty to tell them. I remarked, however, in my sermon

on that same evening, that "the road from the dancing floor to hell is often very short and there are but few stops between."

The evening program of the congress consisted of devotions, sermon in the Indian language, and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. On the last two days it rained very heavily, so much so that many of the Indians were forced to quit their tents and seek shelter and sleep in the church.

I was greatly pleased with the entire congress and with all I saw and heard. The Indians present were mostly full-blood, and their deportment was very edifying. Many received the holy sacraments during the time and not a single drunken Indian could be seen on the place. There was a very aged Indian in attendance at the congress named Joseph Smith, who is said to be 118 years old. The next annual congress of the Chippewa Indians will be held in the following year at Leech Lake, Minn.

A TRIPLE JUBILEE

THE year 1915 is a memorable one in the annals of the Franciscans in Canada, as it witnessed the celebration of a triple jubilee: the three-hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Friars as the first missionaries to Canada—the fiftieth commemoration of the canonical reestablishment of the Third Order in Montreal—the twenty-fifth jubilee of the return of the Franciscans to Canada after many years absence, to take up again the labors their confrères had so successfully inaugurated.

To commemorate the first holy Mass celebrated in "La Nouvelle

France" by the Recollect Franciscan, Fr. Denis Jamet, on June 24, 1615, on the shores of the Laprairie River, the holy Sacrifice was again offered on June 24, 1915, at the foot of Mount Royal. There again, as three hundred years ago, under the branches of the maples and the birch, the Son of God came down at the command of the priest to bless the people who knelt in silent adoration before His holy altar.

There can be no doubt that it was one of the cares of the first Franciscan missionaries in Canada to establish the Franciscan Third Order. Unfortunately, however, we lack all details concerning

it. With the arrival of the English conquerors in Quebec in 1760, the Third Order seems to have disappeared, for no trace of it is to be found in Quebec until November 19, 1881; on this day, the feast of St. Elizabeth, we are told, the Tertiaries gathered in the Chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes in St. Sauveur's parish. They were few in number but fervent in practice. In regard to Montreal, however, it is a well known fact that the Third Order of St. Francis was canonically established in this city toward the end of seventeenth century. The place of meeting was the old Recollect church on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen's Streets. In the course of time, and owing chiefly to the fanaticism of the Protestant English conquerors, the Tertiaries gradually dwindled away until nothing more was heard of them. The honor of restoring the Third Order is due to Bishop Bourget, whose efforts were nobly seconded by the Sulpician Fathers. On the feast of St. Antony, June 13, 1866, Bishop Bourget erected the little band of fourteen Tertiaries into a fraternity. From that time on, the growth of the Third Order has been truly marvelous. The following figures were given in the recent official report of the Commissary of the Third Order for Canada: Brothers' Fraternities, 112; Sisters' Fraternities, 120; Mixed Fraternities, 77; Brother Novices, 1976; Sister Novices, 4511; Professed Brothers, 11,509; Professed Sisters, 35,250; Isolated Tertiaries, 3016. Grand total of Tertiaries in Canada under the jurisdiction of the Franciscan Friars 56,571.

The third jubilee commemorated this year in Canada, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the return of the Friars after an absence of many years. Arriving there in 1615 with the great Champlain, they labored faithfully under the greatest

hardships in the wilds of the newly discovered country, until driven thence by the English in 1629. In 1664, they were permitted to return and took charge of the missions in Acadia and Gaspe. But again they had to submit to the exigencies of a hostile government, were obliged to give up their peaceful homes and godly labors, and were compelled to leave the country. The last Franciscan to remain in Montreal was Frère Paul, who went to his eternal reward in 1848. Several times the Tertiaries endeavored to interest the ecclesiastical authorities in obtaining the recall of the Friars, but to no avail. The matter dragged on until 1890, when it was again taken up and this time with success. The Rev. Fr. Otho Ransan, Vicar of the exiled French Franciscans in Loreto, Spain, was selected as the first superior of the new foundation at Montreal. He arrived in this city on May 29, 1890. Without loss of time, the zealous priest set to work to prepare a home for those who were to carry on the work he had come to establish. He was carpenter, builder, painter and a thousand other things. Willing Tertiaries, too, were there to assist in the work, whilst others came and offered their alms to the Father to help in the erection of his "Rivo Torto", as he playfully called the humble Friary on Richmond street. After two years, the convent proved to be too small for the ever growing community. God instilled into the hearts of two generous ladies of Montreal the desire to found a larger monastery on Dorchester street, and it is here, now, that the present Friars continue the sacred ministry of the old Recollect Fathers, and God sends them day by day kind benefactors, who thus enable them to live as did the Seraphic Father himself and his companions, entirely dependant on the bounty of Divine Providence.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—It is interesting to know that our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, enjoys the rather singular privilege of belonging not only to the Third Order of St. Francis, but also to the Third Order of St. Dominic, the intimate friend of our seraphic Father. The Sacred Congregation by its decree of January 31, 1893, forbade anyone to belong at one and the same time to two or more Third Orders. A single exception, however, was made on August 8, 1899, in favor of the Third Order of St. Dominic and the citizens of Bologna, Italy. The Sacred Congregation, namely, graciously permitted the Franciscan Tertiaries living in the city of Bologna, which harbors the precious relics of the great St. Dominic, to join the Dominican Third Order without ceasing to be Franciscans. When Monsignor della Chiesa was created Archbishop of Bologna by Pope Pius X a few years since, he at once took advantage of this rare privilege, and he, who for years had proudly worn the plain brown scapular of the humble St. Francis, now wears together with it the white scapular of the angelic St. Dominic.—

La Voce di S. Antonio has compiled the following statistics regarding the number of Friars Minor engaged on both sides in the European war: 147 Franciscan priests are serving as military chaplains, 130 as red cross nurses, and 34 as common soldiers in the ranks. Of the student clerics, 76 are red cross nurses, 156 common soldiers. Of the lay

brothers, 116 are with the red cross and 705 in the soldiers ranks. Thus far 3 priests have been killed and 6 wounded, 10 clerics killed and 24 wounded, and 31 lay brothers killed and 97 wounded. 6 Franciscan convents have been destroyed, 30 occupied as barracks, and 39 given over to hospital purposes.

Of the Capuchin Friars, 250 are engaged in the war, some as army chaplains, others, and unhappily they are in the majority, as soldiers in the ranks. The Provinces of Lyons, Savoy, and Paris have fared badly, reporting the greatest number of killed, wounded, and prisoners.

London, Eng.—It may be rather unpleasant information for those who delight in decrying the so-called Dark Ages and the monks inseparable from them, to learn that one of the greatest English poets, Milton, drew his inspiration and much of his material from just these Dark Ages to produce the wonderful poem *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Norman Douglas, in his no less learned than delightful volume *Old Calabria*, claims to prove indubitably that the chief source of *Paradise Lost* is the *Adamo Caduto*, a sacred tragedy written by a Franciscan Friar, Fr. Serafino della Salandra, in 1647. A thorough examination by Mr. Douglas of *Adamo Caduto*, and a critical comparison of it with the later work of Milton, has revealed the astonishing fact that, as regards the central theme, chief personages, prologue, the council in hell, the life in Paradise, the creation, the conversation

between Eve and the serpent, and many other essential features, *Paradise Lost* is a direct "transfusion" from the original work of the Franciscan. Not only this, but even words, phrases, lines, have been lifted—translated—from the work of the obscure friar into the light of the Miltonic day. It is a literary discovery of peculiar interest, and although it in no wise detracts from the English poet's personality and style, the rest of his famous poem is, apparently, Fr. Salandra's.

Sapporo, Japan.—The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith by decree of February 12, 1915, raised the flourishing Franciscan mission, in northern Japan to the rank of a prefecture apostolic. This mission, with headquarters at Sapporo, was founded in 1907 and embraces the whole of the large island Hokkaido (Yezo)—with the single exception of the province of O-Shima in the southern extremity of the island of Sakhalin and the Kuril islands. The mission has been entrusted to the German Franciscans of the Province of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia. A number of Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are assisting the Fathers in their labor of love and self-denial.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—The annual ordinations of the Franciscan clerics took place this year at St. Antony's church, July 2. His Grace, the Most Rev. John Joseph Glennon officiated at the ceremony, and was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Hugoline as arch-deacon, and Fr. Martin as notary, while the Rev. FF. Conradin and Bonaventure were the masters of ceremonies. The following young men received the minor orders and the subdeaconship: Fr. Canisius Bartko, Fr. Camillus Muszelewicz, Fr. Francis de Paul Middendorf, Fr. Raynerius Micek, Fr. Vitalis Bartkowiak, Fr. Meinrad Wesselmann, Fr. Emeric

Kocsis, Fr. Vigilus Walkowiak, Fr. Julius Schott.

The deaconship was conferred on: Fr. Luke Riederer, Fr. Gilbert McCafferty, Fr. Emanuel Behrendt, Fr. Antony Braun, Fr. Hermenegild Toth, Fr. Benedict Pfeifer, Fr. Charles Knebel, Fr. Ignatius Gansster, Fr. Boniface Bartholme, Fr. Henry Stendebach, Fr. Paschal Klaren, Fr. Leo Simon, Fr. Benedict Bartholme.

Eight clerics had the supreme happiness of being elevated to the exalted dignity of the holy priesthood. They were: Fr. Constantine Bach, Fr. Francis Regis Fochtman, Fr. John Berchmans Meyer, Fr. Herman Joseph Fister, Fr. Ambrose Trabert, Fr. Albert Braun, Fr. Augustine Hobrecht, Fr. Antonine Willenbrink.

The ceremony, which had begun at 6 a. m. promptly, occupied two hours and a half, and was carried out with the customary impressiveness and solemnity. In the course of the same and the following days, the newly ordained priests departed for their respective homes to offer their first holy sacrifice of the Mass in the midst of their relatives and friends. May the Divine Shepherd of souls, who has chosen them for his special service, fill their hearts with every priestly virtue.—

St. Antony's Hospital.—Thursday, June 24, was a day of general rejoicing at St. Antony's hospital, as it was the day on which eight young ladies were invested with the humble robe of St. Francis, while seven members of the community made their first vows, and eight professed Sisters pronounced their final vows. The celebrant of the solemn High Mass on the occasion was the Rev. H. A. Hukestein, pastor of St. Augustine's church, St. Louis. He was assisted by the Rev. A. Hunnewinkel from Sparta, Ill., as deacon and the Rev. FF. Peter and Salvator, both of the

local Franciscan monastery, as sub-deacon and master of ceremonies respectively. The retreat preceding the ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., from Dubuque, Ia., who also preached the festive sermons in English and German. The Reverend Father chose as his theme the sacrifices and the blessings of the religious life, and his words made a deep impression on his attentive audience.

The following are the young ladies invested and the names by which they will henceforth be known: Miss Mary Harney of Louisville, Col.—Sr. Donata; Miss Mary Sefeik of Milwaukee, Wis.—Sr. Bertha; Miss Anna Hammer of Milwaukee, Wis.—Sr. Fridoline; Miss Mary Moore of Perryville, Mo.—Sr. Laura; Miss Hedwig Struckhoff of Washington, Mo.—Sr. Alphonsa; Miss Theresa Schneider of St. Peter, Mo.—Sr. Cecilia; Miss Joannette Kuenster of Maryville, Mo.—Sr. Dolorine; Miss Josephine Gittemeier of Florissant, Mo.—Sr. Alma.

Vows were renewed by Sr. Benigna, Sr. Florentia, Sr. Leonida, Sr. Imelda, Sr. Enesta, Sr. Melania, and Sr. Albertina, while the following Sisters pronounced their perpetual vows: Sr. Salesia, Sr. Bernarda, Sr. Alcantara, Sr. Gottfrieda, Sr. Beatrix, Sr. Josepha. Sr. Engelberta, and Sr. Basilia.—

St. Antony's Monastery.—The home-coming to St. Louis of the Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, O.F.M., after an absence in Europe of almost nine months, was joyfully celebrated on Sunday, July 19, by the community of St. Antony's Franciscan monastery, of which Fr. Benedict was for many years a prominent member. The Very Reverend Father, who had left us as Father Provincial, returned as a Father Definitor General to take part in the recent Provincial Chap-

ter held July 21. At the reception tendered him, were also present the Very Rev. Fr. Edmund Blecke, O.F.M., Visitor General of our Province, and all the members of the Provincial Definitorium. The following is the program rendered by the clerics of the convent:

1. Le Postillon de Longumeau..... A. Adam
Orchestra
2. Song of Welcome..... P. Piel
Choir
3. Address..... Fr. Luke
4. St. Bonaventure.....
Choir
5. Saluto..... Fr. Francis
6. Finale of the Sequence of St. Francis
..... J. G. Stehle
Choir
7. The Priest..... Fr. Boniface
8. Galop Militaire..... Chas. Meyer
Orchestra

Father Benedict was visibly moved by the cordial reception, and in his response gave expression to his great love for St. Antony's convent, which for so many years had been his cherished home.—

As we were about to close our forms, we received the pleasing news that the Franciscan Chapter, which was held in St. Louis on Wednesday, July 21, elected the Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., to the office of Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province. The Rev. Fr. Samuel, who was for many years professor and one-time Rector of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, was, at the time of his election, Guardian of the Monastery of St. Antony at St. Louis. At the same Chapter the Very Rev. Fr. Hugoline Storff was chosen Custos, and the following Reverend Fathers were elected Provincial Definitors: Fr. Odoric Derenthal, Fr. Gregory Knepper, Fr. Philip Marke, and Fr. Jasper Thoennesen.

Detailed particulars of the Chapter will be published in the next issue of the *Herald*.

Bayfield, Wis.—On Wednesday, July 14, a large gathering of the clergy and laity assembled at Bay-

field to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M. The Rev. Jubilarian is widely known throughout the Northwest as one of the pioneer Indian missionaries, and this great assembly of his friends and well-wishers attested the high esteem in which the good Father is held. The Rev. Jubilarian, who is still enjoying comparatively good health and strength in spite of his advanced years, sang the solemn High Mass, and was assisted at the ceremony by the Rev. Fr. Fabian, O. F. M., as archpriest, Rev. Simon Lampe as deacon, and Rev. Van der Hulst as subdeacon. The Very Rev. Fr. Hugoline, O. F. M. of St. Louis, preached the English sermon, and the Rev. Fr. Odoric, O. F. M., delivered an address in Chippewa. At the conclusion of the service, fifty members of the secular and regular clergy, together with a few invited guests of the laity, sat down to a banquet in the school hall. Father Weber of West Superior, acted as toast master, and the following responded: The Right Rev. Bishop Schwebach of LaCrosse, Rev. Schmidt of West Superior, Rev. R. B. Condon of LaCrosse, Rev. W. Smits of Solon Springs, Rev. A. B. Dunn of Eau Claire, and the Very Rev. Father Jubilarian himself. The following relatives of Fr. Chrysostom were also present: his brother, Mr. Cornelius Verwyst of Thorp, Wis., and his two nieces, Mrs. Huls of Stanley, Wis., and Mrs. Merckel of Hewitt, Wis.

In our next issue we will have the pleasure of publishing a picture of the Rev. Jubilarian surrounded by some of his many friends.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—The halls of St. Joseph's College have been vacated for the summer months not only by the students, but also by most members of

the faculty, who are now engaged in giving retreats to communities of Sisters or have taken up active work in the parishes. Thus the Rev. Fr. Rector gave a retreat to the Sisters of St. Mary's Academy, Quincy, Ill., and also to the hospital Sisters in Ashland, Wis. Fr. Silas conducted a retreat in Superior, Wis. Fr. Ferdinand attended the educational congress at St. Paul, and then proceeded to Ashland where he will remain for the rest of the summer. The following Fathers are or have been engaged in parish work: Fr. Aloysius in St. Louis; Fr. Celestine in Greenfield, Martinsville, and Fortville, Ind.; Fr. Francis Borgia in Chicago; Fr. Juvenal in Memphis; Fr. Peter Nolasco in West Park, O.; Fr. Joseph in Lillyville, and Bellville, Ill.; Fr. Thomas in Casey, Ill., and Chicago.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Solanus College.—During the vacation most of the Reverend college professors have left or will leave during the course of the next few weeks, to conduct retreats for various religious communities throughout the country: The Rev. Fr. Rector at Joliet, Ill., Fr. Edward at Hammond, Ind., Fr. Gabriel at Dubuque, Ia., Fr. Didymus at Denver, Col., Fr. Rupert at St. Paul, Minn., Fr. Leopold at Evanston, Ill., Fr. Adrian at Harbor Springs, Mich. Meanwhile the college buildings are being cleaned, repaired, and painted, so that the college will present a most inviting appearance, when the students return again in fall to resume their studies.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—At the meeting of the English Fraternity of the Third Order, Sunday, June 20, fifty-two novices made their profession.—Many improvements were made of late in the interior of St. Peter's Church. The walls have been refrescoed most beautifully by the well known church decorator, Mr. Hepfinger. A new

hard-wood floor has replaced the old well-worn floor, which was removed, bringing the pews on the same level with the aisles. Two new altars in honor of St. Francis and St. Antony, a new pulpit and three new confessionals, all made by Mr. B. Ferring, add much to the beauty of the church. Four new statues representing St. Louis and St. Elizabeth, Patrons of the Third Order, St. Anne, and St. Bernardine of Siena, which were furnished by the the P. Daleiden Co., will inspire the faithful, especially the members of the Third Order, to renewed devotion. The Tertiaries of both the English and the German Fraternities showed great generosity in volunteering to pay for the altars, the pulpit, and the statues. Yes, their liberality on this occasion was so great, that enough money was received to cover also the cost of the three new confessionals. On August 2, the feast of Porziuncola, a special service will be held at 8:00 p. m., at which the new altars, the statues, and the pulpit will be blessed.

West Park, O.—The solemn profession of six Franciscan clerics took place in the chapel of the Franciscan Fathers at West Park, July 6. The Very Rev. Fr. Leonard, Vicar Provincial, celebrated the solemn High Mass. He was attended by the Rev. Fr. John as assistant priest and the Rev. FF. Gaetan and Peter Nolasco as deacon and subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Gerard acted as master of ceremonies. An eloquent discourse on the worth of the religious life in the sight of God and the great blessing it confers on the world at large, was preached by the Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., rector of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago. The same Reverend Father also conducted the the retreat for the clerics during the preceding week. The six young

religious who pronounced their solemn vows on this occasion were: Fr. Ephrem Muench, Fr. Winfred Nolan, Fr. Liguori Coan, Fr. Elzear Jaworski, Fr. Narcissus Tarkowski, Fr. Leander Conley.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Amid great rejoicings of the entire parish, the Rev. Fr. Constantine Bach, O.F.M., celebrated his first holy Mass on July 4, in the Franciscan church of the Sacred Heart, this city. The young priest was escorted in procession from the monastery to the church by the clergy, a great number of acolytes, and a long string of little children dressed in white. He was assisted at the altar by the Rev. FF. Philip Neri and Gaudens as deacon and subdeacon, while the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Andrew, filled the office of archpriest. A most appropriate and soul-stirring sermon on the dignity of the Catholic priesthood, in which the Rev. Orator dwelt especially on the three principal ceremonies of the ordination, was delivered by the Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., pastor of St. John's Church, Joliet, Ill. Father Constantine conducted the solemn Vespers in the afternoon, and on the following morning sang his second High Mass—a Requiem—for the repose of the soul of his dear father, whom an inscrutable Providence denied here on earth the happiness of seeing his son ascend the altar of the Most High. After enjoying a week's stay with his relatives and friends in the city, Fr. Constantine returned to St. Louis, where he will continue his studies for another year.—

During the month of June, sixteen novices made their profession in the Third Order, and in July four more were added to the professed Tertiaries of the local fraternity. The services at the June meeting of the German branch were conducted by the Rev. Fr. Andrew, O.F.M., pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart.

In his exhortation on the occasion, he spoke of humility and charity as essential virtues for all who desire to enter the professed ranks of the Third Order. The Reverend Father also commented very favorably on the large attendances at the monthly meetings. The meeting closed with papal benediction.

St. Charles, Mo., St. Peter's Church.—A doubly happy feast day was celebrated in this parish on Sunday, July 4, it being the patronal anniversary of the parish and also the solemn occasion on which a son of the parish, the Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph Fister, O.F.M., offered up his first holy Sacrifice of the Mass to God on high. The service began at 10 a. m., when the young priest was conducted with great solemnity to the church. The Rev. Fr. Hugoline, O.F.M., served as archpriest and also delivered the festive sermon. The Rev. F. Dieckmann of St. Andrew's Church, St. Louis Co., was deacon, and Messrs. A. Wempe and John Wolf, two Kenrick seminarians of this parish, served as subdeacon and master of ceremonies respectively. The Rev. M. Hellriegel, who has recently been appointed assistant in St. Peter's parish, directed the parish men-and-boys' choir, both at the morning and afternoon services. The Rev. E. J. Lemkes, rector of St. Barbara's Church, St. Louis, Rev. Fr. Daniel, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Rev. F. X. Willmes and his assistant, both of St. Peter's Church were present in the sanctuary. The Rev. Fr. Herman Joseph is the son of Francis Antony and Teresa Fister, devoted members of St. Peter's Church, who have also given two daughters, Sisters Priscilla and Gonzaga, to the religious life in the congregation of the Sisters of St. Mary.

Hannibal, Mo.—The new St. Elizabeth's Hospital in this city was solemnly dedicated on Thursday afternoon, July 8, by the Right Rev.

Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo. The ceremony of the blessing was supplemented by short talks by representative men of the state, including several from Hannibal and vicinity, a concert by the band, and singing by a chorus composed of pupils of St. Joseph's Academy. The new hospital is the last word in architecture and arrangements as applied to a hospital of to-day. As it stands completed, it is one of the most substantial and expensively finished buildings in this part of the state, and is an added tribute to the progress of Hannibal. The Sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of the famous Mayo Brothers' Hospital at Rochester, Minn., will be the custodians here. Their congregation has been instituted especially for the nursing of the sick, and every Sister is a qualified nurse, holding a state diploma.

Hermann, Mo., St. George's Church.—A celebration, never before witnessed in Hermann, took place on Sunday, July 4, when the Rev. Fr. John Berchmans, Meyer, O.F.M., the first son of the parish to ascend to the altar of the Lord God, sang his first solemn High Mass in the presence of his overjoyed and aged father, and numerous relatives and friends. The procession from the convent to the church immediately before the Mass was especially imposing and beautiful. The following Reverend Fathers, all from the local Franciscan convent, assisted at the solemn service: Fr. Romuald, pastor of St. George's, as archpriest; Fr. Aemilian as deacon, and Fr. Francis de Sales as subdeacon. Fr. Marcellus was present in the sanctuary. The Rev. Fr. Aemilian also delivered the sermon, in which he ably proved from Holy Scripture the divine origin of the Catholic priesthood. At noon a banquet was served in honor of the newly ordained priest, of which the clergy and relatives partook. Fr. John

Berchmanns had the pleasure of seeing two of his sisters present at the joyful celebration, who, like him, have also consecrated themselves to the service of God in the Franciscan Order. They are both members of the Franciscan community of Sisters of Lafayette, Ind.

Washington, Mo.—Sunday, July 4, is a day that will long live in the memory of the good people of Washington, Mo., as on that day the Rev. Fr. Antonine Willenbrink, the first Franciscan priest from their midst, solemnly celebrated his first holy Mass in the local St. Francis Borgia church. The young priest was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Ladislaus, O.F.M., as archpriest, while the Franciscan clerics, Fr. Antony Braun and Fr. Canisius Bartko, filled the offices of deacon and subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Ignatius, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. The Rev. Fr. Alphonse, O.F.M., rector of the parish, presided at the organ and delivered an appropriate and practical address to the assembled congregation. A magnificent set of green vestments, which was recently imported from Europe, was used for the first time on this occasion. In the evening of the same day, solemn Vespers were sung, at which Fr. Antonine was the celebrant. The Rev. Emil Chuse, Rev. William Fischer, Rev. Henry Funke, and Rev. Joseph Winkelmann, all former fellow students of Fr. Antonine, also came to Washington to help solemnize the happy event by their presence.—

The new Tertiary emblem has now been officially adopted by the local fraternity of the Third Order and is arousing renewed interest in things Franciscan.

Cowlitz Prairie, Wash.—May 30, June 6, and June 13 were gala days for the parish of St. Mary's at Cowlitz Prairie. On the first of these Sundays, a happy band of children were admitted to solemn First Com-

munion by their devoted pastor, the Rev. Fr. Giles Herkenrath, O.F.M., superior of the Cowlitz missions. On the following Sunday, the entire parish displayed its deep faith in the sublime mystery of the Eucharist by zealously taking part in the beautiful and solemn Corpus Christi procession. The crowning event, however, took place on June 13, when the Right Rev. Bishop O'Dea, of Seattle, visited St. Mary's on his Confirmation tour. Early in the morning already, large crowds of people thronged in from many neighboring towns, to be present at the sacred ceremony. The principal feature of the celebration, besides the conferring of the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, was the eloquent sermon on Catholic education delivered by the Bishop. In the afternoon, a pleasing program was successfully rendered by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy in honor of the Right Rev. Bishop, who also conferred the honors upon the graduates, all of whom were so fortunate as to receive a diploma from both the State and St. Mary's. The Franciscan Sisters of Stella Niagara, N. Y., in charge of this institution, are ranked among the best teachers in the country. Their ardent zeal, during their four years' stay at Cowlitz, has been the source of no little satisfaction and pleasure to our Fathers stationed there, and the progress made is highly gratifying.

Los Angeles, Cal.—St. Joseph's Church was the scene on Sunday, July 11, of a double ceremony of uncommon interest. Two newly-ordained Franciscan priests, Fr. Ambrose Trabert, and Fr. Albert Braun, both sons of the parish, celebrated on this occasion their first holy Mass. Fr. Ambrose, who has the unique distinction of being the first boy baptized in the parish, was assisted at the altar by the Revs. Fr. Cyril, O.F.M., as archpriest, Fr.

Paul, O.F.M., as deacon, and Fr. Albert, his class-mate, as subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Julius, O.F.M., was the master of ceremonies at both Masses. The Rev. Pastor, Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., delivered a very eloquent discourse on the dignity and sublimity of the priestly office.

After an intermission of twenty minutes, the Rev. Fr. Albert Braun approached the altar to begin his first celebration of the august mystery. Fr. Theophilus attended him as assistant priest, while Fr. Ambrose filled the office of deacon and the Rev. Gratian Ardans, O.S. B., served as subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Paul preached the sermon, taking as his subject "The Idea of Sacrifice." The celebration was closed in the evening with solemn Vespers and Benediction, after which the two Reverend Fathers conferred their individual blessing on more than a thousand persons.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—Again the City of St. Francis had the pleasure of beholding another of the brown-robed brethren of the Ven. Fray Junipero Serra take his place at God's holy altar, and there offer for the first time that holy Sacrifice that has been the source of so many blessings for California and its people. The young priest was the Rev. Fr. Augustine Hobrecht, O. F. M., who was ordained in St. Louis, Mo., on July 2. The sacred ministers assisting Fr. Augustine were: archpriest, Rev. Fr. Godfrey, O. F. M., of St. Boniface's; deacon, Rev. Fr. Aloysius, O. F. M. of St. Antony's, San Francisco; subdeacon, Rev. Fr. Ildephonse, O. F. M., of Fruitvale; master of ceremonies, Rev. Fr. Alphonse, O. F. M. of St. Antony's College, Santa Barbara, who is also a son of the parish. Present at the Mass were Fr. Augustine's father, Mr. Lawrence Hobrecht, his two sisters, Sr. Philomena and Sr. Bede, both of the Franciscan Sisters of

Lafayette, Ind., and an immense congregation of relatives and friends. One person, however, was absent. It was the beloved mother of the young priest, who passed to a better life already in 1913. She was gratefully remembered by her priestly son on the following day, when he offered his second holy Mass—a solemn Requiem—for the repose of her soul.—

The Reverend Fr. Andrew Azapa, O.F.M., has established a Maltese congregation in San Francisco. The temporary chapel in which holy Mass is now being said for his fellow countrymen, is named St. Paul of the Shipwreck, in memory of St. Paul the Apostle, who suffered shipwreck near the Isle of Malta.

Petoskey, Mich.—The Rev. Fr. Francis Regis Fochtman, O.F.M., a child of the local parish of St. Francis Xavier, celebrated his first holy Mass with imposing solemnity here on Sunday, July 4. The following Reverend Fathers assisted him: Rev. Fr. Bruno, as assistant priest, Rev. Fr. Donulus, O.F.M., of St. Peter's church, Chicago, as deacon, and Ven. Fr. Prudentius, a Franciscan cleric of Teutopolis, Ill., and a brother of Fr. Regis, as subdeacon. Fr. Donulus also preached the sermon, after which Fr. Bruno made a few appropriate remarks in his capacity as pastor. Immediately after the High Mass, Fr. Francis Regis bestowed his first priestly blessing on his numerous relatives and friends.

Union Hill, Minn.—A new hall and school building for the parish of St. John, Union Hill, which is attended by the Rev. Fr. Raymond, O.F.M., from Jordan, Minn., has recently been completed and was thrown open to the public for the first time on June 20, the occasion being an interesting entertainment by the parochial school children. The building is 28 by 70 feet, two stories high, with full basement,

which has been fitted up as a dining hall and kitchen in addition to a bowling alley and billiard room. The first floor will be used for school purposes, and the second floor will serve as a hall for the holding of parochial meetings, entertainments, and social functions.

Milwaukee, Wis.—In the eastern part of Wisconsin lies Holy Hill. Beautiful among the beauty spots of Wisconsin, it towers above the surrounding country, the highest point in that section of the state, 1400 feet above sea level. Early settlers dedicated this delightful spot to the Mother of God, and up to the present day it remains a favorite place of pilgrimage. Thousands upon thousands have wandered thither in search of spiritual and temporal consolations, and they have not sought in vain. Eight years ago Holy Hill was entrusted to the Discalced Carmelite Fathers of the Bavarian Province, and they are still in charge of the shrine. To this chosen chapel of our Blessed Lady, the Tertiaries from the parishes of St. Francis and St. Elizabeth, Milwaukee, both in charge of the Capuchin Friars, have conducted annual pilgrimages, to publicly show their love and devotion to the Mother of God. These pilgrimages are also continually growing in favor with the members of the Third Order. The Tertiaries of these two parishes, to the number of about 300, made their annual pilgrimage to Holy Hill this year on Sunday, June 20. A special train left Milwaukee at 7.30 a. m., for North Lake. From this place to Holy Hill, a distance of about eight miles, the pilgrims traveled in automobiles. The continual rains of the preceding days, had put the roads in very poor condition, which circumstance caused a delay in the program. The pilgrims, however, remained cheerful in spite of adversities, and by 11 a. m., the High Mass was celebrated

by the Rev. Fr. Corbinian, a Carmelite. The Rev. Fr. Cajetan, O. M. Cap., delivered a German sermon on this occasion. At 3 p. m., the Way of the Cross was prayed, during which the faithful sang hymns to the Blessed Virgin from leaflets printed for the purpose. The stations begin at the foot of the hill and wend their way to the church on the summit. After the stations, the Rev. Fr. Aloysius, O. M. Cap., preached an English sermon, and a special devotion was held for the English-speaking Tertiaries. Divine services closed with Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, and the singing of "Grosser Gott."

A little after 5 p. m., the pilgrims returned to North Lake and then took the special train for Milwaukee, where they arrived an hour later. This pilgrimage, like the former, was most edifying in every respect. The Tertiaries were not merely out for a so-called "good time", but had entered into the real spirit of the occasion, and on passing through the coaches of the train both in going and coming, one could hear the sweet tones of songs in honor of Our Lady, or the hum of devout prayer.—J. J. M.

OBITUARY

- Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**
English Branch of the Third Order:
Anna Madden, Sr. Frances,
Angela La Pointe, Sr. Anne,
Martina Quinn, Sr. Cecilia,
Henrietta Whalen, Sr. Benedicta.
- Chillicothe, O.:**
Frances Peters, Sr. Agatha,
- Cleveland, O., Little Sisters:**
Nellie Lee, Sr. Clara.
- Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church:**
Catherine Mohns, Sr. Mary,
Jane Bowling, Sr. Clare.
- Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:**
Louis Schnitter, Bro. Ferdinand.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

AUGUST, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	S.	10th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Peter's Chains. Gospel: The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii, 9-14. <i>The plenary indulgence of the Porziuncola can be gained from to-day noon until to-morrow midnight, as often as one visits a Franciscan Church or any other church, that has the privilege. Conditions: Confession and Holy Communion and prayers for the intention of the Pope.</i>
2	M.	Feast of the Dedication of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, also called the Porziuncola Church.—St. Stephen, Pope, M.
3	T.	St. Alphonse Liguori, Bp. C. D.—Invention of the body of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
4	W.	St. Dominic, C. (P. I.)
5	Th.	Our Lady of the Snow.—Bl. Cichus, 1st Order, C.
6	F.	Transfiguration of our Lord.—SS. Sixtus and Companions, MM.
7	S.	St. Cajetan, C.—St. Donatus, Bp. M.
8	S.	11th Sunday after Pentecost. —SS. Cyriac and Companions, MM. Gospel: Jesus cures the dumb man. Mark vii, 31-37.
9	M.	Bl. John of Alverna, 1st Order, C.—St. Romanus, M.
10	T.	St. Lawrence, Deacon, M.
11	W.	Octave of Feast of St. Dominic.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM.
12	Th.	St. Clare of Assisi, Foundress of the Poor Clares, V. (G. A., P. I.) Bl. Peter, 1st Order, C.—SS. Hyppolytus and Cassian, MM.
13	F.	Bl. Sanctes, 1st Order, C.—St. Eusebius, C.—Vigil of the Assumption. (<i>Day of fast and abstinence.</i>)
14	S.	<i>To-morrow begins the devotion of the five Sundays in honor of the sacred Stigmata of St. Francis. Plenary Indulgence each Sunday.</i>
15	S.	12th Sunday after Pentecost—Assumption of the Bl. Virgin (G.A., P.I.) Gospel: The Good Samaritan. Luke x, 23-27.
16	M.	St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin.
17	T.	St. Roch, 3rd Order, C. (P. I.)—Octave of the Feast of St. Lawrence.
18	W.	St. Helen, W.—St. Clare of Montefalco, 3rd Order, V. (P. I.)—St. Agapitus, Pope, M.
19	Th.	St. Louis, 1st Order, Bp. C. (P. I.)
20	F.	St. Bernard, Ab. C. D.
21	S.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W.
22	S.	13th Sunday after Pentecost. —Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin. (G. A., P. I.)—SS. Timothy and Companions, MM. Gospel: The cure of the lepers. Luke xvii, 11-19.
23	M.	St. Philip Benitius, C.
24	T.	St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
25	W.	St. Louis IX, King of France, Patron of the Third Order. (G. A., P. I.)
26	Th.	St. Hyacinth, C.—St. Zephyrin, Pope, M.
27	F.	St. Joseph Calasanz, C.—Bl. Timothy, 1st Order, C.
28	S.	St. Augustine, Bp. C. D.—St. Hermes, M.
29	S.	14th Sunday after Pentecost. —Beheading of St. John the Baptist.—St. Sabina, W. M. Gospel: The mammon of iniquity. Matt. vi, 24-33.
30	M.	St. Rose of Lima, V.—SS. Felix and Adauctus, MM.
31	T.	St. Raymond, C.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Franciscan Herald

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NO. 9

TO OUR SERAPHIC FATHER

O holy Father Francis! for wonders so renowned,
The virtues of thy saintly life are now in glory crowned;
Give ear to our petitions, and grant our humble prayer,
That in thy glorious merits thou would'st let thy children share.

Not for thy gift of prophecy do we presume to pray,
Not for the power of miracles thou wroughtest day by day,
Still less for those most precious wounds on hands and feet and side
Which mark thee with the stigmata of Jesus crucified.

Those favors high, that signal grace, are not for such as we;
Teach us, dear Saint, to imitate thy deep humility;
Help us our passions to restrain, to crucify our will,
And all the duties of our state with loving zeal fulfill.

In heaven may all our treasure be, and teach us what are worth
The fleeting pleasures of this life, the fading joys of earth;
In perilous temptation's hour be near us lest we fall,
And make us burn with love for Him who was thy God, thy All.

Men call thee the Seraphic Saint for the ardor of thy love,
And thou hast an especial power with the Sacred Heart above;
Exert it now for us who seek for grace and strength thro' thee,
And guide us safely to our home in God's eternity.

—The Franciscan Tertiary



ST. PACIFICUS OF SAN SEVERINO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

SEPTEMBER 24

This great son of St. Francis was born at San Severino, in the Marches of Ancona, on March 1, 1653, and received in Baptism the name of Charles Antony. Submitting with the greatest docility to the guidance of his pious parents, he early began to give indications of the exalted virtue by which he was one day to shine forth among his contemporaries and to effect much for the honor of God. As he advanced in years, he manifested a great detachment from the things of the world, and a burning love of God and of heavenly things. He spent hours in prayer before little altars which he erected in his room, and daily visited the churches, where he assisted at the divine services with rapt devotion. At school, he was a perfect model of a good pupil. His diligence and ready obedience endeared him to his teachers, while his kindness, gentleness, and unassuming piety were a source of edification for his companions.

When the Saint was still very young, he lost his parents, and he was placed under the care of his maternal uncle. And now his humility and patience were to be put to a severe test; for God wished to purify his soul and to draw him more closely to Himself. The holy child was treated with great harshness by his uncle, who was of a very rough and severe disposition,

and employed his nephew in the lowest and most humiliating domestic occupations. The servants of the household, taking advantage of the disposition of their master, treated the Saint in an insolent and contemptuous manner, and frequently accused him of being the cause of irregularities and disturbances for which they themselves were to be blamed. Charles, remembering the humiliations of our Divine Savior, bore these insults and wrongs with the greatest patience. He fulfilled the commands of the servants with alacrity and cheerfulness, and rejoiced in the low estimation in which he was held. God was pleased to reward the humility and patience of the Saint by a striking miracle. A servant, through carelessness, had caused a barrel of wine to run out, and accused Charles of the fault. His uncle took him down to the cellar to see the waste he had caused, before receiving his punishment, but the floor of the cellar was found quite dry and the barrel full of wine. At the sight of the miracle, the servant confessed her fault, and praised the innocence and goodness of the child.

In his seventeenth year, Charles, after many fervent prayers, determined to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God in the Order of St. Francis. He offered himself to the Friars of the Province of the

Marches,²⁷ and humbly begged to be admitted into the Order. He was gladly received as a novice and clothed with the habit in the convent of Forano, on December 28, 1670, and was given the name of Pacificus. From the very beginning of his novitiate, he distinguished himself by the most punctual discharge of the smallest obligations imposed by the Rule, by great humility, mortification, and love of solitude and prayer. Not content with the ordinary prayers prescribed to novices, he spent all the time left at his disposal in a chapel dedicated to St. Francis, remaining immovably fixed in the contemplation of the heavenly mysteries, until the voice of his superior interrupted his meditation.

Having completed his novitiate, he applied himself to the study of philosophy and theology, and was ordained priest. It would be impossible to describe with what sentiments of humility and love he approached the altar to celebrate Mass.

So ardent was his devotion toward the august sacrifice, that he broke forth in sighs and abundant tears. He never, save when prevented by illness, abstained from celebrating the holy mysteries, and the bystanders were always moved by his fervor to tears of compunction and love of God.

After teaching philosophy for some time, the Saint, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, asked to be relieved of this duty that he might devote himself to preaching



St. Pacificus of San Severino

and hearing the confessions of the faithful. For many years, he went about the villages of the Province of the Marches to instruct the ignorant and to console and assist the people in their spiritual troubles. No way was too long, no mountain too steep, to prevent him from satisfying the desire of his God-fearing soul to bring spiritual aid to the simple peasants and shepherds and to sinners who were striving to break the bonds of evil habits. His earnest words, full of unotion and

charity, brought hope and consolation to souls pressed down by affliction or remorse of conscience and induced many to walk the way of virtue and perfection.

Gladly would Pacificus have spent his whole life in these truly priestly labors, but God willed otherwise. When scarcely thirty-five years of age, the Saint was afflicted with a painful malady, which obliged him to discontinue his apostolic labors, and to spend a life of suffering in the solitude of the convent. This was a great trial for his soul, all enflamed with zeal for the salvation of his fellowmen, but he accepted it without a complaint and with perfect abandonment to the will of God. When he was asked about his sufferings, he would cheerfully reply, "God wills it; may His will be done." His infirmities were the means of uniting him more intimately with God. In the midst of his sufferings, his mind was almost continually occupied with the consideration of heavenly things. Neither painful ulcers, nor the loss of sight could prevent him from assisting, by day and night, at all religious exercises. To satisfy his desire for suffering, he added to the pains of his illness by continual mortification of his senses. He observed the seven Lents of St. Francis, fasted on bread and water every Friday and Saturday and on the vigils of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. He offered his prayers and penances for the needs of the Church, the conversion of sinners, and the deliverance of the souls in Purgatory, and thus accomplished more for the good of souls than if he had been engaged in the active service of the ministry.

The respect and admiration excited by the Saint's exemplary life, induced the brethren to elect him guardian of the convent of Our Lady of Grace in his native city. His virtues now shone forth as a

bright and shining light to guide those under his care. He not only strove by word and example to lead his brethren to the perfect observance of the Rule and of the practices of religious life, but he made use of every opportunity to aid souls to reach their eternal salvation. When he chanced to find children playing in the cloisters, he taught them to recite acts of faith, contrition, and the Christian virtues; and meeting children tending flocks or herds in the country, he would enter into loving discourses with them, and instruct them in the doctrines and practices of religion. So well known was the Saint's desire to relieve souls from the burden of sin and to heal the wounds which it had caused, that sinners and souls in affliction came to him in great numbers for comfort and assistance. He felt the misfortunes and miseries of the people as if they were his own, and by his kind words induced the suffering to bear their lot with courage and resignation to the divine will. He was commonly styled "the loving father of the afflicted and sorrowful," and men from all ranks sought and obtained from him enlightenment and consolation.

When no longer able to say Mass, on account of the loss of sight and hearing and the painful ulcers on his limbs, he spent nearly all his time before the tabernacle, until he was obliged to take to his bed.

At length the day arrived when he was to receive the full reward for his faithful service. After receiving the last Sacraments with the greatest fervor, he passed away on September 24, 1721. His body was entombed in the chapel of the Friars Minor at San Severino. Numerous miracles were wrought at his intercession. He was beatified by Pope Pius VI, in 1785, and canonized by Gregory XVI, on May 25, 1839.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

34. THE THIRD ORDER A TRUE ORDER

The better a person is enlightened regarding a noble association, its end, and the means it uses to attain its end, the more he will feel himself drawn toward it, and inclined to associate himself with its members. If the great majority of Catholics had a better knowledge of the Third Order of St. Francis, of its nature and aim, and of the excellent means it possesses to attain its purpose, they would learn to appreciate it as it deserves, and many fervent Catholics, who are now strangers to the Order, would hasten to be enrolled among its members.

The purpose of this article is to enlighten the reader on the real nature of this great Franciscan institution. We shall do this by answering the question: What is the Third Order of St. Francis?

To make it clear to the reader what the Third Order really is, it will be well to note first the distinction between the so-called Third Order Regular of St. Francis and the Third Order Secular of St. Francis.

The Third Order Regular of St. Francis embraces all those congregations of religious, who, though having their own peculiar constitutions, observe the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis. The Third Order Regular is, therefore, a religious Order in the strict sense of the word, because its members observe

a rule approved by the Church, wear a distinctive religious garb, make a novitiate and a profession, live a community life, and—what is most important—are bound by the three customary and essential religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Most of the so-called Franciscan Sisters and a few communities of Franciscan priests and lay brothers (engaged in teaching and hospital work) are members of this Third Order Regular.

The Third Order of Penance, or simply the *Third Order*, is an association of seculars, that is, persons living in the world, who observe the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis, as modified by Pope Leo XIII. They are commonly styled Tertiaries. Unlike the members of the Third Order Regular, these Tertiaries are not bound by the three religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but they wear a distinctive habit (the Third Order scapular and cord), make a novitiate and a profession, and live according to a Rule approved by Holy Church. The Popes Benedict XIII and Leo XIII, however, declare* that these Tertiaries must be considered similar to real religious, for their association closely resembles the religious orders, and its rule has been approved by the Holy See in exactly the same

*Benedict XIII in his Constitution *Paternae Sedis*, and Leo XIII in his Constitution *Misericordiae Dei Filius*.

manner as the rules of the real religious orders.

Still the Third Order Secular of St. Francis is not a religious order in the strict sense of the term; for it lacks, as we have already said, the three religious vows, and permits certain things that are directly opposed to the strictly religious life, as for instance personal ownership, and marriage. From all we have so far said, it is evident that the Third Order Secular is by no means a mere pious association or a confraternity like the Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners, or the League of the Sacred Heart, or the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. To preclude, however, every possible doubt as to the real nature of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, the two Sovereign Pontiffs above cited, state in unequivocal terms: "We judge and declare that this Order constitutes a true Order, properly so-called,* entirely distinct from confraternities." And again, in an audience granted to the superiors of the Franciscan Orders on July 7, 1883, Pope Leo XIII expressly affirmed: "Some have thought since the publication of the Constitution *Misericors Dei Filius*, that the Third Order had been placed on the footing of a simple confraternity and association. Such is not Our intention, but as We have declared, the nature and spirit of the Institute remain; it is not an ordinary congregation, it remains a true Order." Surely, these explicit statements, coming as they do from the highest ecclesiastical authority, leave nothing to be desired on the score of clearness.

The Third Order Secular is, therefore, a state of life between the religious life strictly and properly so-called, and the secular life; it is superior to the secular state, al-

though inferior to the religious state. Thus Tertiaries may justly be styled "secular-religious"; for they are seculars, i. e. persons living in the world, and at the same time are religious, i. e., members of an institution whose nature and aim is truly religious and which has much in common with the real religious orders.

This is the idea St. Francis bore in mind when he founded the Third Order of Penance; for he said to Blessed Lucius, the first Tertiary, "I have been thinking for some time of establishing a third order in which persons living in the world may serve God in a perfect manner."

May all Tertiaries bear this truth well in mind so that they themselves may have a proper appreciation of their holy Order and may be able to enlighten others as to its real nature and aim. However, just as one does not become a perfect religious in the cloister by merely wearing the habit, so a person in the world does not become a true Tertiary by merely joining the Third Order of Penance and by wearing the cincture and scapular. As the former, so, too, must the latter live according to the spirit of his Order by bettering his morals and mortifying his passions. "The Third Order is like the Christian life", says the Very Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist, O.F.M., in his excellent book *The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis*. "Just as the Christian life more or less perfectly practiced leads to a greater or less degree of holiness, so the Third Order bestows on its members the religious life (which is the development of the Christian life) in proportion as they assimilate its spirit. The Third Order leaves room enough for very sublime aspirations, for an heroic degree of self-sacrifice, for an ever

*Note that the Popes do not say "a true religious order, properly so-called," as they wish to distinguish the Third Order Secular both from religious orders and from mere confraternities.

increasing participation in the religious life, a life of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and of entire consecration to God."

Then the Reverend Father continues: "Now we will put a question directly to you, as Tertiaries—What was your object in enrolling yourselves under the banner of St. Francis?"

"You intended to become religious in the world; and religious life, as you know, is a state in which you aim at perfect charity, a perfect love of God. It would be a great pity, if, as the years pass away, you were to grow ever colder towards God, if prayer were to lose more and more of its attraction for you; if dryness were to find you more and more harassed, discouraged and weary; if you were to perform your duties less perfectly, and if your religion were to appear less lovable every day because your temper was getting more the upper hand of you.

"But you will say, how can we keep alive an effectual desire to aim at perfection and at holiness? You

must often ask yourselves why you joined the Third Order; always live as you did at the time when you entered the Order. Begin your work, your task, afresh every day, as if up to the present moment you had done nothing at all. A short time before his death our Seraphic Father said to those around his bed of suffering, 'Up to the present we have done nothing. Let us set to work then.' Like St. Francis, keep in view some end to attain, some bad habit to get rid of, some virtue to acquire, or at least a higher degree of that virtue to make sure of.

"Finally, you must esteem your Order more and more, and your habit also, your Rule, your office, your meetings; not in a narrow spirit which can not see beyond its own limited sphere but with the desire of becoming better Christians, better parishioners, and of being more faithful to your duty whatever it may be. God will be glorified, and your neighbor edified, by your living such a life."

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

VII. A GALLERY OF JOYFUL FRANCISCANS

2. SS. CLARE, BONAVENTURE, BERNARDINE, PASCHAL, CRESCENTIA

"Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, ye just, and glory, all ye right of heart." (Ps. xxxi, 11.)

The bearer and center of all earthly joy is the God-Man, Jesus Christ. "Jesus and joy—that, indeed, is a mystery of which it is hard to speak", says Bishop Keppler. "It is a wonderful union of divine happiness with all the joy possible to a pure, sinless, human heart. For He has become like unto us in all things, even in joy." And this joy of the Savior, whether bleeding in victorious battle on the Cross, or risen amid Easter Alleluias, or glo-

riously ascended to Heaven, and reigning there with power and majesty at the right hand of his heavenly Father—all this joy remained as a precious legacy to the Apostles, who even rejoiced that they were found worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus, and it has become the portion of every one who is united to Jesus in faith and love. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that our blessed Father St. Francis, who in all things resembled our Savior so closely, should also have imbibed with deep draughts this joy of the God-Man,

and should have imparted it to his spiritual children, whom he had begotten in the joy and gladness of his heart.

St. Clare of Assisi, the most famous of the spiritual daughters of St. Francis, and with him foundress of the Second Order, received from her Seraphic Father with the lowly garb of penance his spirit of happiness, and in her impeturbable gladness and cheerfulness resembled and, indeed, equaled him. When, during a grave illness, her Sisters spoke to her of patience, she answered with amazement that, from the time she had given herself to God, she had never had an opportunity of practicing patience. "What thanks I owe God! Since with the help of His servant Francis I learnt the bitter taste of His cup of suffering, I have not found anything in life capable of disturbing me."

In like manner, St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, notwithstanding his great mortification, was always cheerful and light of heart. "The best sign of indwelling grace," he wrote, "is spiritual joy. For the heart that is free and joyful with good-will is better disposed for the reception of grace than the heart that is fettered with sadness and bitterness; for the Holy Ghost is the love and good-will and joy of the Father and the Son; and like naturally loves like."

St. Bernardine of Siena, has become no less famous in history on account of his constant cheerfulness than on account of his eminent sanctity and wonderful missionary labors. However rigorous he was in regard to himself and severe in his self-imposed penances, yet to outward appearances and in his general bearing with men, he was so playful, affable, and kindly, that his society was ever sought and cherished. As the occasion and time required, he knew how to em-

ploy with great moderation different objects of amusement, and whilst amusing men, knew how to benefit them also. If he conversed with a layman, he was a layman; if with the cook, a cook; with the gardener he became a gardener, adapting himself in his gentle charity to the genius of all men, and in his courteous humility making himself their equal.

Already during his childhood, his playfellows used to say, "When Bernardine comes, weariness goes." And later as friar and missionary, he was always gay, always laughing and jesting, except, indeed, when some public scandal weighed him down. This constant gaiety rather scandalized one of his brethren in religion, who was more given to moroseness than to cheerfulness; but he later begged the Saint's forgiveness before Bernardine's dead body when he saw the great miracles that happened there.

One of the most lovable and happiest sons of St. Francis is, without doubt, St. Paschal Baylon, whom Pope Leo XIII chose as special patron of the Eucharistic Leagues. Peace and happiness shone from the countenance of the youthful shepherd. Though severe with himself, he was kind and lenient toward others, and by his constant cheerfulness and friendliness, he easily gained the confidence of his fellow shepherds. Evil talk and actions were carefully avoided in his presence, as no one wished to displease him. When after a long and severe test, he was finally admitted into the First Order of St. Francis, he did not cease being happy, but his happiness began to grow and manifest itself more and more. In the convent he felt at home; everything he saw there pleased him and made him happy; and this joy was not a superficial, hypocritical joy, but a pure joy of the heart, which had its source in the

grace of God and in the intense love for his holy vocation. No matter how difficult or manifold his duties were, he never lost his calm, happy disposition. "It was a source of joy for him," writes his biographer, "every morning to awaken the 'Soldiers of Christ', his co-religious, and admonish them to prepare for the day's work." His joy when serving the priest at the altar was unbounded. With sharp eyes he observed whether any of the appointed servers were missing, and if such were the case, he gladly offered his services. Later, when he was appointed to the difficult and wearisome office of door keeper, he made use of the occasion to advance in happiness. It was especially the poor, in whom he recognized our dear Lord who became poor for us, and whom he loved to serve. The poor loved him in return, and were gladdened by his presence. The children also filled him with joy, and to judge from the number that daily crowded about him, he knew how to amuse them and gladden their innocent hearts. St. Paschal was never sad and disheartened. He was ever brimming over with cheerfulness whether with the poor or with the rich, whether with the sick or the healthy, whether with the friars or with seculars. His pure, unblemished heart was full to overflowing with true love of God and of his neighbor. But it was above all his ardent love for Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love that made Paschal taste already here below the indescribable joys of the Blessed in heaven. Often would he kneel for hours before the tabernacle engrossed in heavenly contemplation, while his face beamed with celestial happiness, and his whole body glowed with the ardor of love.

Blessed Crescentia of Kaufbeuren is another holy child of St. Francis whose life edifies and encourages us by the spirit of joy and gladness that pervaded it. Suffering and

hardships were not spared her, but though the heavens were black and threatening, though crosses pressed continually on her frail shoulders, she was ever happy and contented. She hardly had learnt to pray and to go to church, when she found delight in visiting Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and acquired peace and happiness from this divine font of everlasting joy. The people, therefore, said that little Anna, as they fondly called her as a child, resembled an angel more than a human being. She was in truth the joy and pride of her parents. "She obeyed their every word and desire, as the angels love to fulfill the will of God. Her piety proceeded from the clear and deep well of faith, and therefore, never could one detect in her actions, the least sadness or even self-will. Her cheerful countenance mirrored the joy and gladness reigning in her heart." In her twentieth year, Anna entered a convent of the Third Order Regular in her native town. Great, indeed, must have been her joy to find her ardent desire fulfilled, and that through the mediation of no less a personage than the Protestant mayor of the town, who declared, "It would be a pity if such an innocent angel were to remain in the world." During the first years of her life in the convent, heaven and hell seemed to have conspired against her. Sufferings and crosses, and especially dryness, filled her innocent soul with every imaginable agony. Many another would have despaired under the terrible ordeal, and would have abandoned the path of virtue covered with such thorns. But Crescentia knew where to seek help. She besought the Lord in uninterrupted prayer and in spite of her trials drew joy and happiness from her steadfast faith and her unshaken trust in God. Therefore, as her biographers tell us, a spirit of joy and peace shone

forth from her countenance, so much so as to elicit the admiration of others. Later, after she had been tried as gold in the furnace of tribulations, this spirit of joy and gladness increased continually. She was especially happy and contented when she received evil in return for good, ingratitude for affection, rudeness and insults for benefits. She felt that then she had made a twofold gain, because to the opportunity of practicing active love was added the opportunity of practicing passive love by suffering. To her Sisters she said, "We must do as the bees, which suck only honey out of everything, whereas the spiders extract poison." During recreation hours, she was the life of the community. Her vivid imagination and rich phantasy served to enliven the conversation and to spread joy. When she saw that the countenances of the others became cheerful and that they were happy, then, too, would she feel happy and contented. This happy disposition Crescentia never lost. In her last illness, a very protracted and painful disease, she always appeared cheerful; and small wonder, because she knew that she was soon to enter the portals of eternal joy. Hardly was she dead, when the sorrow of the other Sisters in the convent was suddenly converted into great joy. Fr. Ignatius Jailer, O.F.M., writes, "This wonderful fact is with justice considered a sign that the departed soul of Sister Crescentia immediately went to heaven, and that it was permitted her to dispense a few drops of her

own ocean of joy."

Indeed, the Saints of God were truly joyful. Worldly folk can not understand such joy, in which the so-called earthly pleasures find so little room. When they hear it spoken of, they answer with that silly laugh of theirs, and look like blind men who hear some one speaking of colors. Yet religious joys are true joys. They are strong and mighty realities. They give the sole explanation of the fact that the number of happy, contented, joyous persons is a hundredfold greater among faithful Christians, than among the most highly privileged classes of worldlings, who regard amusement as the only occupation and the chief concern of life. We know how much gilded misery exists among these people; we have heard certain startling admissions and confessions made by them. On many of their tombs might fittingly be placed the epitaph a certain worldling composed for himself:

"He had in life much happiness,
Yet happy he has never been."

Worldly joys are like all other worldly goods. "Possessed, they are a burden; loved, they are a defilement; lost, they are a torment," as St. Bernard says. Hence, St. Ignatius of Loyola, who had drunk deeply of the pleasures of the world at the luxurious court of Spain, and knew whereof he spoke, could rightly declare, "All the honey that can be gathered from the blossoms of the world does not contain as much sweetness as the gall and the vinegar of our Savior."

DR. MULHOLLAND'S BOYS

By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

(Concluded)

One evening, as Paul and his mother were at supper, Jimmy broke into the house excitedly brandishing a newspaper. "Look at this!" he gasped breathlessly,

as he thrust the sheet before Paul's wondering eyes. It was an article announcing the arrival in their town of a famous surgeon and specialist, Dr. Mulholland by

name, and stating the name of the hotel where he was stopping. Paul looked questioningly at Jimmy as he handed back the paper. Jimmy's eyes were dark with excitement.

"Don't you see what I mean?—we'll go and see him, you and me, and ask if he can't do somethin' for you." Then Jimmy read the article for Mrs. Sheldon, explaining in conclusion that there would be no harm in going to see the great doctor, "even if he does turn us down." Mrs. Sheldon did not relish the idea of approaching the great man without having money to pay for his services; still, the thought that something might be done for her poor lame boy caused her to agree to Jimmy's proposal; and it was arranged that the two boys should call on Dr. Mulholland the following day.

Accordingly, at two o'clock the next afternoon, the boys set out for the hotel to inquire for Dr. Mulholland, the famous surgeon. The clerk in the office of the great hotel stared wonderingly at the lads when they asked for the doctor, but on second thought directed them to his apartments. Poor Paul's courage was failing, but Jimmy took him by the hand, and they stepped bravely into an elevator and were whirred up to the seventh floor. When they found the number to which the clerk had directed them, Jimmy knocked on the door, and then the two lads stood nervously awaiting admittance. Presently, footsteps were heard, and the door was opened by a tall, dark, stern-looking man. Somehow Jimmy's wonted courage began to ebb as he looked into the doctor's face. "Come in," was the brief salute, and he motioned them to chairs near-by.

"Are you Dr. Mulholland?" stammered Jimmy, nervously fin-

gering his cap, while Paul gazed timidly at the big doctor seated before them in a capacious leather chair. He nodded curtly. "Well, Doctor," Jimmy began, summoning his courage with a supreme effort, "we came, Paul and me, just to see if you mightn't be able to do something for him. He's lame, you see, and his hip hurts awful at times. The doctors told him he'd have to use crutches all his life; but we've often heard about you and the great things you've done, and when we read in the paper the other night that you wuz in town, we thought we'd come and see you, and maybe you'd be able to do somethin' for Paul." The surgeon looked bored and irritated, but Jimmy went on, his courage growing. "We hope you won't think we got awful nerve, Doctor, but we won't be able to pay you anything," he stammered. "Paul's father's dead, and his mother is still working to pay the doctors that did the operation on Paul's hip. Him and me sells papers and don't make much, but maybe after a while—"

The surgeon arose to indicate that the interview was at an end. As he opened the door, he said irritably, "I came here for a rest. I'm not taking any cases at present."

Disappointment was written on the faces of the two lads. Jimmy turned as he stepped out into the hall. "O, there's somethin' else I wanted to say, Doctor. Paul here's got his heart set on bein' a priest—he just come into the Church a few months ago. But now it looks like he'll have to give up his notion so long's he can't be cured." Dr. Mulholland closed the door without another word, but as he did so he caught a glimpse of a pale, drawn, little face with wistful tear-filled eyes, as the lame boy turned away, and hobbled off

down the hall with his companion.

The two boys hardly spoke as they took their homeward way. Jimmy had been so confident that the great surgeon would help Paul, especially when he heard of the lad's desire to be a priest. Paul bore the trial cheerfully and with perfect resignation to the will of God. "Don't worry, mother," he said tenderly when they had told her of the doctor's attitude toward them, and Mrs. Sheldon deplored his cruel indifference, "maybe to be cured wouldn't be the best thing for me after all. And then p'r'aps, Dr. Mulholland is tired of sick people and needs a rest just like he said."

"Tired of sick people!" Jimmy flared up. "Think of a doctor not trying to do all he can to help the suffering. To turn people down 'cause they can't pay! O, I can't just hardly wait till I'm a doctor. If I won't show those fellows that I'll do all I can for suffering people, money or no money!"

The eminent surgeon, Doctor Mulholland, found it impossible to sleep after retiring that night. Somehow, he was strangely restless. Finally, when he sank into semi-consciousness, a pale, drawn, childish face confronted him; two tear-filled eyes looked reproachfully into his, while these words seemed to ring in his ears: "Paul's got his heart set on bein' a priest, but now he'll have to give it up, so long's he can't be cured." The doctor was wide awake again. "Why couldn't the boy be cured? Very likely the fellows who worked on the case knew little or nothing about it," Doctor Mulholland murmured half aloud. Didn't he know something about the blunders doctors often make? He could fix him up—why, he felt certain of it. Yes, but where was the money coming from? Why should he give his services for nothing? What

was that boy to him, anyway? "Paul's got his heart set on bein' a priest, but now he'll have to give it up." How disappointed the two lads looked as they went away. What were those words he had once heard during a mission? It was a long time since he had last gone to church. Wasn't it something about there being so few laborers in the Lord's vineyard—an appeal for more priests to serve at the altar of the Most High? The earnest speaker deplored the fact that so few young men realize the grandeur of the priestly vocation, seeking only the things of the world. And here was a lad longing to give himself to the service of the altar. Would his hands restrain him, when those same hands might place him there?

* * *

Paul was astonished when, on the following afternoon, an automobile stopped at the corner where he was stationed, and the famous Doctor Mulholland stepped out. He purchased a paper, and then asked Paul where he lived. Paul told him. "I'm coming up to see you soon," the surgeon said, and the boy noticed that he did not seem so gruff as he had at first appeared. The boy's face lighted up. Perhaps the great doctor had changed his mind and was going to try to cure him, he thought. And oh, how the thought sent his heart joyously throbbing—perhaps he could be a priest after all! "How's Jimmy?" called Dr. Mulholland, as he reentered his limousine. Paul assured him of his friend's excellent state of health, thinking to himself how pleasant Dr. Mulholland looked when he smiled.

That very night the surgeon called at Mrs. Sheldon's poor cottage, and had a long talk with

Paul and his mother. Paul's hope was realized—the big doctor was going to see what he could do for the lame boy, and three days later he would operate on the injured hip at the big city hospital. Besides, he would give his services free of charge. Jimmy heard the wonderful news from Paul the next day, and the two friends embraced each other for sheer joy.

On the eventful day of the operation, Jimmy spent as much time as he could snatch praying earnestly before the Blessed Sacrament and at the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes, that Paul might come out all right.

A few days later he wended his way up to the big building on the hill to get news of his friend's condition. Dr. Mulholland was just stepping into his car in front of the hospital as the boy approached; so he ran eagerly toward the famous man.

"Oh, Doctor," he exclaimed in tremulous tones, "is Paul going to be all right?"

The big man looked into the eager upturned face. "Just run upstairs and ask Paul himself," he said with a smile, and Jimmy hurried off, thinking as he went how pleasant Dr. Mulholland could look. A white-capped nurse showed him into the patient's room. The meeting between the two friends was most effusive.

"Say Jimmy," joyfully announced Paul after the first greetings were over, "I'm cured—I'm as good as new, and I'm goin' to be a priest. Doctor Mulholland says I am." His face was radiant. Forgetful of the surroundings, Jimmy gave vent to a succession of cheers while he executed a sort of joy dance. So vehement became his protestations of delight that a nurse looked in, consternation written all over her mild face.

Paul was back home again, and able to walk a little each day without his crutches, when Jimmy received a message from Dr. Mulholland, asking him to call at the hotel. How different were Jimmy's feelings the second time he found himself at the door of the famous surgeon's apartments. They had a very pleasant chat together, the doctor assuring Jimmy that Paul was permanently cured, and that when the boy was stronger, he was going to place him in college, after which, if Paul was still firm in his resolve to become a priest, he could enter a seminary to prepare for his future vocation. "And," the doctor added, "Paul has been telling me that you have made up your mind to be a doctor. Is that so?"

The expression on Jimmy's face left no doubt in the mind of Dr. Mulholland as to the trend of the lad's youthful ambitions. "Oh yes, indeed, I want to be a doctor, and a good one, too, who'll help the down-and-outs and not be always thinking of nothin' but money. I want to be a generous, kind one, like you, Doctor Mulholland," and Jimmy's eyes spoke his admiration.

"Oh, Jimmy,"—the doctor's eyes were moist, and there was a slight tremor in his voice,—"you'll be a better man than I've been, my boy. There are good men needed in the profession, God knows, and, Jimmy, I'm going to see that you get there."

* * *

Swiftly the years have flown. Dr. Mulholland, the famous surgeon, grown old in the service of suffering humanity, has retired from active life. He is never happier than when "his two boys," as he affectionately calls them, pay him their annual visit. One is a promising young physician, Dr.

James Gibbons, by name, who is attracting much attention in the medical field. The other is an earnest young priest, called Father Ambrose, who is spending himself generously for the glory of God and the good of souls. His mother lived long enough to see him offer his first holy Mass, and to receive the Bread of Heaven from his consecrated hands.

Little wonder that the old sur-

geon is proud of "his two boys," who by their noble, unselfish lives, shed luster on the vocations to which God has called them. Nor are they unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe their benefactor, Doctor Mulholland, whose generosity made it possible for them to attain the goals to which they aspired—one to heal the ills of the body, the other to be a physician of souls.

IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O. F. M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O. F. M.

CHAPTER II

A Religious Discussion—Baptism on Board—Corsairs again—The Wreck of the Charity—Slavery

ON September 10, the *Charity* once more put out to sea.

During the twenty-six days needed to repair the ship at the docks of St. Michael, Brother Peter had not been idle. Although his wound was slow in healing and caused him great pain, still he had himself carried daily to the mess room of the crew at mealtime, and explained to them the truths of the Catholic catechism.

The room often presented a singular spectacle. At times the rough sailors forgot their bodily needs and discussed with great animation the doctrines broached by the friar. They fingered their bibles or appealed to their most formidable weapon, the Catechism of Heidelberg, and at times the dispute waxed hot. But Brother Peter always ended victoriously. Strange to say, no one could resist his unaffected, persuasive eloquence, his sound reasoning, or even his knowledge. He had, indeed, never undergone a regular course of study in the Holy Scriptures or in theology, but from constant reading he was well versed

in the popular works of controversy, which were so widely circulated in the Belgian provinces in those days. Besides he was full of the spirit of God, which directed all the actions of his life, a circumstance which could not fail to add a holy and powerful unction to his word.

When the *Charity* again set sail, there were scarcely thirteen or fourteen among the crew who still doubted the truth of the Holy Eucharist. The day following the *Charity's* departure, Brother Peter, joining the crew on deck before the watches were assigned, addressed a few words to the men and finished by saying, "My brethren, to-morrow we will continue the pious work which we have begun for God's honor and the good of our souls. During our sojourn on St. Michael you had little time to give me, being pressed with work; but from now on we will hold our discussions regularly."

However, the crew refused to be put off till the next day, and the hottest disputants were the most eager to reopen the controversy on

the spot. We pass over the details of the religious joust. It will suffice to say that after three hours of very animated discussion Brother Peter bore off the victory. The next two days were devoted to preparing five Mennonites for Baptism; the remainder of the crew were to make their profession of faith for the present, leaving whatever else had to be supplied until the ship had put in at the next Christian port.

On the day fixed for the Baptism, the weather was grand, the sky was radiant, the sea was as calm and restful as the conscience of a just man. At break of day all hands were on deck, the officers in gala, the men in holiday attire. Brother Peter addressed them in a few words on the mercy of God and the extraordinary grace He was bestowing on so many persons in revealing to them His sacred truths. After the Baptism the psalm *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes* and the *Te Deum* were chanted.

Unspeakably grand were the passing moments. Nature seemed to cooperate to heighten the religious beauty of the spectacle. The radiant tropical sky, its wondrous azure merging into the golden tints of daybreak, spread its boundless dome over all. In the east the sun arose in sublime majesty, casting on the crystal tide a thousand fiery sheaves of light. A favorable breeze faintly swelled the sails, and wafted the ship gently over the waves. The awful hush of nature added an impressive sublimity to the scene, and everybody felt that it was the blessing of God descending on those who had given themselves up to him.

Before dismissing the crew, Brother Peter, in concert with the captain, published an order of the day for religious exercises. Every morning and evening there was to be prayer in common, followed by pious reading. Before and after

meals a psalm was to be chanted. Brother Peter engaged to hold a short address twice each day, to confirm the neophytes in their fervor.

One of the converted Mennonites said later in a letter, that the saintly, mortified life of Brother Peter did much to hasten their conversion. He had never since boarding the ship made use of the hammock assigned to him, but slept on the floor of the cabin with a log of wood for a pillow. At midnight he always rose to meditate. When the weather permitted it, he spent two hours taking the air on deck, during which time he read pious books or studied his works of controversy. The rest of the day he spent in prayer and work.

The next day the *Charity* sighted Cadiz; but as the wind continued favorable, the captain wished to make the best of it, and so stopped only long enough to take on provisions.

Brother Fardé was soon to see that the devout practices of the preceding days as well as the fervor of the crew were special graces by which Providence meant to prepare the devoted people for a series of misfortunes well calculated to try their faith and sanctity.

On October 19, the voyagers descried an Algerian galley, which no sooner sighted them than it bore down on them full sail and oar. The captain realized that flight was impossible and prepared to give battle. Brother Peter harangued the crew to put their confidence in God and do their duty like men, and to set the example he placed himself at the service of the gunners as he had done in the former instance.

This time, however, the brave little crew was not to come off as fortunately as before: the *Charity* was making its last cruise. The enemy had scarcely discharged its third broadside, when the crew of the

Charity became aware that the ship was on fire and the magazine in instant danger. There was not a moment to be lost. Everybody sprang overboard, hoping to rescue himself on floating wreckage when the *Charity* would have blown up. Brother Peter was one of the last to leap. He took off his habit, girt himself with his cord, to which he fastened his booklet with the Rule, together with his obedience, his catechism, and a copy of the Imitation of Christ, hung a crucifix about his neck, blessed himself, and then threw himself into the waves.

A few minutes later there was a tremendous explosion: the *Charity* had blown up, sowing the sea with spars and wreckage of every sort. The men strained to grasp the pieces of floating timber, hoping soon to be picked up, when suddenly in these moments of supreme distress,—it seemed like a voice from heaven for their encouragement,—the voice of Brother Fardé rose upon the waves, chanting the *Si quaeris* to invoke the aid of St. Antony. The hardy friar finally succeeded in laying hold of a fragment of a mast, upon which he could rest and recover his breath.

Meanwhile the corsair had put off its boats and succeeded eventually in picking up thirty-seven victims, among them Brother Fardé. The poor prisoners realized only too well that their lot henceforth would be slavery with its horrors. They were chained two and two and thrown into the hold which was pitch dark, receiving a small ration of biscuit and water as their only nourishment.

In this sad plight Brother Peter showed what a well of courage and patience the heart of an apostle can compass. He had no thought of himself. His one endeavor was to hearten his companions for the trial of their faith, recalling his oft repeated lessons to their minds and exhorting them to prove the sincer-

ity of their conversion by their willingness to suffer for the love of Christ. "As for me," he added, "I long to see the words of the Apostle fulfilled in me, to be beaten with rods and scourged, to live and die for the name of Jesus Christ, my Savior."

The corsair cast anchor at Bona on the Barbary coast. As the news spread that a ship bearing Christian captives had arrived, a crowd of Moorish traders as well as Moorish gentlemen came down to the harbor to examine the human wares. All the prisoners were sold at auction. Brother Peter and Daniel Van Breukel, secretary of the *Charity*, went to Soora Belyn, a Moorish grandee, who was just returning from Persia on the way to his home in Central Africa beyond the Sahara.

Following their purchase, the captives had to don slaves' livery and prepare to be separated. Brother Peter addressed a few last words to his fellow sufferers. "God be praised," he said, "for all that has befallen us! The holy Name of Jesus be blessed! Keep his commandments and love one another. Fear nothing! If you have to suffer, remember it is the will of God trying his people and chastising those he loves. Let us have confidence in God and recall the words of the Apostle, 'If God is for us, who shall be against us?' Farewell, brethren, do not forget me, and let us pray for each other."

Soora Belyn was immensely rich. There was a numerous train of attendants with him, and he was surrounded with great luxury. Having settled his business at Bona, he with his suite closed in with a caravan and took his way across the desert.

While the journey was in progress, he frequently engaged in conversation with Brother Peter. Whatever had been the previous history of Soora Belyn, it proved

that he had been a slave for seven years at Leghorn, Italy, and spoke Italian well, so that he could converse freely on any subject with Brother Peter, who also spoke Italian, besides being no stranger to the Arabic. The old Moor was delighted at this state of things, and we shall see what a wholesome influence Brother Fardé eventually obtained over the heart and soul of his master. Soora Belyn was of an excellent disposition. Having tasted the bitter lot of a slave, he was in a condition to grasp the extent of his slave's misfortune, and for the same reason he could appreciate the humble submissiveness and unflinching resignation of the holy Franciscan. For Brother Peter submitted with perfect resignation to his hard lot. In each adventure he adored the holy will of God, convinced that in his present plight God meant to give him a better opportunity, and perhaps even more liberty, to exercise the apostolate, than in Palestine.

The caravan halted for a few days at Targa on this side of the desert. Here Brother Peter had the pleasure of meeting a slave who was a native of Sardam, Holland, and was dragging out his fourth hard year as a slave. This slave told Brother Peter that he had from time to time sent letters to his relatives in Holland never failing to receive an answer; so if Brother Peter would entrust him with a letter to his folks at home, he would engage to see it safely under way.

Brother Peter joyfully seized the occasion to give an account of himself to his folks, who might even then be mourning him as dead. So under date of November 27, 1686,

he wrote a somewhat short letter to his sisters at Ghent, which they received the following year on July 6. He concluded the letter with the following words, which give us an idea to what heights of sanctity he had already mounted. He says:

"I have a thousand reasons to thank God for all that has happened to me. The Name of Jesus be glorified and blessed by all nations and for all eternity! I pray to him day by day, and as long as I live I will pray to him, to give me the grace to suffer a great deal in atonement for my sins; they are many and great, and it is immeasurably better to suffer in time than in eternity. I send you all my most cordial greetings. Pray for me and ask God Almighty to give me the grace to love him above all things, and to love my neighbor as myself. For on this dependeth the whole Law and the Prophets."

This letter, as mentioned above, reached Ghent in July, 1687. But news of the Brother's misfortune had already reached that place in March through a letter dated from Malta and sent by the surgeon and the sail-maker of the *Charity*. These two gentlemen had not remained slaves very long. Their master dying, all the Christian slaves in his possession were given their freedom by his last will and testament.

As soon as the lot of Brother Fardé became known, Fr. Boniface Maes, Minister Provincial in Flanders, sent a circular to all the convents subject to him, recommending to their prayers the speedy ransom and the fidelity of Brother Peter.

(To be continued)



FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. In prayer one receives the graces of God in abundance, purifies his interior affections, unites himself to the only true and supreme Good, and, in fine, strengthens himself in every virtue.—St. Francis.

2. If one enters into a dispute with you, and you wish to be in the right, give way to him; otherwise, when you think you have gained your point, you will have lost it.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

3. I speak so little now because formerly I uttered too many useless words; therefore, it behooves me to do penance now.—Bl. Isabella, Tertiary.

4. Live so as not to fear death. For those who live well in the world, death is not frightful, but sweet and precious.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Tertiary.

5. They alone complete the way to heaven, who daily begin anew. From this no one is free; our perfection consists in the constant endeavor to be perfect.—Fr. Bernard Christen, O.M. Cap.

6. I have never regretted my mildness, but often my severity.—Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, Tertiary.

7. The temptation to which you do not yield is an occasion of practicing virtue.—St. Francis.

8. Labor has its pains, but it also has its rewards; it not only preserves us from indolence, the source of so many vices, but in transforming our labor into prayer by offering it to God, it increases our merit, and it is a sure means of satisfying for our sins.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Tertiary.

9. In every pious and God-fearing house there dwells peace, unity, and the blessing of heaven.—Francis of Ypres, Tertiary.

10. One great impediment in the spiritual life is hurry and anxiety. Beware of this, for it is the capital enemy of true devotion, and nothing done with precipitation was ever done well.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

11. Confide, confide in Divine Providence! God is mindful of our wants.—Bl. Bernard of Offida, O.M. Cap.

12. Let us not be afraid to place our firm trust in God; he will assist us, and will help us to suffer all things for love of him.—Ven. Lucy of Fleites, Tertiary.

13. Think much of little things, for they are not in the eyes of God what they seem in the eyes of men.—St. Veronica Juliani, 2nd Order.

14. Do you wish to correct an abuse? Remember that prayer is the first means and kindness the second.—Fr. Ambrose de Lombez, O. M. Cap.

15. Blessed is he, who loves thy Name, O holy Mother of God! Thy Name is so glorious and wonderful, that all who invoke thy Name in the hour of death, need not fear the assaults of hell.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Ord.

16. Follow the common life with fervor and a right intention; that

is enough to make one perfect and a true saint.—St. Veronica Juliani, 2nd Order.

17. We must not expect to gain all we want in a single day, nor to become perfect saints in a month; such an idea is contrary to sound reason.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

18. He who always does the will of God is always praying. We must labor at nothing, not even for our salvation, if it is not in conformity with the adorable will of God.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, O. M. Conv.

19. The greatest gift one can receive in this world, is the power to conquer one's self by renouncing and casting aside one's own will.—St. Catherine of Bologna, 2nd Order.

20. Remember that one day we shall be only dust; our forefathers were in life as we are now, but now they are dead, as we, too, shall be; this is why we ought to love God.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Tertiary.

21. He who wishes to save his soul should lead a regular life; he should mark out how he will employ his time and the hour for his spiritual exercises.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

22. Envy is a most fatal evil; when it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds, and excites it to every excess. It is from self-love that it springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it.—St. Antony of Padua, 1st Order.

23. Remember the time for labor and suffering is short; and on the other hand, the happiness prepared for us is never ending.—St. Clare of Assisi, 2nd Order.

24. Charity with happiness, or charity with resignation, should always be our motto.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

25. Servants of God, give a good example; preach by acts more than by words. Actions penetrate the heart, words glide by and pass away.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, O. M. Conv.

26. Behold a most efficacious means to acquire true humility: fix deeply in thy mind this maxim, that thou art just so much as thou art in the eyes of God, and no more.—Ven. Thomas à Kempis, Tertiary.

27. The life of a God-fearing man, as ordained by the Holy Ghost, consists not merely in this that he prays rightly, but also in this that he is modest, docile, and industrious at work, and careful in his household duties.—St. Elzear, Tertiary.

28. The way by which we reach God most directly, is indisputably by works of mercy.—St. Angela of Merici, Tertiary.

29. Man ought to guard his soul with the greatest care, since he has not several, but only one.—St. Francis.

30. The Third Order for seculars is a powerful means for those, who amidst the cares of the world, must save their souls through the observance of the commandments and sanctification of the duties of their state of life. The Third Order does not destroy or impede, but sanctifies and enlightens. If, therefore, you fulfill the demands of the Third Order, you sow daily a small seed, but the fruit of this seed will be great for time and for eternity.—Bishop John Zwerger, Tertiary.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

The Third Order of St. Francis, like so many other good and well-deserving organizations, has its critics and opponents. There are many otherwise intelligent and broad-minded persons who have only words of depreciation for an institution that for seven centuries has received the highest commendations from the rulers of the Church. Whence this deplorable opposition to the Third Order on the part of some Catholics? To ascribe it to malice in every case, would be uncharitable as well as unjust. We give it as our opinion that ninety-nine per cent of all opposition to the Order has its root in ignorance of its scope and nature. If this ignorance could be removed, adverse criticism soon would be silenced and insensate opposition speedily disarmed. What a gain to the Order this would be, is obvious.

What are our Tertiaries doing to dispel this wide-spread ignorance? The fifty thousand Tertiaries in the United States should be able to do much toward removing preconceived notions and erroneous opinions regarding their Order. If they are loyal and devoted to their cause, why are they not more ready to defend it against unjust attacks? If they are convinced that the Order is a source of many blessings to themselves, why are they not more solicitous to acquaint others therewith? If they love St. Francis and his ideals, why do they not labor to make him better known? If they wish to see his Order spread and his work perpetuated, why do they not make more determined efforts to batter down the rampart of prejudice and ignorance from which the critics and opponents are sending their shafts of irony and obloquy? There is altogether too much passivity among the members. A little more zeal and militancy would not hurt their cause in the least. Of course, we know there are many Tertiaries to whom these strictures do not apply,—but there are others.



THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

The Holy Father, on the anniversary of the beginning of the great European war, addressed to the warring powers another urgent appeal for peace. In terms the most solemn and tender, he admonishes and adjures the powers to put an end to the fratricidal struggle, and pronounces a blessing on him "who first extends the olive branch and tenders his hand to the enemy in offering him reasonable conditions of peace."

Thus far no overtures of peace have been made by any of the belligerents; nor do we think it likely that any will be forthcoming in the very near future. Certainly, the Sovereign Pontiff, than whom there is no keener observer of current events, did not expect that his encyclical would instantly disarm the millions now engaged in the deadliest of conflicts. He knew better than any one else that those who guide the destinies of Europe have too long been estranged from him to be willing at once to give heed to his "fatherly cry for peace" and to cooperate with him in hastening "the end of a war which for a year has transformed Europe

into an enormous battle-field." If, in spite of his intimate knowledge of present conditions, the Holy Father has issued his plea for peace, the nations of the earth will know to what depths his soul has been stirred by the sight of the ravages that have come over "the most beautiful regions of Europe—this garden of the world."

No doubt, some will be found to impugn the purity of his motives and to characterize his encyclical as inopportune and ill-advised, as if he wished to deprive this or that group of nations of the fruits of ultimate triumph. But, all true lovers of peace and mankind will not fail to see in this his latest effort for a cessation of hostilities the workings of a love that knows no limitations of race and creed and seeks only the good of all the peoples now at war. At all events, future generations will have no reason to say that the Papacy failed the world in its hour of sorest need and darkest despair. When the din of battle ceases and the peoples return to the peaceful pursuits of art and science and industry, they may yet unite in blessing the name of Pope Benedict XV.

LABOR

Of the making of books and speeches on this subject there is no end. It is the one theme that appeals to the masses, and forms the topic of endless discussions by both sociologists and demagogues. In many of these discussions, however, there is a sad lack of the religious and moral element. To a multitude of writers and speakers it seems never to occur that the labor question is ultimately a religious question, and that certain moral considerations must not be lost sight of when the cause of labor is discussed.

By a universal law, man is bound to labor. Every man, whether rich or poor, must labor if only to avoid being indolent. Life must have a purpose. The powers and faculties of body and mind must be applied and exercised. It is labor that gives man courage and power and self-consciousness. For him who has lost his desire and love for labor life has lost its meaning and interest. It is literally true what Scripture says: "Man is born to labor." For a noble and strong character there is nothing so painful and humiliating as to know that he is unable to take his place among the world's workers and to feel that he is a burden to others—a proof that the feeling of interior freedom and independence, which is but another name for man's dignity, is inseparably linked with the God-given impulse and desire for labor. It was strictly consequential, therefore, that the ancient heathens who labored to destroy the dignity of man, should have crowned their work of degradation by the assertion that labor is unworthy of a freeman and fit only for slaves and bondmen.

There was another reason for this assertion. The ancients could find no deeper meaning in life; they had no clear ideas regarding man's last end; hence, they could not arrive at a just appreciation of labor. To them labor was an unavoidable necessity, a welcome means of procuring life's comforts, a pastime or exercise of the corporal and mental powers, but not a life purpose. It remained for Christianity to point out to man his true end and destiny and to show him that in labor he possessed the means of arriving thereat. It taught man to look upon labor as a service of God and consequently as the foundation of his own freedom and power and dignity; for, to serve God is to reign. And that Christianity succeeded in

converting the world to this gospel of labor, will ever remain one of its proudest achievements and greatest glories.

A LESSON FROM CHURCH HISTORY

The Church's history is one long tale of suffering and persecutions brought on her by wicked men in league with the powers of darkness. Deplorable though this fact may be in itself, it is after all but the fulfillment of a prophecy uttered by Christ himself to his disciples: "The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." Indeed, if the Church's mission is a continuation of Christ's, then it is but natural that she should meet with the same opposition and suffer the same persecutions as her divine Founder. But, as the sufferings of Christ are now his glory, so the persecutions of the Church are her proudest boast.

The Church points with pride to the persecutions, bloody and unbloody, that she has undergone in the course of ages, as to the clearest proof of her divine origin. She glories in them, because they are all her own. All other religious institutions have sought rather to escape them and to preserve their worthless lives by becoming willing mistresses of the state or vile servants of the world. The Catholic Church alone has dared to defy the powers of evil and to resist their encroachments on her legitimate domain, though she knew that she should have to engage in a long and deadly warfare against a world of enemies. Many are the wounds she has received in the conflict, but never has she flinched in defence of truth and right.

Again and again her enemies, seeing that she was unconquerable, have approached her with offers of peace on condition that she would betray her sacred trust; but invariably she has rejected their overtures. Had she permitted her followers to offer only a few grains of incense in homage to false gods, her kingdom might not have been deluged with blood. Had she been willing to depart only a jot or tittle from her interpretation of the sacred text, kingdoms and peoples might not have severed their relations with her. Even now the Church could live in peace with the world, if she would strike from her creed the doctrines most objectionable to modern minds, and drop from her moral code the precepts most repugnant to present-day society. But rather than depart from the doctrine of Christ and conclude a dishonorable peace with his and her enemies, she prefers to remain true to his word and suffer the most direful consequences.

This is her boast, her glory, and her triumph. This the irrefragable proof of her divine origin and the admirable testimony of her constant love and unshakable fidelity to Christ her Founder. This is the joy and pride of her children. No matter how many enemies rise against her, no matter how furious are their attacks, she will never succumb. He who has promised to abide with her to the end of time, is the unchanging, omnipotent God.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT

According to a report that lately made the rounds of secular and Catholic papers, the Reverend William Graham, a Catholic priest of Pitts-

burgh, Pa., has declined to accept a fortune of \$12,000,000 left him through the death of rich relatives. In declining so great a fortune the Reverend Father is reported to have said: "I have no desire to add to my burdens a lot of wealth that would bring me no satisfaction. I am by no means rich, but I have enough worldly goods for my physical needs, and, besides, I am nearly sixty years old and often afflicted with rheumatism. Why should a rheumatic old man like me choose to spend the rest of his days on earth under the weight of so much money? Give it to my poor relatives who need it."

Commenting on this incident, the *Christian Intelligencer* (Protestant) says: "It looks like a practical application of the words of Jesus, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth.' Great wealth doubtless imposes great burdens. It also offers rare opportunities. But it is refreshing now and then to meet with a man to whom large wealth offers no appeal. 'For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.' The love of money is a ruling passion. It is a prolific cause of human misery. This greed for gold must be broken if cherished ideals for human welfare are ever to be realized."

This is sensible comment, and we have no fault whatever to find with it. For the benefit of our Protestant friends we should like to remark, however, that such practical applications of the words of Jesus as Father Graham's are by no means of rare occurrence in the Catholic Church. There are hundreds and thousands of Catholic men and women "to whom large wealth offers no appeal." We mean the Religious who have renounced all worldly goods and even the hope of possessing them that by living a life of voluntary poverty they might contribute to the realization "of the cherished ideals for human welfare." True, not many of them are heirs of multi-millionaires. But their renunciation bespeaks a heroism and spirit of sacrifice none the less striking and admirable.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Need we say it is a duty of Catholics who love their faith to propagate it and defend it, and support Catholic newspapers and literature that do so. The work of a Catholic journalist is difficult and responsible. He has to defend Catholic faith and principle under ecclesiastical approval; to refute traducers of the Church; to combat ignorance and prejudice; to expose unfair treatment towards Catholics; to chronicle the chief news and events and activities of the Catholic world, and comment on them. This is a great work for the faith. And when it is done with loyalty to authority much discretion must be left to journalists in other matters, political or otherwise. It is for Catholic news a man reads his Catholic newspaper. And if a good press is a great support to the faith and morals of a people, is it not our duty to support it? When one thinks of the great labor and trouble that goes to the production of your Catholic newspapers, and the amount of valuable information given in them every week, it is wonderful how much is done at the price. It is our duty, then, to support them. The more support they get the better they will be, and the better they will make ourselves. Buy them, read them, give them to others, advertise in them, write for them if you can, and see, if possible, that they are in the public libraries.—*The Missionary*.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

X

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

“Almost from the beginning,” writes Fr. Isidoro Espinosa, the Superior of the missionaries from Santa Cruz, Querétaro, “the Fathers began to maintain themselves by the bread of tears and affliction. The first trouble occurred when seven of the twenty-five soldiers, who had been sent to guard the missions, deserted and abandoned us, at the same time taking along some of the animals destined for the use of the friars. After selecting the site of each mission, the missionaries assigned to them had to construct their little thatched dwellings unaided; and, as no provisions were forwarded, abstinence commenced on the first day. Although it was not the season of Lent, the meals consisted of nothing more than a little purslane seasoned with salt and pepper. Once in a while the Indians would give us a little corn, a kind of beans, and some wild fruits, which served to divert rather than to appease our hunger. Rarely was a mouthful of meat obtained. Once it happened that a goat fell sick from a sore leg. The animal was slaughtered, the leg cut off, and the remainder sustained us for more than a week. Chocolate, which usually went with the meals, was scarce; for we had received but fifty pounds, which had to be divided among us five religious from the Santa Cruz College. Fortunately,

though all the Fathers had their troubles, and suffered various hardships, we were able to celebrate holy Mass every day, during which we supplicated the Lord most urgently for the conversion of the Indian tribes.

“In proceeding to render an account of our apostolic labors, I must remark that the Indians lived very far apart. Our main efforts, therefore, were aimed at persuading them to unite and settle down in permanent villages. Although they gave us hopes of complying with our desires when they gathered their crops, the various difficulties that arose were so great that during twenty years not one of the missionaries enjoyed the consolation of having all the Indians of his charge gathered together at his mission. The few that did settle down were, therefore, removed to the more populated districts in order to induce the other Indians to congregate in larger numbers; but generally not enough fertile land could be discovered for the maintenance of a thousand people attached to each mission. So the plan failed. The Fathers had to content themselves with visits from the natives. On such occasions the missionaries, who had already acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language, would endeavor to eradicate the erroneous notions of their visitors about reli-

gion, and would demonstrate the vital necessity of receiving the Sacrament of Baptism, after they had learnt and professed the truth of One God and Three Divine Persons. The poor natives, however, would appear unmoved or indifferent; for they were so attached to what they had inherited from their forefathers, that only with the divine assistance could the absurd superstitions, which grew up with them from their childhood, be rooted out of their hearts. This great obstacle was, indeed, learnt from one of their chief medicine men. At length, one of the Fathers succeeded in convincing him of the truth of the Catholic faith to such an extent, at least, that the wily Indian could find no more arguments with which to oppose him. Thus cornered, he frankly admitted that the religious notions of the Indians had been merely inherited from their ancestors, and that this fact alone accounted for the tenacity with which the Texans clung to them.

"The women exhibit far greater willingness than the men to accept the truths of salvation. The happy consequence of this was that many of them had the good fortune of receiving holy Baptism on their death bed, when the priest would be called to administer the sacrament, which had always been postponed for want of security that the person while enjoying good health would comply with the obligations the Christian faith imposes.

"Among the little ones the desired fruit was gathered in abundance; for of all those who died in their infancy only a few escaped the zealous vigilance of the missionaries, and so died without Baptism. In order that none of the children should miss the supreme happiness of dying in sanctifying grace, the Fathers made out a list of the Indian huts and rancherías with the number of adults and children in each. Whenever an

Indian came to visit the missionaries they would closely question him in regard to the health of his whole family. When they ascertained that any one was ill, they would express lively sympathy, and then immediately go to visit the sick person, in order to give the requisite instruction to the adult or to baptize at once the child discovered at the portals of death. This occasioned much hardship for the Fathers and they also met with great opposition at times on the part of the parents, who declared that the baptismal water deprived their children of life. The zealous missionaries generally disillusioned the poor people of these silly notions with the happy result that, moved by the grace of God, even many adults willingly received Baptism during their last illness.

"At times sickness became general among the natives. The malady most common among the Texans and which carried off most of them was dysentery. During the severe winters they were accustomed to throw heaps of live coals under their elevated bunks to moderate the great rigor of the cold. The consequence was that most of the Indians suffered from this disease. And had they not frequently bathed throughout the year, even when the ground was covered with snow, there would have been far more victims of overheated blood. Whenever such an epidemic raged, the watchful missionaries did not wait to be called. As soon as they had celebrated holy Mass, they would mount their horses and visit all the rancherías or villages and hamlets, and they would not return until they had baptized all they supposed to be dying. If they met with resistance, they would repeat the visit on the next day, meanwhile entreating the Lord to open the spiritual eyes of the deluded Indian; and the good Lord, moved by His own benignity, since those poor creatures were bought by

the price of His Blood, would facilitate the administration of Baptism.

"The hardships endured by the missionaries in their great zeal will be better understood, if the reader bears in mind that the ranchos of the Indians lay far apart; that some of them were situated six and even seven leagues distant in every di-

rection. Hence, it was not an easy matter, even if the missionary galloped his horse, to visit the greater number of ranchos in one day, especially when it became necessary to remain a long time instructing the dying, or persuading those in health not to prevent the eternal salvation of the sick."

FESTIVITIES AT "BABY" TUCSON AND TOPAWA

By Fr. Nicholas Perschl, O.F.M.

Of the dozens of Papago Indian villages that dot the southern deserts of Arizona, but two had the honor and the pleasure this year

its combination church and school. For each school young Papago maidens, who speak both English and the native Indian dialect, have been



Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Little Tucson, Ariz.

of welcoming their chief pastor, the Right Rev. Bishop Granjon of Tucson on his Confirmation tour. The privileged Papago villages were Little Tucson and Topawa. The former is situated 58 miles southwest from Tucson, and the latter 70 miles. Both are neat little villages, as far as Indian villages go, and each has

engaged as teachers.

Our readers that are wont to picture a trip through the desert as replete with all kinds of exciting adventures, with deadly scorpions and rattlesnakes lurking behind each innocent cactus leaf, or a bloody Apache silently waylaying his unwary victims behind every abutting

rock along the way, or in each lonely mountain pass, will be surprised to learn that this Confirmation tour was anything but exciting, and took us only a day and a half with nine hours of travel. True, at times the Indian missionary in Arizona and New Mexico has to rough it in the old pioneer fashion, and his way from mission to mission is not exactly strewn with roses. But this trip with the Bishop was an exception, being made in an automobile, which accounts for the speed with which we covered the ground. The journey was, nevertheless, not without its pleasant diversions, as our way led over two mountain ranges, through valleys and past charming oases. And even the dry and dusty road through the sandy desert wastes was enlivened by numerous chuck holes, that kept us constantly on the lookout.

It was about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 23, when we began our journey. Our party consisted of His Lordship, Father Bonaventure, the chauffeur and me. The weather was delightful—one of those beautiful Arizona mornings in early summer. After crossing the Tucson range, we made our first halt to take on water at Robles, which is a veritable oasis. It is here that thousands of head of cattle are watered en route to market. We tarried here only a few minutes and soon our little "Tin Lizzie" was busy ploughing through the sand leaving clouds of dust behind to mark our trail.

At one o'clock we reached our first destination, Little Tucson, or, as the Indians call it, "Alli-Chuckson", which means literally "Baby Tucson". Evidently, it derives this name from its location, for, like "Papa Tucson", there is a long mountain, with a little peak at the one end, right close by. We, however, have rechristened it Our Lady of Lourdes, in honor of the patron-

al feast of its church.

As we drew up at this little mission, Bishop Granjon exclaimed delightedly, "What a beautiful little church you have here, Father!" And certainly it is a little gem in the desert, built as it is entirely of cobblestones plastered together with adobe. It is the work of Fr. Bonaventure, its present missionary, whose untiring efforts, seconded by the willing assistance of his Indian wards, alone made it possible. The building, which is seventy by twenty-two feet serves both as a chapel and as a school.

At five o'clock all was in readiness for the dedication of the new chapel, which was to be followed immediately by the Sacrament of Confirmation. Gaudy tissue paper flowers decked the altar, and everything had assumed an air of festivity. After the Right Rev. Bishop had blessed the church, all were permitted to enter the now hallowed sanctuary of the Lord. The Bishop then addressed the poor Indians in simple touching words and explained to them the great and holy Sacrament he was about to confer on seventy-four of their number. As soon as the ceremonies of Confirmation were over, we repaired to the new cemetery to bless it and the large cross that is to keep silent watch over the pious dead.

After we had partaken of a hearty supper served by the energetic Indian schoolmistress, we entered our car for the ride to Topawa, which is hardly twenty miles from the Mexican boundary. Its widely scattered population constitutes one of the largest Indian villages in the Papago country. These people are quite progressive; they dress tidily and, in fact, their whole exterior bears the stamp of a more advanced civilization. As we sped through the village, we saw here and there the campers' tents; for many had come long distances to be present

at the great festival of the dedication of their new church. The zeal exhibited by the Indians for these festivals is quite astounding. They will often travel from fifty to sixty miles to be present at such a festivity. I know of one case where a party covered 180 miles within a week; and, mind you, for ninety of these miles they had to haul three tons of provisions.

When we arrived, the cattle for the feast had already been slaughtered, and even the dancing hall was in readiness for the social rejoicings

had pealed forth its joyful summons for the third time calling God's desert children to prayer and divine service, all the Indians gathered about the church. The greatest order and devotion prevailed. The men, women and children formed into groups and accompanied the Bishop in single file around the church during the ceremony of dedication. As the crowd was so large, only the one hundred and fifty persons to be confirmed found admittance into the church. Again the Bishop spoke to the Indians in



St. Antony's Mission, Topawa, Ariz.

that were to follow the divine services in the church. But one need not look for waxed floors and grand halls here in the wilderness. Imagine a building formed of six or eight poles supporting a thatched roof, with the walls conspicuous by their absence, and a bench made of a single rough plank between each pair of poles—and presto! the Indian dancing hall stands complete!

A gorgeous Arizona sun ushered in the great festival on the following morning. When the little bell

simple words, and Fr. Bonaventure at once interpreted them in their native tongue. Among other things, His Lordship told them the following anecdote, which is as naive as it is interesting. He said that an Indian once told him how he came to consider the Catholic religion the true religion. The reason the Indian gave was that the Protestant preacher always turns to the people and talks with them, whereas the Catholic priest turns toward the altar and speaks with God.

It was very edifying and consoling to see about one hundred and twenty-five Indians approach the Holy Table on this same occasion. Indeed, no one can imagine how encouraging such a sight is for the sunburnt and often dejected missionary, and how it thrills his apostolic heart to hear the Papago lisp the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creed and the Acts both in English and in his own mother tongue.

The blessing of the large cross and the new cemetery followed di-

rectly after the Mass, and with this our task was ended. At noon we reluctantly bade the happy Indians good-bye, leaving good Fr. Bonaventure to continue his heroic work among them. Heroic work it is, indeed, especially in the present trying times, when hitherto faithful supporters have withdrawn their generous hands, leaving the poor missionary alone and almost entirely forgotten in this unknown and forsaken corner of our glorious republic.

FATHER CHRYSOSTOM VERWYST, O.F.M.

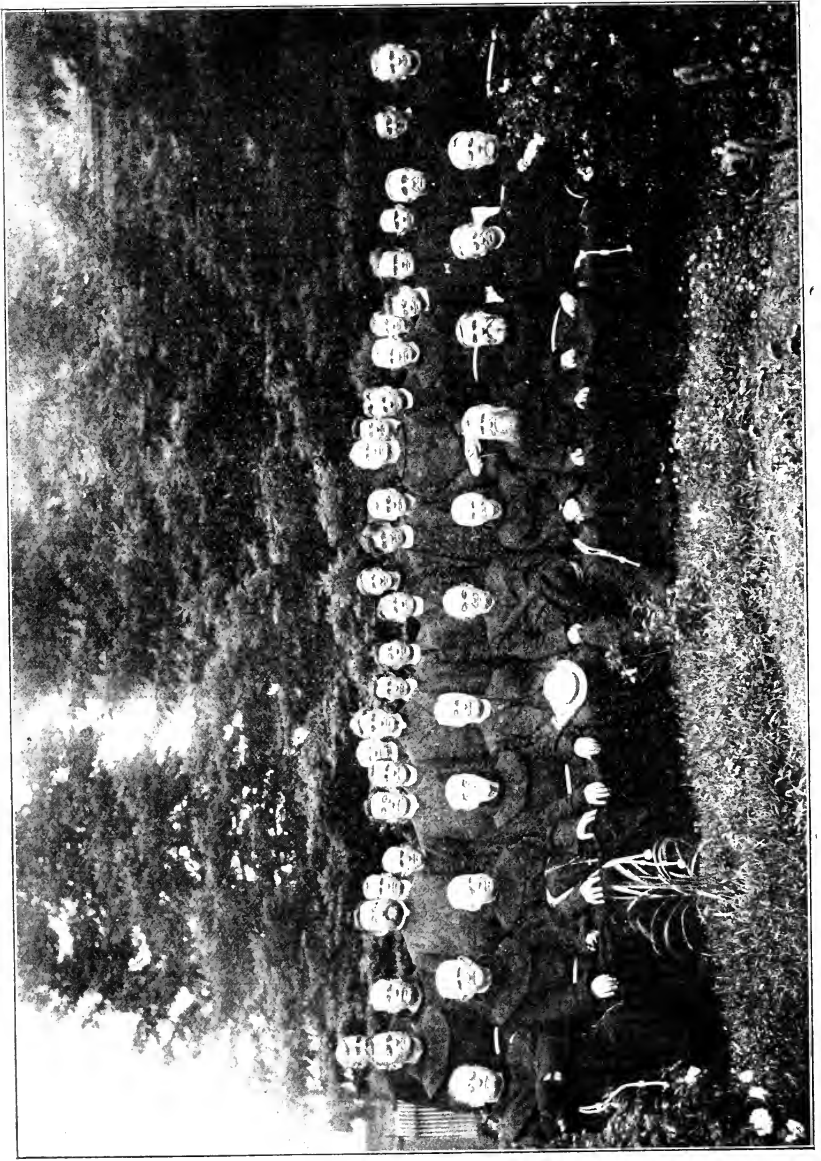
Brief Biographical Sketch

BORN in Uden, Noord Brabant, Holland, on November 23, 1841, Father Chrysostom received in Baptism the name Adrian, to which afterwards was prefixed Christian. When he was six years old, his parents with their four children—all boys—came to America. They landed at Boston, May 1, 1848, with but fifty cents in their purse, and resided there two years, whence they moved to Roxbury about a mile distant. The future missionary received his early schooling in the German Catholic School of Holy Trinity Church, Boston, where he was known neither as Christian, nor Adrian, but simply as John. On one occasion, when the Bishop of Boston, the Right Rev. John Fitzpatrick, was distributing prizes to the school children, he remarked to our "John" on presenting him a book, "All Johns are good." This simple remark made a deep impression on the zealous little scholar which time has not been able to efface.

Father Chrysostom first saw the scene of his later missionary activity in 1855, when his father moved to Woodville, Calumet County, Wis-

consin. Here for four years he assisted his father and brothers with farm work. God, however, had destined him to labor in other fields; and following the call of God, he began his preparatory studies for the priesthood in 1859, under the direction of his parish priest, walking a couple of miles every morning and reciting his Greek and Latin conjugations aloud as he passed along through the woods. With universal history, French, Latin, Greek, and a multiplicity of manual labors, and a daily walk of four miles to and fro to the house of the parish priest, our young student had little time to foster idleness.

In 1860, his father died, and he then entered St. Francis Seminary at Milwaukee. Here while he was devoting himself heart and soul to his studies, an event occurred that seemed likely to put an end to his seminary career. The Civil War broke out, and in 1862 he was drafted for military service. But Providence had already drafted him for missionary service, and so it happened that by paying three hundred dollars commutation money, he was exempted from service for



Visiting Clergy at Father Chrysostom's Golden Jubilee Celebration

three years, during which time the unhappy war came to a close.

In the same year, 1865, on November 5, our young seminarian was ordained priest by Bishop Henni of Milwaukee, and appointed pastor of the mission New London, Wisconsin. But New London was not his only charge; connected with it were also the settlements Hortonville Mission, Bear Creek, Fremont, Caledonia, Little Wolf, and Northport. After laboring here for two years—two years of strenuous noviceship in missionary life—he was sent to Manitowoc; and two months later to Hudson. Here for four years his missionary activity extended from Long Lake to Diamond Bluff. During the subsequent four years he was stationed at Seneca, where he built a church and a residence, which are still standing.

Father Chrysostom came to Bayfield for the first time June 19, 1878, staying there about six months, during which time he had charge also of Odanah and La Pointe. In October of the year 1878, when the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province took charge of Bayfield and certain other Wisconsin missions, Father Verwyst was sent to Superior and Duluth. It was while stationed here that he decided to enter the Franciscan Order, and accordingly repaired to the novitiate of the Sacred Heart Province at Teutopolis, Ill. With the lowly Franciscan garb he received also a new name—the name by which he has since been known—Chrysostom, thus being placed under the patronage of St. John Chrysostom, by whose first name he had been known as a boy.

After completing his year of noviceship under the direction of the then novicemaster, Father Damasus Ruesing, O.F.M., he was again sent to Bayfield, where as a Franciscan he resumed the missionary

labors, to which he had already given seventeen of the best years of his life. Besides Bayfield, he had charge also of the Indian missions Courtes Oreilles, Belle Isle Falls, Murray Settlement, Lac du Flambeau and Mud Lake. Four times a year he made his long missionary trip to the Chippewa River Missions—the round trip covering about two hundred and fifty miles.

When we remember the mode of travel of those times, often on foot, or on horseback with a horse considered good enough for such rough service, in frail canoes or over creaking ice, and remember also the other hardships of the missionaries, cold and exposure, whole nights being frequently spent with no sheltering roof save the leaves of the forest or the clouds of the heavens, it is not surprising that Father Chrysostom's health finally failed, and he had to interrupt his work for a short time. From Bayfield he had gone to Superior, and thence to Ashland, where he stayed for seven years. Here he became so ill that he was sent to St. Louis, where he spent about a month in a hospital. Later he went to California, where he remained for a year and seven months at Los Angeles and Oakland, returning to Ashland in September 1900. Here he spent the following twelve years, till August 1913, when he was once more sent to Bayfield, where he still is, and where he celebrated his golden sacerdotal jubilee on July 14 last.

Despite his untiring and unceasing missionary labors, Father Chrysostom still found time to compose some books in the Chippewa language, and to write for *Franciscan Herald*. He was also editor of an Indian monthly paper known as the "Anishinabe Enamiad," and some years since published a very valuable "Life and Labors of Right Rev. Theodore Baraga, First Bishop of Marquette, Mich.," and the brochure

“Missionary Labors of Fathers Marquette, Menard and Allouez.”

His other Chippewa works are: “Mikana Gijigong Enamog” (The Way to Heaven,) a prayerbook; “Enamiad Gekikimind” (The Christian

Instructed;) a Chippewa Bible History in four volumes; Chippewa Explanation of the Sunday Gospels; Chippewa Grammar; and at present he is engaged on the composition of a Chippewa dictionary.

STORY OF A CRUCIFIX

A few years ago there lived an officer in one of our large towns who, though brought up as a Catholic, was a sworn enemy to religion and never said a prayer. He had a servant who, unlike his master, had not belied his early training, but every day said his prayers devoutly before a crucifix which he had hung upon the wall of the little room where he slept. When the officer saw the crucifix he ordered it to be instantly taken down. Not long after he became dangerously ill, and grew rapidly worse, so that the doctor declared that the case was hopeless, and in fact that he had but a few hours to live. Then his pious servant resolved to make an earnest attempt to save his master's soul. Going close up to him he said:

“Sir, there is some one waiting outside, no other than your best friend. He is most desirous to come in and be reconciled to you. May I admit him?”

The sick man was much surprised; he wondered who it could be that wanted to see him, and told his man to show the stranger in. Then the servant hastened to fetch his crucifix, which used to hang on the wall, and, bringing it to his master, he held it up before him saying:

“Oh, dear sir, here is your best friend, one who your whole life long has shown you so much kindness and bestowed so many benefits upon you, and whom you nevertheless have hitherto only repulsed and persecuted. He is infinitely merciful; He longs to be reconciled to you before your death. Do not turn him away this time.”

And now behold a miracle of grace; the dying man took the crucifix in his hands, kissed it with tears in his eyes, and told the servant to go at once and get a priest. The priest came without delay, the officer made a humble and contrite confession of the sins in his past life and expired in the best disposition. How well it is when impenitent sinners upon their deathbeds are openly exhorted by their friends or attendants to repent and be converted. Those who refrain from speaking through false delicacy, or a fear of giving offense, are no true friends to the sick person.—Exchange.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

By Fr. Odoric Derenthal, O.F.M.

ON May 4, a large funeral procession wended its way to our Indian mission church at Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin. It was composed of all the children of the government and the public schools, accompanied by their teachers and attendants, besides a great number of Catholic and of pagan Indians from all the surrounding country. The church was crowded to the door, and far beyond the portals the great throng extended. Who had died? Some government official or other exalted personage on the reservation? No. It was merely one of our poor Catholic Indian women — Bimossekwe, the last of the family of Uibaish (Joseph Scott), whose death-bed conversion was recorded in *Franciscan Herald*, August 1914.

We honor the Patriarch Abraham, because in the midst of a pagan world and surrounded by his idolatrous relatives, he remained faithful to Jehovah and firm in his holy faith. For the very same reason was Bimossekwe (Mrs. John Lynch) honored and respected by all that knew her. When she was baptized at Lac du Flambeau about twenty-five years ago, nearly all the Indians on the reservation were opposed to the Catholic religion, and, indeed, much of this unfriendly spirit remains up to the present day. To cite but one recent instance: Lately a young man of seventeen years, who was a regular attendant at our church and at the religious instructions, asked me for Baptism. I enquired whether he had spoken to his parents about the matter and had obtained their permission. "How can I?" he replied; "they will never consent to my conversion and will torment me continually for embracing

the Catholic faith."

In spite of the great opposition raised by her parents and relatives, when she had made up her mind to abandon paganism for the true religion, Bimossekwe never wavered in her resolution. Often during the past twenty-five years, she had been severely reprimanded for her constancy, and not seldom urged by all possible arguments to return to paganism. Yes, even in her dying hour, the poor misguided pagans gave her no peace, and actually arranged a medicine-dance for her recovery and subsequent apostacy. To all these remonstrances and arguments her one answer was: "What, I return to paganism? Never!" A fervent Catholic from the day of her Baptism, she was determined to remain such until her last breath. The attendance at holy Mass and the frequent reception of the sacraments and the practice of good works, were sources of indescribable joy to her, and she never wearied striving to procure the same spiritual joys for others.

As she felt her end approaching, she called for her relatives and gave them pious instructions and admonitions. Her sorrowing husband, whom she loved most tenderly, she recommended to the special care of one of her Catholic relatives, and exhorted him to remain true to his holy religion and to grow daily in the love of God. When the Angel of Death entered her humble home, she requested the Catholic bystanders to recite the rosary and frequently sprinkled herself with holy water. With a blessed crucifix pinned to her bosom and with her lips moving in fervent prayers, her tried and beautiful soul passed into eternity.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome Italy.—The basilica of St. Sebastian beyond the walls, one of the seven large basilicas of Rome, has been entrusted to the Franciscans of the Roman province of Ara Coeli. It is erected on the spot which was formerly called The Catacombs. The venerable church harbors the tombs of St. Sebastian and St. Fabian.

Lucca, Italy.—Mgsr. Marchi, Archbishop of Lucca, writes in his pastoral of the current year: "I rejoice at the ever growing number of the followers of St. Francis, and at the efficiency of his Third Order against the evils of modern times. Although unworthy, I glory in wearing the habit of the Third Order."

Abyssinia.—During the present war, the number of European missionaries in Africa has been reduced to a minimum. Hence, the ordination of native priests is hailed with universal joy. An occurrence of this kind is announced by Bishop Jaroiseau, O. M. Cap., Vicar Apostolic in Abyssinia. On December 19, 1914, he raised two Negro seminarians to the dignity of the priesthood. The two young levites, Abba Theodore and Abba Onesimus, owe their clerical education to the generosity of two benefactresses of the St. Peter Claver Society.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The feast of Porziuncola was celebrated with the usual solemnity. At 10.15 A. M., solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Fr. Linus Koenemund; Fr. Leopold Kitt and

Fr. Thomas Rust assisted as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The former also preached short sermons in English and German. Throughout the whole afternoon and evening of Sunday, and the whole day of the feast itself, great crowds visited the church, and availed themselves of the opportunity of gaining plenary indulgences for the benefit of the holy souls in purgatory.

Joliet, Ill.—The Golden Jubilee of St. Francis convent and academy at Joliet, Ill., which is the mother house of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis of Mary Immaculate, was celebrated with great solemnity for four days. August 2, was "Home-Coming Day of the Sisters." At ten o'clock Bishop Dunne of Peoria celebrated pontifical High Mass and the Rev. Fr. Matthew, O. F. M., of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago, delivered the address. Tuesday was "Franciscan-Memorial Day", on which the deceased Sisters, parents, brothers and sisters were remembered at a pontifical Requiem sung by Bishop Koudelka, of Superior, Wis. Bishop Koudelka also delivered the address on this occasion. "Reunion of Friends and Benefactors of the Sisters" was held on Wednesday, August 4. On this day, Right Rev. Bishop Rhode, of Green Bay, Wis., pontificated at the solemn High Mass, and the Rev. A. J. Thiele, V. G. of the Archdiocese of Chicago, delivered the address. Finally on Thursday, August 5, was "Home-



THE VERY REV. FR. SAMUEL MACKE, O.F.M.
Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province

Coming Day of Past Pupils." Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., was celebrant of the pontifical High Mass on this day, and the Rev. Henry J. Hausser delivered the sermon. On each of the four days a repast was served at 12.30 o'clock and a reception given at 2.30, P. M.

Sacramento, Cal.—On Sunday, July 25, the magnificent new pipe organ, which was recently installed in St. Francis church, was heard for the first time by the parishioners, when a grand sacred concert was given for the benefit of the organ fund. The following splendid program was arranged for the occasion by the Rev. Fr. Florian, O. F. M., Director of St. Francis' Orphanage, Watsonville, Cal., who is one of California's best known musicians.

Organ.....	Selected
Mr. Tilton	
Gloria.....	Dr. F. X. Witt
Sanctus.....	Dr. F. X. Witt
St. Francis Choir	
Organ.....	Selected
Mr. Tilton	
Agnus Dei.....	J. Gruber
Ave Verum.....	Hamma
St. Francis Choir	
Organ.....	Selected
Fr. Florian	
Ave Maris Stella (Duet).....	Piel
FF. Florian and Leonard	
Remarks.....	
Fr. Apollinaris	
OSalutaris.....	McCabe
Male Voices	
Tantum Ergo.....	Hamma
Choir	
Papal Hymn.....	Singenberger
Choir	
Organ.....	Recessional
Fr. Florian	

West Park, O.—The following Franciscan clerics from California who are pursuing their studies at the local Franciscan house of studies, were admitted to their solemn vows on Wednesday, August 4: Fr. Robert Schuchert, Fr. Michael Ziegan, Fr. Lawrence Mutter, Fr. Louis Schoen, Fr. Bernard Cuneo, Fr. Stephen Renier. The Very Rev. Fr.

Hugolinus of St. Louis, assisted by the Rev. FF. Alphonse C. Rhode and Peter Nolasco Nolan, received their profession as delegate of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial.

Little Falls, Minn.—At 8 o'clock A. M., August 12, many friends assembled in the little chapel of the Franciscan Sisters of Little Falls, Minn., to witness the beautiful and touching ceremony of the reception of novices. The Right Rev. Bishop Joseph Busch, D. D., of St. Cloud officiated. The Very Rev. Mgr. E. Nagl, V. G., was assistant to the Bishop. The Rev. Michael Scherer of Buckman and Rev. J. Killian of Melrose were deacons of honor. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O. F. M., of Quincy, Ill., with the Rev. F. Zitur of Staples, as deacon and Rev. J. Janski of Bowlus, as subdeacon. Rev. Fr. A. Plachta was master of ceremonies. Mr. W. Bastien's orchestra accompanied the High Mass sung by the Sisters and some of their friends. Six young ladies received the holy habit: Miss Ella Moran; Sr. M. Regina; Miss Agnes Quinn; Sr. M. Thomas; Miss Mary Nolan; Sr. M. Loyola; Miss Victoria Billig; Sr. M. Anselma; Miss Irma Reis; Sr. M. Catherine; Miss Catherine Peschel; Sr. M. Juliana. On the same occasion four novices pronounced their first vows. They were: Sr. M. Eustelle, Sr. M. Aloysius, Sr. M. Hyacinth, Sr. M. Crescentia. The solemnity was enhanced by an eloquent sermon delivered by Bishop Busch. After these ceremonies followed the election of a new superior general, and the Ven. Mother M. Rose was re-elected to this responsible position. At 3 o'clock P. M., of the same day the corner-stone of the new St. Gabriel's Hospital was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Busch. A large number of priests from neighboring cities were present at the celebration.

Pine Ridge, S. D.—Canada has no monopoly on triple jubilees. On August 12, the feast of St. Clare of Assisi, three Franciscan Sisters celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their entrance into religious life at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, and here at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, we witnessed a like celebration on the same day. Our three jubilarians were the Ven. Mother M. Petra, Superioress of the local community and Directress of the Girls' School, Sr. M. Hilaria, who spent almost all of the twenty-five years of her religious life among the Indians, and St. M. Zita, our hard-working and hardworked laundress.

At half past eight, a special Mass was celebrated in the Mission Church, at which the Rev. Joseph Lindebner, S. J., preached an appropriate sermon. He dwelt principally on the sublimity of a vocation to the religious life, the happiness of those favored with such a grace and the exceeding great reward stored away in the treasure house of heaven for those who persevere in the fulfillment of their obligations, faithful unto death. In the evening there was Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament with singing by the Sisters' Choir. We pray that all the Jubilarians may live to "sanctify the fiftieth year."—C. W., S. J.

At the recent Chapter held in St. Louis, July 21, the Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province were assigned positions in the various convents and residences as follows:

St. Louis, Mo.—Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke (Provincial); Fr. Leonard Neukirchen (Guardian); Fr. Hugolinus Storrff (Commissary of Holy Land); Fr. Martin Strub; Fr. Maurice Baukholt; Fr. Floribert Jaspers; Fr. Daniel Finkenhofer; Fr. Maternus Puetz; Fr. Aemilian Zunkeller; Fr. Vincent Schrempp (Pastor); Fr. Ewald Soland; Fr. Leo Zettel (Director of III Order); Fr. Vitus Braun; Fr. Justinian Kugler; Fr. Salvator Wegemer;

Fr. Xavier Habig; Fr. Peter R. Pfeifer.

Teutopolis, Ill., Convent.—Fr. Theodosius Plassmeyer (Guardian and Pastor); Fr. Gregory Knepper (Master of Novices); Fr. Linus Koenemund; Fr. Guido Knepper; Fr. Faustine Hack; Fr. Cyrinus Schneider; Fr. Bonaventure Alerding (Dir. of III Order).

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—Fr. Roger Middendorf (Guardian, Rector and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Ferdinand Gruen; Fr. Paulinus Tolksdorf; Fr. Silas Barth; Fr. Julian Duschinsky; Fr. Aloysius Fromm; Fr. Celestine Strub; Fr. Giles Strub; Fr. Francis B. Steck; Fr. Juvenal Emanuel; Fr. Joseph C. Meyer; Fr. Peter N. Nolan; Fr. Thomas Aq. Rust.

Quincy, Ill., Convent.—Fr. Francis Haase (Guardian and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Aurelius Bruegge; Fr. Remigius Behrendt; Fr. Eugene Hagedorn; Fr. Ernest Kaufhold; Fr. Anastasius Rhode; Fr. Didac Gruenholz (Pastor); Fr. Francis Werhand.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis College.—Fr. Gabriel Lucan (Guardian); Fr. Fortunatus Hausser (Rector); Fr. Didymus Storrff; Fr. Rupert Hauser; Fr. Leopold Kitt; Fr. Edward Mueller; Fr. Frederick Beck; Fr. Liberatus Presser; Fr. Conrad Reisch (Dir. of III Order); Fr. John Bapt. Koebele; Fr. Augustine Schwarz.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.—Fr. Bernardine Weis (Guardian); Fr. Polycarp Rhode (Pastor); Fr. Sebastian Cebulla; Fr. Alardus Andrescheck; Fr. Jérôme Hellhake; Fr. Desiderius von Frenz; Fr. Timothy Magnien; Fr. Adalbert Schlueter; Fr. Adjutus Budde; Fr. Hilarion Duerk (Dir. of III Order).

Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church.—Fr. Wenceslaus Krzycki (Pastor); Fr. Cyril Mitera (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Methodius Kielar; Fr. Protase Kuberek; Fr. Sigismund Masalski.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Fr. Honorius Busch (Guardian); Fr. Odo Richardt (Pastor); Fr. Fulgence Eich; Fr. Gaudence Woran; Fr. Benitus Aschenbach (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Ludger Wegemer.

Ashland, Wis.—Fr. Eustace Vollmer (Guardian); Fr. Ordoric Derenthal; Fr. Bede Carberry (Pastor and Dir. of III Or-

der); Fr. Patrick Degraa; Fr. Adolph Rockel; Fr. Rembert Stanowski; Fr. Optatus Loeffler; Fr. Joseph C. Forst.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.—Fr. Francis Albers (Guardian and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Ambrose Jansen; Fr. Servatius Rasche; Fr. Cletus Girehewski; Fr. Titus Hugger; Fr. Ubald Otto; Fr. Matthew Schmitz (Pastor); Fr. Bartholomew Feldmann; Fr. John Joseph Brogger; Fr. Philip Neri Rittmeier.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—Fr. Henry Kuester (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Christopher Guithues (Dir. of III Order, Ger. Fra.); Fr. Alphonse Bergener; Fr. Ulric Petri (Dir. of III Order, Eng. Fra.); Fr. Peter Bapt. Volz.

West Park, O.—Fr. John Hg (Guardian); Fr. Philip Marke; Fr. Eusebius Helle; Fr. George Wetenkamp; Fr. Conradine Wallbraun; Fr. Joseph Rhode; Fr. Gerard Schmalz.

Memphis, Tenn.—Fr. Marcelline Kollmeyer (Superior); Fr. Leo Kalmer (Pastor); Fr. Barnabas Schaefer; Fr. Basil Vogt (Dir. of III Order).

Hermant, Mo.—Fr. Romuald Rheindorff (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Marcellus Buehlmann; Fr. Lawrence Pauly; Fr. Francis de Sales Liebe.

Jordan, Minn.—Fr. Benign Schuetz (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Raymund Holte; Fr. Sigfried Rindermann; Fr. Hildebrand Fuchs; Fr. John Forest Curry; Fr. Theodule Worm (Dir. of III Order).

Columbus, Neb.—Fr. Cyriac Stempel (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Liborius Breitenstein; Fr. Dionysius Czech; Fr. Victorine Hoffmann (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Flavius Kraus.

Johiet, Ill.—Fr. Bernard Wewer (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Anselm Mueller; Fr. Dominic Florian; Fr. Edmund Roediger; Fr. Lullus Seeboth; Fr. Alexius Bender; Fr. Berthold Wartung; Fr. Peter de Alc. Crumbly.

Bayfield, Wis.—Fr. Norbert Wilhelm (Superior and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst; Fr. Agatho Anklin.

Chaska, Minn.—Fr. Germain Heinrichs (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Rudolph Horstmann; Fr. Herbert

Stotter; Fr. Alexander Dorenkemper; Fr. Lambert Brinkmoeller.

St. Bernard, Neb.—Fr. Clement Moorman (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Columban Valentin; Fr. James de Mar. Meyer.

Keshena, Wis.—Fr. Simon Schwarz (Superior); Fr. Blase Krake (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Engelhardt Troesken; Fr. Agnelus Bleser.

Superior, Wis.—Fr. Fabian Rechiene (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Rudolph Hansens; Fr. Sixtus Lange; Fr. Maximus Poppy (Dir. of III Order).

Harbor Springs, Mich.—Fr. Odilo Eichenseer (Superior and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Marian Glahn; Fr. Innocent Schlueter; Fr. William Slischka.

Humphrey Neb.—Fr. Florence Kurzer (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Stanislaus Riemann; Fr. Canute Lobinski; Fr. Simeon Freitag; Fr. Mark Schluddecker (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Maurus Eberle.

Washington, Mo.—Fr. Donulus Eves (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Arsenius Fahle; Fr. Ladislaus Czech; Fr. Berard Zehnle; Fr. Ignatius Classen (Dir. of III Order).

Omaha, Neb.—Fr. Pacificus Kohner (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Theobald Kalamaja; Fr. Benno Franzen (Dir. of III Order); Fr. John Nep. Turek.

Petoskey, Mich.—Fr. Bruno Torka (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Damian Koziolek; Fr. Albert Bruesermann; Fr. Alfred Tritz; Fr. Isidore Fosselmann; Fr. Dorotheus Philipp; Fr. Bevenute Mueller; Fr. Stanislaus Swiercznski.

Sioux City, Ia.—Fr. Honoratus Bonzelet (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Otho Jansen; Fr. Hyacinth Schroeder; Fr. Gratian Gehrig (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Thaddaeus Woloszk.

St. Paul, Minn.—Fr. Valerius Nelles (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Sabine Molitor; Fr. Hubert Pfeil; Fr. Ivo Beu (Dir. of III Order).

Dubuque, Ia.—Fr. Andrew Butzkueben (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Jasper Thoennesen; Fr. Alphonse C. Rhode.

Oak Forest, Ill.—Fr. Hilary Kieser-

ling; (Superior, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Wolfgang Kraus; Fr. Paschal Foerster.

Nashville; Tenn.—Fr. Joseph D. Erkens (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Charles Schlue-ter (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Francis Solano Eckhold.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission.—Fr. Theodore Arentz (Guardian and Commissary of the Holy Land); Fr. Turibius Deaver; Fr. Michael Richardt; Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt; Fr. James Nolte; Fr. Dominic Gallardo (Pastor and Dir. of III Order).

Santa Barbara, Cal., St. Antony's College.—Fr. Peter Wallischeck (Guardian and Rector); Fr. Engelbert Gev; Fr. Adrian Schmitt; Fr. Capistran Damek (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Paul Meyer; Fr. Alphonse Weber; Fr. John Otterstedt.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—Fr. Seraphin Lampe (Guardian and Pastor); Fr. Pius Niermann; Fr. Godfrey Hoelters; Fr. Angelus Bill; Fr. Ferdinand Kenny (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Cyril Buotich.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Antony's Church.—Fr. Joachim Maier (Guardian and Pastor); Fr. Aloysius Asmuth (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Antony M. Durantini; Fr. Andrew Azzopardi; Fr. Louis Preta; Fr. Felician Leibeling; Fr. John Cantius Rozmus.

Oakland, Cal.—Fr. Casimir Vogt (Guardian and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Maximilian Neumann (Pastor); Fr. Valentine Dorenkemper; Fr. Ildephonse Moser; Fr. Humilis Wiese (Dir. of III Order).

San Luis Rey, Cal.—Fr. Alban Schwarz (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Andrew Bucher.

Watsonville, Cal.—Fr. Florian Zettel (Superior and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Joseph O'Keefe; Fr. Felix Raab.

Lakeport, Cal.—Fr. Pilemon Toepfer (Superior, Pastor, and Dir. of III Order); Fr. Severine Westhoff.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Fr. Theophilus Richardt (Superior and Pastor); Fr. Josaphat Kraus; Fr. George Wehmeyer (Dir. of III Order); Fr. Julius Gliebe.

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Hood River, Ore.—Fr. Francis Redman (Superior and Pastor).

Burns, Ore.—Fr. Maximilian Klein (Superior and Pastor).

Rome, Italy.—Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, Definitor General.

Chinese Missions.—Fr. Capistran Goette; Fr. Edward Lunney; Fr. Juniper Doolin.

OBITUARY

San Francisco, Cal.:

Rev. Fr. Joseph O'Keefe, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English Branch of the Third Order:

Thomas Healy, Br. Jude,

Theodore Kennedy, Bro. Francis,

Margaret Howard, Sr. Elizabeth.

German Branch of the Third Order:

Mary Ann Dillinger, Sr. Gertrude.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Elizabeth Whitworth, Sr. Agnes,

Anna Hearson, Sr. Elizabeth,

Ellen Goodwin, Sr. Clare,

Catherine Kopp, Sr. Salomea,

Barbara Reuk, Sr. Delphine,

Anna Kremer, Sr. Teresa.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO
THE HOLY ANGELS.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	W.	Bl. Isabella, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)—St. Giles, Abbot.—The Twelve Holy Brothers, MM.
2	Th.	St. Stephen, King, C.
3	F.	BB. John and Peter, 1st Ord., MM.
4	S.	St. Rose of Viterbo, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.)
5	S.	15th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Gentil, 1st Ord., M. Gospel: The Widow of Naim. Luke vii, 11-16.
6	M.	SS. Cyrillus and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.—Bl. Vincent, 1st Ord., C.
7	T.	St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp. C.
8	W.	Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (P. I., G. A.)—St. Adrian, M. <i>A Plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of St. Joseph Cupertino, Sept. 18, to be selected at discretion.</i>
9	Th.	Bl. Seraphin, 2nd Ord., W.—St. Gorgonius, M.
10	F.	St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.
11	S.	Bl. Bonaventure, 1st Ord., C.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM.—Bl. Bernard of Offida, O. M. Cap., C. (P. I.)
12	S.	16th Sunday after Pentecost. —Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Gospel: Jesus heals the dropsical man. Luke xiv, 1-11.
13	M.	BB. Apollinaris and Companions, 1st and 3rd Orders, MM.
14	T.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15	W.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.—St. Nicomedis, M. SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM.—SS. Euphemia and Companions, MM.
16	Th.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Feast of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis. (P. I., G. A.)
17	F.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Joseph Cupertino, O. M. Conv., C. (P. I.)
18	S.	17th Sunday after Pentecost. —SS. January and Companions, MM. Gospel: The First and Greatest Commandment. Matt. xxii, 35-46.
20	M.	SS. Eustace and Companions, MM.
21	T.	St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.
22	W.	St. Thomas, Bp. C.—SS. Maurice and Companions, MM.
23	Th.	Finding of the Body of St. Clare of Assisi.—St. Thecla, V. M.
24	F.	St. Pacificus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.) <i>To-morrow is the first of the twelve Saturdays in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Plenary indulgence each Saturday. A Plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, Oct. 4, to be selected at discretion.</i>
25	S.	Our Lady of Mercy.
26	S.	18th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Lucy, 3rd Ord., V.—SS. Cyprian and Justine, MM. Gospel: Jesus cures the man sick of palsy. Matt. ix, 1-8.
27	M.	St. Elzear, 3rd Ord., C. (P. I.)
28	T.	Bl. Bernardine of Feltre, 1st Ord., C.
29	W.	St. Michael, Archangel. (P. I.)
30	Th.	St. Jerome, C. D.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



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OCTOBER, 1915.

NO. 10

MINISTERING ANGELS

ANGELS of light, spread your bright wings and keep
Near me at morn:

Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,
Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power
Guard my weak heart,
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous fears,
Keep me secure;
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears
Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and wide
My feet should stray,
Then through a rougher, safer pathway guide
Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,
O still be near!
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life
With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this bleak world,
Where'er I roam,
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
O take me home!

—Adelaide A. Proctor.



ST. MARY FRANCES OF THE FIVE WOUNDS OF JESUS

OF THE THIRD ORDER

OCTOBER 6

This humble daughter of St. Francis was born at Naples on March 25, 1715, and received in Baptism the name of Anne Mary. From her earliest infancy, she gave indications of that exalted sanctity which was to shine forth so brilliantly in her later life, and which had been foretold by the great servants of God, St. John Joseph of the Cross, of the Order of Friars Minor, and St. Francis Jerome, of the Society of Jesus. When scarcely four years old, she spent hours of the day and night in devout prayer, meditated on the Passion of our Divine Savior, and performed acts of self-denial and mortification. She manifested so extraordinary a knowledge, for one of her age, of heavenly things that not only her relatives, but also all who knew her believed it to be the fruit of instructions of her Guardian Angel, whose visible assistance God allowed her to enjoy. Her ardent desire to receive our Divine Savior in Holy Communion was at length satisfied when she was about seven years of age. The touching fervor which she manifested and the wonders which grace worked in her, soon procured from her confessor the permission to receive Holy Communion daily. Thenceforth, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament became her comfort and delight and the source of the courage and strength which enabled her

to overcome all temptations and difficulties and to make daily progress in the practice of virtue.

As soon as her age and strength permitted, the saintly child was obliged to assist her father in his trade of weaving gold ribbons. He was a man of a severe and avaricious disposition and exacted much of her. Anne Mary obediently strove to satisfy all his demands, and at the same time so reconciled the spirit of prayer with the work required of her, that she found time to perform her usual devotions, her frequent confessions, her daily Communion, and the daily exercise of the way of the Cross.

When the Saint had reached her sixteenth year, a wealthy young man, attracted by her piety, modesty, and other virtues, sought her hand in marriage. Her father, rejoicing at the prospects of so brilliant a match, pledged his word without consulting his daughter. To his surprise, she, with great firmness, refused the match, and asked permission to consecrate herself to God in the Third Order of St. Francis. Finding her steadfast in her resolution, her father went into a violent passion, and, taking a cord, beat her unmercifully until her mother rescued her from his anger. He then shut her up in a room, where he kept her many days on bread and water, forbidding both her mother

and her sisters to see her. The Saint bore this treatment with the greatest patience. She rejoiced to be able to suffer for her heavenly Spouse, and during her imprisonment begged God to enlighten her father and move him to give up his opposition to her pious resolve. Her prayer was heard. At the remonstrances of a pious son of St. Francis, her father confessed his error, and permitted her to embrace the state of life to which our Lord called her.

Full of joy, Anne Mary at once began to prepare with extraordinary fervor for her reception into the Third Order of St. Francis. For nine days she gave herself up, without interruption, to prayer and meditation and to acts of mortification. At length, on September 8, 1731, she was admitted among the Tertiaries who, besides observing the Rule of the Third Order, also lived according to the austere Constitution drawn up by St. Peter of Alcantara, and, at her request, was given the name of Mary Frances of the Five Wounds of Jesus. These names reveal to us her desire to place herself under the special protection of the Mother of God and of St. Francis and like them to die to the world and to seek peace and happiness of soul in the wounds of our Divine Savior.

Once enrolled among the children of St. Francis, the servant of God thought only of growing in the love of God by the greatest exactness in the observance of the Rule and by the practice of every Christian virtue. She lived in almost continual communion with God in prayer. Her spirit of humility and self-denial was heroic, and so great was the victory she gained over herself that she became insensible to every pleasure and to every motion of concupiscence. Her obedience was so complete that at the very hour of death she asked permission of her



St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds

confessor to die. Her charity toward those who insulted or persecuted her, was perfect. No labor was too great for her to bring relief to any one in affliction. She often deprived herself of necessaries in order to be able to give to the poor, and by her prayers and penances often obtained relief and assistance for those who applied to her for aid. In like manner, she obtained the grace of conversion for many sinners. To relieve the poor souls in Purgatory, she not only offered up indulgences, and acts of piety and mortification, but also, in her ardent zeal for the honor of God and the welfare of her fellow men, of-

ten prayed God that she might suffer the pains of Purgatory for holy but afflicted souls, and God was so pleased with her heroic charity that he granted her request.

It would be impossible to describe her burning love of the Holy Eucharist. She was often seen kneeling before the altar in an ecstasy of devotion. To forbid her to receive Holy Communion, as her directors sometimes did to prove her obedience, caused her to experience the greatest agony of soul. On such occasions, she took no food nor rest, but full of grief, strove to satisfy her devotion by frequent spiritual Communions.

The sufferings and wounds of our Savior had been the subject of the Saint's meditation from her tenderest years. She daily made the stations of the Cross, and she was so carried away by love and sorrow at the thought of what our Lord suffered for us that she frequently fell senseless to the ground. The Lord was pleased to reward this tender love for him by allowing her to share in his pains and by impressing in her body the sacred Stigmata.

The love of God burning in her soul, and the constant meditation on the Passion of our Divine Savior aroused in Mary Frances a longing

for humiliations and sufferings. God satisfied her longing, both to raise her to heights of virtue and perfection and to show His power and mercy in her. The Saint was afflicted with bodily ills of all kinds, so that she declared to her companion that she had suffered all that could be endured. Not satisfied with this, she performed severe works of penance, fasted strictly, and made use of hair shirts and disciplines. To physical suffering was added mental pain caused by the harsh treatment and persecution inflicted on her by her father, her sisters, and other persons. God also made her endure the pains of dryness and spiritual desolation, which several times reduced her to the last extremity.

Thus purified of every earthly affection, and enriched with extraordinary graces and favors, among which ecstasies and the gift of reading the secrets of hearts and of prophecy, were the most remarkable, the Saint at length closed her earthly career to enter the joys of heaven, on October 6, 1791. She was buried in the church of St. Lucy del Monte, at Naples. She was beatified by Pope Gregory XVI, on November 12, 1843, and canonized by Pope Pius IX on June 29, 1867.





GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

35. FEAR

"Looking on Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, who having joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and now sitting on the right hand of the throne of God." (Hebr. xii, 2.)

The truth, as St. Hilary says, is the revelation of a certain thing. If a person lives according to the principles of our holy religion, his life is a revelation of the teachings of that religion. By his life he verifies his religion.

In this regard, fear is an enemy of truth. And how so? In as far as a person out of fear will not act according to his better knowledge. Piety, especially, is often influenced in this way by fear. St. Augustine says, "They are ashamed on account of scoffers and leave the way of virtue and fall into the snares of the persecutors." But what has this to do with the Third Order? Sad to say, very much indeed.

Fear influences those who are not in the Third Order and prevents them from entering. Many are convinced of the excellence of this institution, but out of fear they will not admit this. Out of fear they will not venture to act according to their better judgment. Out of fear they will not enter the Third Order. What does the enemy of truth whisper into their ear? "Do not join the Third Order," he says, "you will be scoffed at as a hypocrite. And besides, Tertiaries are not any better than other Christians, and often much worse." If you give

ear to these temptations, you will leave the right way, and fall into the snares of the enemy of your salvation.

Remember that Jesus says, "Whoever will confess me before men, I will also confess him before my Father who is in heaven." The Divine Master calls you to follow him faithfully in the Third Order. He offers you the grace of vocation to this holy institution. You refuse it, and why? Out of mere human respect. Consider well the words of our Savior: "But he that shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father who is in heaven."

What then should you do? Enter the Third Order and live according to the admonition of the Apostle: "In all things show thyself an example of good works, in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity.....that he, who is on the contrary part, may be afraid, having no evil to say of us." (Tit. ii. 7, 8.) Show yourself an exemplary member of the Third Order. Live according to its rule, and then scoffers will soon be silenced.

Fear, the enemy of truth, often takes hold of even those who are already members of the Third Order. They fear to reveal the truth, to show themselves as Tertiaries. Out of false shame, they absent themselves from the Fraternity meetings, and do not want it to be-

come known that they are children of St. Francis. This is black ingratitude to the Third Order and to its holy Founder. Remember, timid souls, what graces the Third Order offers you. Consider how many persons esteem themselves fortunate to belong to the Order of Penance. Weigh well the words of the Judge of the living and the dead: "No man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke ix, 62.) You put your hand to the plow when you entered the Third Order, and now you wish to turn back?

There have been scoffers at all times. St. Augustine wrote already in his day, "Now are the times in which many Christians have become scoffers. They scoff at those that wish to serve God in a perfect manner." Thus it will always be. It is your duty, dear reader, not to allow yourself to be governed by fear, otherwise you will wander away from the right path.

The best and most effectual weapon against the scoffers are the words of Jesus: "So let your light

shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (Matt. v, 16.) The first Tertiaries were also derided. But by their good works they won the respect of all well-meaning people. Let your light shine, live in the spirit of the Seraphic Order, and then the scoffers will be forced to silence.

But in spite of this, there will always be some that will make the Third Order and its members the target of their raillery. Let them scoff. It can not harm you. The Tertiaries should walk in the footprints of the Apostles, of whom it is written, "They, indeed, went from the presence of the council, rejoicing, that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." (Acts. v, 41.) Thus every member of the Third Order should be happy when scorned for the name of Jesus. "Looking on Jesus, who, having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." We, too, should despise the shame and without swerving from our known duty, persevere on the path of virtue.

THE GLORY OF AUTUMN

Autumn now is reigning
King of earth and air,
Scattering o'er the landscape
Glories rich and rare.

Trees and shrubs are radiant,
Tinged with brilliant dye,
Purple, scarlet, golden,
Like the sunset sky.

But this gorgeous splendor
Shall, alas! not stay;
Soon this glowing beauty
Shall have passed away.

Soon the leaves decaying
In the dust shall lie,
And through barren branches
Mournful breezes sigh.

Yet, with undimmed luster
Beam the stars at night. —
Earthly glories vanish,
Heaven's still shine bright.

Fr. C., O.F.M.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

VII. A GALLERY OF JOYFUL FRANCISCANS

3. ST. LOUIS AND ST. ELIZABETH

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."
II Cor. vi, 18.)

"The characteristic of all those who have attained the perfect love of God, is an exceptional and imperturbable happiness, a cheerfulness so surprising, so permanent, so frank and childlike, that the prejudiced children of this world are tempted to get vexed at it..... Whoever encounters souls of this kind, perceives from their very appearance that their condition does not depend on the world around them, but originates in their own spiritual depths. Their minds are not easily upset by storms, for their lives are built on God, who is inaccessible to the disturbing influence of the elements. They have naught to fear from God; they are at peace with themselves." These words of Father Albert M. Weis, O. P., are wonderfully fulfilled in the lives of the two chief patrons of the Third Order, St. Louis IX, King of France, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Both were tried by God in the furnace of tribulation, but their love for him never wavered, and faithful to the admonition of the apostle, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," their hearts were constantly filled with joy and heavenly peace.

It is related of Blanche, the virtuous mother of St. Louis, that she often addressed her son with the words: "My son, God alone knows the affection I bear for you. But deep and fervent as is the love of my heart, I would far rather see you stretched dead at my feet, than know that your conscience was sullied by one single mortal sin!" These earnest words made a deep

and indelible impression on the pure heart of the young prince, and laid the foundation for that eminent sanctity that adorned his whole life, and won for him a place among the greatest saints of the Holy Church.

As a child, St. Louis, although not insensible to the pleasures of youth, found his greatest delight in conversing with God in devout prayer, in assisting at holy Mass and the canonical hours chanted by the friars in the royal chapel, and in listening with profound attention to the words of piety and wisdom that fell from the lips of his Franciscan and Dominican tutors. But these exercises of piety did not make him severe, gloomy, and uncongential. Quite the contrary. One of his biographers describes him when he was at the threshold of manhood as "a tall, slender, well-knit stripling of nineteen, fair-haired and with 'blue dove's eyes full of grace and attractive charm.' Those dove's eyes habitually smiled in kindly recognition of the fair glad world around him. Often too they were brimful of honest mirth and laughter, for like most saints—especially saints of the Franciscan school of piety—he had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous and could enjoy a joke even at his own expense." In fact Louis was so much given to laughter—"his ringing laugh was good to hear," we are told—that he considered it necessary to moderate himself in this regard and therefore made the following resolution which he noted down with his other acts of penance: "I will not laugh on a Friday, *if I can help it.*"

This spirit of gaiety that was so

characteristic of him in his youthful years, gave way to a gentle sadness that filled his heart after his hapless attempt to free the Holy Places in Palestine from the yoke of the Moslem. The trials he had undergone in Egypt and Palestine were sufficient to blight irretrievably any man's life, but Louis's character was built on the adamant rock of the purest love of God, and his only answer to every new messenger of ill news was the simple words: "Thy Will, my God, not mine!" He stood there, this Christian hero, before his Moslem captors stripped of everything of value, even to the clothes he wore, and left almost naked, loaded hand and foot with heavy chains but never a sigh or complaint escaped those royal and saintly lips. Only when the crucifix at the foot of his bed was torn from the wall and trampled on with contumely, did his wrath break out in burning words of righteous indignation?

France welcomed her beloved monarch home from the Crusade with transports of joy and loyal enthusiasm. His journey from Marseilles to Paris was a series of jubilant ovations. Louis alone was "sad and heavy by reason of the death of his lady mother during his absence and of the ill-success of the Holy War. "But this sadness that over-shadowed the remaining years of his life was not incompatible with the holy joy that still continued to fill his stainless heart, sparkled through his life and found a way to the hearts and affections of all." His growth in holiness was from that time on so marked that his confessor compares his previous life to silver and his last twenty years on earth to precious gold.

His kingly heart, however, was not satisfied with personal interior peace, he wanted every one of his subjects to enjoy similar happiness. His heart became, therefore, the

"spiritual refuge for all the miserable and from it there flowed, as it were, a wave of charity, that flooded his whole kingdom with alms and works of mercy." He was wont to visit the hospitals and even the houses of the lepers, where he comforted the sick, served them with his own hands and dressed their repulsive sores with the tenderness of a mother. "Am I not their king and father?" he answered those who would have him cease these charitable ministrations. "They have never spared themselves in my service, and shall I mind a little risk in theirs, while they are lying helpless and disconsolate?" His very presence brought joy and peace to the sick and dying. His servant, Gaugelm, cried out on seeing him approach his sick bed, "Now, O Lord, thou mayest recall me to thyself since mine eyes have again beheld the glory and the hope of France!"

Thus was this holy king in all truth an apostle of joy for his faithful subjects. But he has more. He sought to extend the peace and happiness of his own heart beyond the confines of his kingdom. For this reason, he undertook that last great work of his earthly career, the Eighth Crusade, that he might rescue the Christians languishing in Moselm captivity and lead them back with joy and gladness to the home of their birth, and that the unbelieving Moselm might learn the saving truths of the Gospel and then believing draw graces with gladness from the fountains of the Savior.

But again the hand of God rested heavily upon him. An epidemic broke out in the Christian camp before Tunis, and his third son, Prince Tristan, was one of the first victims. A few days later, the noble king himself fell a prey to the ravaging plague and soon lay at death's door. But like Holy Job of

old he never lost the extraordinary equanimity of his soul. "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!" This was the prayer that constantly fell from his lips, and that lit up his emaciated features with a holy, patient smile. His face was so sweet and calm, his speech so composed and quiet, that all who saw him, marveled at his peace of mind. Lying on a bed of ashes covered

with sacking, fortified with the holy sacraments, he peacefully expired with the dying words of Jesus on his lips: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" "Then the curtains of his tent were lifted up," says his biographer, "that the whole French army might prolong their farewell gaze on the pale features of their holy King smiling still in death."

THE RIGHT KIND OF PRIDE

Once at a boarding school some girls were trying to humiliate a new scholar whose hands were red and who looked as if she knew how to work. They were boasting of what they could do, apparently thinking she would be ashamed of being a working girl.

"Why," said one of them, "I never did a stroke of work in my life."

"You didn't?" said the country girl. "Don't you know how to wash the dishes?"

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"Can't you cook?"

"No."

"Wash, iron, bake, or scrub?"

"No! No!" said the girls, all at once. "We have servants to do those things."

"Can't you sew?" said the country girl.

"Well," said one of them, "I made an apron once, but it was so poorly done that my mother had to rip it all out."

"Well," said the country girl, "I would be ashamed to be as helpless as you are—to be like a baby and have someone to wait on me. You can talk about your fathers being worth money, but I'm worth something in myself. I cook, wash, sew, scrub, bake and iron and milk and make butter, I am proud of what I can do and never would think of boasting about what I can't do."

It is not the amount of money that measures your value. Our value lies in what we are, and not in what we possess. A woman may possess \$1,000,000, yet be worth very little. Another may have only two strong hands and a firm intellect and be worth a great deal.—*Exchange*.



IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O. F. M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O. F. M.

CHAPTER III.

The Great Sahara—The Oasis Air—Agades—An Italian Villa in the Sudan—Persecution for Justice's Sake.

WE left our two Christian slaves, Brother Peter and Daniel Van Breukel, at Targa, which is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the Sahara desert at the entrance to the wonderful oasis of Air, the birthplace of Soora Belyn. The caravan traveled for some days through the country of the uncanny Tuaregs, who were the constant terror of the Moors and Negroes. Mounted on their fleet-footed Moharis or camels and dashing forth suddenly, they were terrible to behold, dressed as they were in flowing black robes, their faces masked, and their bodies bristling with weapons.

In those days, the Tuaregs ruled the desert and even the Sudan, and it was in their own interest to protect the traffic. Hence our caravan had nothing to fear from them, and continued its journey in safety. Commercial intercourse between the Barbary States and the interior of Africa was then at its zenith, and Europeans came more frequently in contact with the natives of these parts than nowadays.

Brother Peter tells us nothing in his letters of the adventures and hardships of his trip through the desert. Naturally a poor slave of a Mohammedan nobleman looks with far different eyes at the strange scenes of a foreign land than an explorer, who is his own master and who travels in the interests of science and education. Peter's sole aim was to make use of his captivity to spread the truths of the holy Gospel.

During the long journey, Brother Fardé frequently conversed with his master, and Soora Belyn took the greatest interest in the conversation of his slave, who was so humble and docile and ever ready to please him. Great was his joy when he learnt that Brother Peter was versed in architecture. It had long been his heart's desire to construct near Agades an European villa, similar to those he had seen during his sojourn in Italy. Now that he possessed a slave in his household who was able to draft a plan and direct the work of construction, Soora Belyn hoped soon to have his dream realized.

After leaving Targa, the passage of the caravan proved a veritable pleasure trip. Before them lay the luxuriant fields of the charming oasis of Air (also called Asben), which present-day travelers style "the Switzerland of the Desert." Beautiful valleys interchange with shadowy forests and teeming fields of wheat, corn, and millet, and thick groves of date palms and tamarinds. The pure fresh air of the oasis, too, was all the more refreshing and invigorating after the days of weary travel under the scorching rays of the desert sun.

The caravan entered Agades on December 14. It was the capital city of the Tuaregs, and although it paid tribute to Timbuctoo, it continually strove to outrank its rival and become independent. Agades was at that time two hundred years old, having been founded in 1460. In 1515, it came under the sway of

the Mohammedans, and although it was forced to accept the religion of its conquerors, it nevertheless retained much of its pagan superstition. The inhabitants were, for the most part, Arabian merchants; for Agades was the great emporium of the interior, the connecting link between the Barbary States and the great business centers on the Guinea coast. The natives filled the public offices, served in the army, and engaged in tanning leather.

Soon after their arrival in Agades, Brother Peter set to work to sketch various plans for the proposed villa to enable Soora Belyn to make his choice. After some days, the Brother, accompanied by Daniel Van Breukel, brought the finished drafts to his master, explained their intricacies, and begged him to select the plan that pleased him most. Soora Belyn, highly delighted with the beauty of the drawings, pointed to one of the plans and said:

"If you succeed in building a villa according to this sketch, as soon as the work is completed, I will give you the choice between two hundred dollars and your liberty."

On hearing these words, Peter humbly prostrated himself at the feet of his master, and motioning to Daniel to do the same, he exclaimed:

"Good master, I am thy slave and desire no money. But, in case I succeed in constructing the villa according to your wish and satisfaction, I shall rely on your magnanimity and venture to beg you for my companion's and my own liberty!"

Soora Belyn, who was greatly moved by this humble petition, said: "Verily, I, too, was once a slave; but never have I heard a slave entreating for the liberty of another, before his own was secure! Arise, your prayer shall be fulfilled; this I solemnly promise you!"

With great zeal and childlike trust

in God, Brother Peter began work on the villa on February 2, 1684. A large number of slaves, Christian, Jewish, and Negro, were placed at his disposal. Soora Belyn's brother also lent his slaves that the work might proceed more rapidly.

Brother Fardé acted as superintendent of the work and director of the slaves. Availing himself of his prominent position and of the good will of his master, he sought to further also the work of God, and daily spoke to the laborers about the beauty and glory of the Christian religion. He convinced the Jews that the Messiah had come and was none other than Jesus of Nazareth. Relating to them the life of Jesus, he proved how everything the Evangelists say of Christ had been foretold centuries before by the holy Prophets, and then clearly showed how all these prophecies had been fulfilled to the letter in Jesus.

These instructions were productive of great fruit. Within three or four weeks, he converted over two hundred Jews and Negroes, who were most eager in their desire for Baptism. The greatest success that crowned his zeal, however, was the conversion of his master with his whole family. But this happy occurrence had to be kept secret, as the conversion of a Moslem to the Christian faith was punished by death.

Unhappily, these signal successes were soon to be checked and followed by persecution.

Among the slaves of Soora Belyn's brother, that were engaged on the building, there was a certain Frenchman, Louis Delaplace by name. Rabid enemy of the Catholic religion and treacherous knave that he was, he had long nourished a secret hatred against Brother Peter on account of his ever growing favor with the master and his precedence over the other slaves. Hence, he sought to ruin him. At

first, he endeavored to win the Brother's confidence. He began thus:

"God has shown great love to you, my Brother, and you should, therefore, repay him by forswearing your papistic errors and professing the doctrines of the pure Gospel. If you assist me in my endeavors regarding the unity of faith, we can easily gain all the slaves for the Reformed Church."

But the deceitful rogue had not reckoned on the deep piety and solid learning of the simple lay brother. Brother Fardé exposed the sophisms of the crafty Huguenot with such ability, that Delaplace was forced to retire not knowing what to say.

Deeply chagrined at his discomfiture, the wicked man hatched out a plan to get revenge. He associated himself secretly with a number of Jews who were beside themselves with rage over the conversion of their countrymen. Then, for several days he acted as if he too wished to become a Catholic, and was present at the religious instructions of the Brother, always careful that his Jewish confederates witnessed what he did.

Finally, he cast off his mask. Accompanied by his witnesses, he obtained audience with the *cadi* and accused Soora Belyn's slave, the architect, of publicly preaching the Christian religion and of having led a large number of slaves of various religions astray by his teachings. To add weight to his accusation, the unhappy man denied his Christian faith and publicly professed himself a Moslem.

The *cadi* had the Brother arrested at once and brought before him. Without the least hesitation, Brother Peter openly attested the truth of the accusation and fearlessly professed his holy faith. Thereupon, the judge condemned him to receive one hundred blows on the soles of his feet with a cudgel and then

had him thrown into prison.

On the following day, Brother Peter was again summoned before the court and asked publicly to retract his teachings and to deny Jesus Christ. But all in vain; neither threats nor promises could shake the constancy of the holy religious. To punish his obstinacy and to instill fear into the hearts of others, the Moslems bound the poor Brother to a gallows that was fastened to a large sledge. Then they tied a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds to his feet and dragged him through all the streets of the city. All along the way, two executioners beat him with scourges; only his head and arms escaped their savage blows, because the scourgers were unable to reach them with their whips. When at length the sorrowful procession returned to the *cadi*, the body of the Brother was one great, gaping wound. The ropes that bound him to the gallows were cut, and Brother Peter fell fainting to the ground, exclaiming, "O Jesus, my Savior!"

For five days he lay in the city prison. Soora Belyn's heart bled with sorrow and anguish when he learnt how inhumanly his slave had been tortured. Still he feared to upbraid his countrymen for their cruelty, as he knew well how sensitive they were regarding everything that opposed their prophet Mohammed or his doctrine. Nevertheless, relying on his property rights and on the great esteem in which he was held on account of his immense riches, he undertook to demand that his slave be given back to him.

When he made his demand the *cadi* replied:

"Soora Belyn, you must pay the city three hundred dollars ransom; otherwise, your slave will be killed at once. Moreover, it is only on account of your half-finished villa we are willing to do you this favor. Hence, as soon as the building is

completed, you must send the Brother away or sell him. Otherwise, he will be condemned to be burnt at the stake and you will be banished."

After much discussion with the authorities, Soora Belyn finally prevailed on them to be satisfied with two hundred dollars. Thereupon, he had the mangled Brother brought to his house, where he nursed him as if he were his own son.

We must not fail to remark here, that in none of his letters does the humble Brother make mention of the terrible sufferings he had to endure for the sake of Christ. He merely mentions that he had been imprisoned, and then adds by the

way that he had been quite ill. His companion in slavery, Daniel Van Breukel, however, revealed the whole affair. In the letter in which he describes the pious Brother's martyrdom, he writes: "When you answer the letter your brother wrote to you from Targa, do not refer to what he has had to suffer; for he would reprove me for telling you this. He looks upon his sufferings as a special favor of God. He always longed for a martyr's death, and that this was no mere idle wish was clear from the prayers and ejaculations and heartfelt acts of thanksgiving that were constantly on his lips during his fearful scourging."

(To be continued)

MURIEL'S ANSWER

By Noel A. Dunderdale

IT can not be said that this story, if story it may be called, has much to recommend it. Rather than a story it is more an account of the various stages of opinion through which a young man passed. There is nothing of special interest in it, nothing but what happens perhaps a hundred times every day. The reader can not therefore be assured that he will be entertained. The narrative has only one fact in its favor, and this is, that it is true.

* * *

The early life of Frank Rogers was in no way different from that of other boys of his time. He was the son of good Catholic parents, and was educated in a Catholic college under the guidance of priests. This training was supplemented at home by the example and instruction of a father and a mother whose faith in the Church was firm beyond question.

Frank was, however, a boy who

reasoned things out for himself, one who could not and would not accept a truth merely because someone else believed it. He was a Catholic, he said, not because Catholicity was the faith of his parents, but because the arguments for Catholicity were complete and convincing.

Being a youth of convictions, Frank had decided that his life must be regulated so as to conform to what he regarded as the two great purposes of existence. The one was, of course, the salvation of his soul; the other, since he felt no call to the religious life, was to get married.

He had reasoned that some day he should be sufficiently endowed with the world's goods to carry out this second part of the scheme. That he would marry a Catholic girl seemed a forgone conclusion; his arguments against mixed marriages were forceful and complete. At times, discussions about such things

arose in the family circle, and Frank never failed to take advantage of the opportunity to discourse, not without some ability, upon the disadvantages and risks attendant upon mixed marriages, and the more desirable condition resultant upon unity of religious opinion.

Frank's mind was made up. He merely waited until the time should come. This was the state of affairs when he was seventeen years old.

* * *

For some years life ran along smoothly for Frank Rogers. His twenty-sixth year found him advanced in the business world, and while he felt no cause for hurry, he realized that the time was nearing when he should have to carry out his share of the obligation resting upon every man of the world.

Life in a large city had thrown him into contact with many young women of various stages of society and of different religious convictions. At first, he treated them all alike and with equal favor. There were several for whom he felt great regard, and who did not disguise the fact that they would return any affection that he might show them. He found, however, that almost insensibly he was being drawn in a certain direction, and that he called more frequently at the home of one of the girls than at that of any of the others. This course came about gradually as the two young people found much in common, and occasions for their being together were therefore increased. After a few months, however, Frank realized that he had fallen in love with Muriel. Somehow this gave him a shock. It had not been as he had expected. He had planned to choose the girl first and fall in love afterwards, and exactly the opposite had happened. This made all the difference in the world in view of the fact that Muriel was a Presbyterian.

Frank now began to review the

situation and plan his future course. As yet he had said nothing to the girl; but he had every reason to believe that she favored him. He was allowed to see her and take her out very often, and this, he reasoned, was evidence that his intentions were suspected and that he was not objectionable.

The discussions around the family dinner-table now began to take on a slightly different tone, and Frank's arguments against mixed marriages were not so forceful as formerly. There were extenuating circumstances, he said; occasions when people of different religious beliefs had married and had been quite happy together. At first, his mother paid but little attention to his opinions. They were, she said, simply the words of a young man who did not know his own mind.

In this way matters drifted along for several months. Frank and Muriel spent more time together and less time with others. People soon began to talk, and it was expected that an engagement would soon be announced.

Mrs. Rogers noted these signs with growing alarm. She had always felt that her son would not do anything that would grieve her, and she had trusted in this faith. No word had as yet passed between them on the subject, though each wondered vaguely what the other thought.

At last, the mother felt that it was her duty to exert more direct influence over her boy and prevent him, if possible, from taking a step that she realized only too clearly would bring unhappiness into his life.

The point arose suddenly one evening as they were walking together.

"You are going to see Muriel again to-night?" asked Mrs. Rogers. "That will make two nights in succession. Aren't you taking

up too much of her time?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! I don't know. She doesn't seem to care. We enjoy each other's company, I guess; and it doesn't do any harm."

"It might do, though," continued his mother. "People notice things like that, you know, and talk about them. Muriel's name will be connected with yours, and this isn't fair to her; unless, of course, you mean to be serious." The words were said with a show of indifference; but the fond mother trembled as she said them and feared the answer she would receive.

"Don't fear, Mother", replied Frank. "I'm not likely to get married yet."

"You will do so some day, I suppose. Muriel is a good girl, and I'm very fond of her. She's true-blue and she will make some man a good wife. But she is not a Catholic and—well, you know how I feel on the subject."

"Don't worry" returned the young man. "We'll cross that bridge when we reach it. But, as far as all that talk about religion goes, you're wrong. Of course, it's very nice for people of the same religion to marry. It's in keeping with the general idea of matrimony if they are united in this. But, on the other hand, suppose two young people of different religions do fall in love with each other, what are you going to do about it? People can't fall in love or keep away from it at will, you know."

"No, but they need not get married."

"You would risk ruining a person's life, then, just because he or she happens to love some one who has a different form of worship?"

Frank was really more interested than he would admit, and was glad to argue this matter without committing himself in any way.

"It would not be a case of ruining a life" continued his mother. "Some other good girl or man would come along and all would be well. Besides, we have to consider not only ourselves but the next generation."

"Oh yes" said Frank. "I know all that well enough. I know there's a certain risk; but—there's risk in everything. It seems to me that since the Church does not absolutely forbid mixed marriages they can not be so very disastrous. The Church has to allow them. Besides, aren't marriages made in Heaven?" This, he thought, was a good shot and helped to give weight to an argument that he was maintaining against his better opinions.

"Well, you'll go your own way, I suppose, but you know my wishes." And his mother sighed and looked troubled.

"No danger, Mother. As I told you before, I'm not going to get married yet. I'm just arguing, that's all. As a matter of fact, I have the best of it, too."

As Frank walked to Muriel's home that evening, he turned over in his mind the conversation he had had with his mother. That she was really right he had to admit; but he knew very well that he was deeply in love with Muriel, that he wanted her for his wife, religion or no religion, and that this had been in his mind when he talked with his mother though he had deliberately misled her. He had thought it best to let the matter rest until he had talked to Muriel. This was the purpose on which he was bent this evening. He wanted to know first whether the girl would accept him, and then he could make his explanations to his parents afterwards.

He felt sure that he would be accepted. The girl had shown him that she felt a great regard for him, and he confidently expected that she would answer "yes" when

he put the great question.

Now and then the thought of how he might hurt his mother, came to his mind and caused him a feeling of uneasiness. He put this from him, however, and refused to let it occupy him. To-night he was to be made the happiest man on earth. With a light step he hurried forward, anxious for the great moment. He even pictured the scenes that would follow; the delight of being engaged, the good-natured banter of his friends; and even in the distant future he saw himself the father of little children, taking them to church on Sunday morning. Perhaps, after a while, Muriel might also become a Catholic; but that was immaterial.

Half an hour later, Frank and Muriel were walking together through the park. For a moment, the young man hesitated when he thought of the seriousness of the step he was about to take. But, he had come for this purpose and this alone. The question must be asked.

"Muriel", he began, "I'm in trouble."

"Yes?" she said. "Then I'm sorry for you."

"Oh it's not so bad as that. We all have our troubles. Mine are no worse than other peoples', I suppose. But that's why I'm here to-night; I want you to straighten them out for me."

The girl began to wonder what was coming.

"Maybe I can't", she answered.

"Yes, you can. I'll tell you. You and I are good friends, mighty good friends, aren't we?"

"Yes", she replied.

"And we have been friends for about a year, maybe a little more. I have seen you often in that time. I have taken up a lot of your time, haven't I?" He turned and glanced at her to see if he could guess her thought.

"That's all right. Why shouldn't

you? We are good friends as you say. I'm satisfied." There was hope for him in her words, and he continued.

"That may be so. But the point is, can this continue? Can we go on as we are going?"

"Yes, of course. Why not?" she asked, as if surprised at the question. His hopes fell again. This was not quite what he wanted.

"We have gone along together so far," he continued; "we can not continue this way. It's not fair to you. We have reached the point where we must make a decision. I have been very happy in our friendship; you know that, of course. If it had not been so, I should not have come here as often as I have. You have been very good to me, and it's only fair that we should know how we stand in regard to each other. Muriel, I love you!" and he took her hand in his.

For a moment she was silent. Then she drew away her hand.

"Frank" she said slowly, looking away "I knew this was coming. When you called me up this afternoon, I guessed what you were going to say, and it bothered me a great deal. I had not thought of this before. I had viewed you as my best friend, and so I have treated you, haven't I?"

"You have", he said, "and I appreciate it. You're very good!"

"I had thought that we could remain friends, but your words tell me that I was wrong. I see now that—" she hesitated.

"That what?" he demanded. Suddenly the worst fears possessed him.

"That we must separate. No, Frank, I had not thought of you this way. I have always liked you; I have always enjoyed your company. But there's one great barrier!"

Again she hesitated, and Frank hardly dared reply. He frowned and gritted his teeth.

"Yes?" he said, at length. "And what is that?"

"The difference in our religion!" He almost gasped, so startling was this information.

"Why, — er what has that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Everything", she said, "everything in the world."

"You mean that married happiness is impossible between two persons of different religions?" he asked.

"Yes; absolutely. Your Church says so, doesn't it?"

"No. It objects to mixed marriages but it does not forbid them. It realizes that they must be; that religion is not the only factor in life, and that, if people find congeniality in all other matters, that one can be waived. It does not approve but can not forbid such marriages."

"Your mother has a different opinion", she said quietly.

"Mother looks at the matter from another viewpoint, perhaps, but that's all. Why, my grandmother was a non-Catholic! After all, we are all working for the same object."

"Yes, that's true; but the ways

are very different. No, Frank, it can not be. I'm sorry, very sorry, because I see how you feel. But it is quite impossible."

Frank was silent. This was not what he had expected, and he was stunned.

"I have a rival in Smith?" he asked.

The girl shook her head. "No," she said, "Mr. Smith has never spoken to me as you have done. It is only the matter of religion. This is the one, great objection."

They were home again by this time. At the door he took Muriel's hand in his. For a moment he held it and pressed it.

"Good-night"; he said, and he set his teeth, turned away his head, and went. He knew that she watched him, but he dared not look back. In his pocket he carried a statuette of St. Joseph. He had said jokingly many a time that St. Joseph would find him a wife, and he wondered now whether he had not been wrong in going against his first opinions. "After all" he said, half aloud, "marriages are made in Heaven."

A PRIEST'S REVENGE.

"In a little village in the Vosges Mountains, there once dwelt a French priest named Wagner, who to much amiability of character united strength and vigor," says the *Catholic Standard and Times*. "Though he would not offend a child, he was inexorable in denouncing and suppressing abuses in his parish. Consequently, he had some enemies, one of whom one day fired a pistol at him, inflicting a wound of which he died in a few days. In the meantime, however, the priest had made a will by which he left everything he owned to the children of his murderer, who were practically orphaned by their father's deed, he having been promptly condemned to imprisonment for life."

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Let the Rosary, this simple, beautiful method of prayer, enriched with many indulgences, be habitually recited of an evening in every household. These are my last words to you; the memorial I leave behind me.—Pope Pius IX, Tertiary.

2. Balls and theaters are like mushrooms, of which the best are worth nothing. It is easier to do without them than to make use of them.—Bl. Louise of Savoy, 2nd Order.

3. Your life in this world ought to be such that all who see and hear you may devoutly praise your glorious Father who is in heaven.—St. Francis.

4. On the feast of St. Francis, as Bl. Helen Enselmini, of the Second Order, was meditating on the virtues and merits of the Seraphic Father, she heard a heavenly voice say: "Francis was powerful on earth, but in heaven his power is greater."

5. Practice solid piety, and do not be taken up with short-lived devotions, which are only a fitful blaze.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, O. M. Conv.

6. With her eyes fixed on heaven, St. Mary Frances, of the Third Order, was wont to offer all her pains to the Eternal Father in union with those of Jesus Christ, blessing and praising him and ready for yet more.

7. The Rosary is Mary's gift to men; she loves no other prayer as well.—Pope Pius IX, Tertiary.

8. When worldly-minded friends laughed at the holy practices of Saint Bridget of Sweden, Tertiary, and ridiculed her austerities, the Saint replied; "You have nothing to do with my choice, and for your sake I will not alter my manner of life."

9. May your conversation be seasoned with the precious salt of prudence and charity.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

10. Oh, that I also were poor, as Jesus was.—Bl. Robert Malatesta, Tertiary.

11. We lose as much heavenly reward in an idly spent hour, as we could have performed good works in that time.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Ord.

12. If death is sad, it still has this consoling feature; life is not taken from us, but changed into a better one.—St. Seraphine, O. M. Cap.

13. Although we have much to suffer, we are nevertheless greatly comforted in our Lord, hoping he will be pleased to accept the sacrifice of our lives. To him only be honor and glory for evermore.—St. Daniel, 1st Order.

14. Between my body and myself there is a compact. My body has promised to let itself be ill-treated on earth, and I have promised to let it rest in heaven.—St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Order.

15. A desire, even though it be holy, ought never to be profaned by any secret entrance of our own will; and every good intention that we form ought to be subjected to holy obedience, the only true guide of all

our holiest thoughts.—St. Seraphine, O. M. Cap.

16. I pray the Rosary every day.—Mary, Queen of Bavaria, Tertiary.

17. The more a man feels he is full of vice and imperfections, the more need he has to speak of virtue; for in speaking often of it, he returns more easily to it and embraces it more readily.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

18. He who does not hasten to execute a command from a principle of obedience, neither fears God, nor respects his superior.—St. Francis.

19. Oh blessed penance! which has gained for me so much glory.—St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Order.

20. The works which are not observed by others, we must perform with special ardor, love, and devotion.—Bl. Crescentia, 3rd Order.

21. Love toward our neighbor and peace with others are sure signs that we are on the right road and pleasing to God.—St. Angela Merici, Tertiary.

22. Far be it from me that I should exercise my own will; my only desire is to fulfill the commands of my superiors.—Bl. Ladislaus of Gielnow, 1st Order.

23. Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give the glory.—Motto of St. John Capistran, 1st Order.

24. First obedience, then the practice of piety.—St. Paschal Baylon, 1st Order.

25. There are many who boast of great things, but few who really do good. God does not consider our words, he looks only to a pure heart and good works.—Fr. Paul, 1st Order.

26. He who prefers knowledge to holiness will never be happy.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

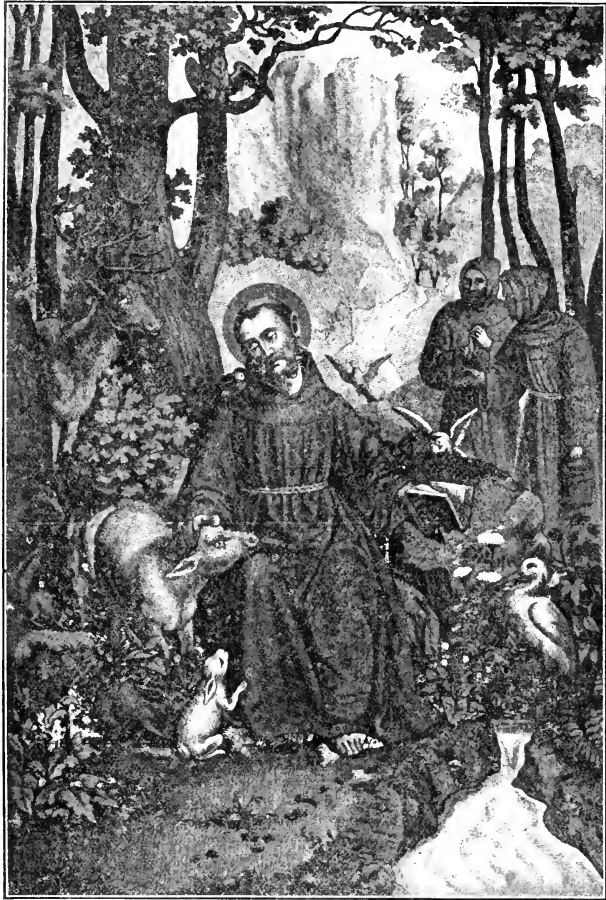
27. If only I have time to pray, there is no grace which I do not hope to obtain from the Divine Majesty.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

28. When a man places all his trust in God, God exercises continually a special providence over him; so that such a one may rest assured that no evil will befall him.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

29. In temptation, whatever its nature may be, distrust yourself and look up to the Cross; confide your soul to God and have courage; God will be faithful to you if you are faithful to him.—St. Joseph of Cupertino, O. M. Conv.

30. You and I must first be what we ought to be, then we shall cure what concerns ourselves; let every one do the same and the reform will be effectual.—St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Order.

31. If the Third Order were once more to flourish among us as it did in days of yore, the lawless greed for temporal things would be weakened, men would obey their lawful rulers, they would learn to conquer their natural propensities to evil, they would outrage no one's rights, and the relations between rich and poor would be satisfactorily arranged.—Pope Leo XIII, Tertiary.



THE SAINT OF LOVE

Seraphic light illumed thy soul,
Eternal wisdom ruled thy heart,
But love it was that crowned the whole,
And made thee, Francis, what thou art.

The gentlest of the gentle Saints—
So meek, so mild, so fair, and free,
The very beasts upon thee smiled,
And lost their native savagery.

The wolf came tottering at thy call,
And lay beside thy favorite dove.
For, Francis, thou wert lord of all,
Because most like the Lord of love.

And now upon thy festal day,
While gazing on thy picture sweet
I see the lamb beside thee play—
The wolf reposing at thy feet.

I feel my soul in rapture rise
My sins and sorrows far above,
To greet thee 'mid eternal skies,
And hail thee, Francis, saint of love.

Thou didst not turn the brute away,
The birds and fishes knew thy voice,
Then, Father, hear me as I pray,
And make my soul in God rejoice.

O keep me ever at thy side!
Fain would I be thy favorite dove,
For, Francis, lord of all thou art,
Because most like the Lord of love.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR NATIONAL FAILING

If there is one trait in our national character which more than any other may be called our ruling passion, it is our love of money, which the Apostle designates as the concupiscence of the eyes. To possess in order to enjoy, seems to be the one passionate desire that rules the hearts of both rich and poor. This desire is in itself altogether natural. There is no inherent tendency in man to choose a life of voluntary poverty, and the privations and the coarse food and the scanty clothing that poverty invariably enjoins. The average man will not, like St. Francis, love poverty for its own sake and call it his bride, because he has not the heart of St. Francis. He will prefer riches to poverty, abundance to scarcity, pleasure to pain, and leisure to labor. Thus, in those who are poor, there will always be a strong craving to possess themselves of a share of this world's goods and conveniences and pleasures. As a natural tendency, this craving to appropriate must remain. It can no more be rooted from the human heart than the other passions to which our flesh is heir. But, unless it is restrained and directed into the proper channels, it will inevitably lead to excesses and disturbances in the moral as well as in the social order. The spirit of discontent that has taken hold of large classes, the riots and risings of dissatisfied orders, the growing agitation against capitalists, are nothing but the bodeful rumblings of an approaching storm that may soon spread desolation and confusion on every side.

To avert the impending catastrophe there is only one means; namely, to lead men back again to the Faith and to the spirit of the Gospel; to teach them that in labor consists their true dignity; to direct their minds and hearts to the life that is to come, where there will be full and just retribution; to convince them that "the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to come"—and all this not so much by word as by example.

How did the great social reformer St. Francis effect the regeneration of medieval society? Certainly not by preaching alone; for there were more powerful and eloquent preachers in his day than he was. Why did he succeed where others had failed? It was because he first practiced what he preached. Before he set out to preach his gospel of poverty and contentment, he detached and purified his own soul from the dross of earthly affections. So great was his love of poverty that his heart was filled with joy and gratitude even when he had only the bare necessities of life. It is a touching incident that is related of him and Brother Masseo in "The Little Flowers":

"Coming one day to a certain town and being very hungry, they went, according to the rule, to beg for bread for the love of God. When they had begged enough, they went together to a place outside the town, where there was a fair fountain, that they might eat; and beside which was also a broad and convenient stone, on which each placed all the alms which he had begged. And St. Francis, seeing that the pieces of bread which Brother Masseo had were larger and better than his own, had great joy, and spoke thus: 'O Brother Masseo, we are not worthy of so great treasure.' And as he repeated these words several times, Brother Masseo answered him: 'Father, how can this be called treasure, when we are in such poverty, and lack the things of which we have need; we, who have

neither cloth, nor knives, nor plates, nor porringer, nor house, nor table, nor manservant, nor maidservant?" Then said St. Francis: "And this is what I call a great treasure, that there is nothing here provided by human industry, but everything is provided by Divine Providence, as we may see manifestly in this bread which we have begged, in this stone which serves so beautifully for our table, and in this so clear fountain; and therefore I desire that we should pray to God, that he would cause holy poverty, which is a thing so noble that God himself was made subject to it, to be loved by us with our whole heart." "

This spirit of joy and contentment even amid privations, this gratitude to God for even the smallest temporal favors, is sadly lacking at the present day. How much happier people would be if they possessed a little of this Franciscan spirit, instead of being tormented by the passionate desire of increasing their wealth and thus multiplying their woes. "O ye sons of men, how long will you be dull of heart? Why do you love vanity and seek after lying?"

THE LATEST PLAN FOR CHURCH UNITY

"Restatement and Reunion" is the title of a book lately published by Burnett Hillman Streeter, Fellow, Dean, and lecturer on theology in Queen's College, Oxford. In this book, the author outlines a novel plan for bringing about the reunion of the Christian Churches. Absolute unity he regards as neither possible nor desirable, as it could be imposed only by a dogmatic authority, which inevitably would provoke worse revolt and confusion. He suggests as the wisest and most practicable policy, progressive federations, first between the various sects within the leading Protestant communions, and then between those communions themselves. This, he thinks, might pave the way to an agreement with the Orthodox Eastern Churches. This accomplished, the *Roman Church* would be deprived of its numerical preponderance, and might be induced to make concessions.

Whatever hopes the author of this plan may entertain for its success, we venture to say that it is doomed to certain failure. If "absolute unity is neither possible nor desirable," why aspire to any unity at all? But, why should it not be possible or desirable? Has Christ not prayed that all those who should believe in him might be one, as the Father in him and he in the Father? And could he have prayed for anything impossible or undesirable? It may be that modern Protestants do not desire absolute unity, because, as the Oxford pundit naively puts it, "it could be imposed only by a dogmatic authority."

"Dogmatic authority!"—how these words grate on their ears. So long have they enjoyed unbridled liberty of thought that submission of the intellect and of the will to dogma and authority to them would be intolerable slavery. That dogmatic authority should provoke worse revolt and confusion than now exists in the Protestant communions is incredible in the light of the fact that in the Catholic Church it is the one source of strength and unity and harmony.

As for progressive federations of the Protestant sects and communions, they may serve, at least for a time, to save the pieces into which Protestantism is crumbling and to give it a numerical preponderance over Catholicism. But it is vain for our separated friends on that account to hope for any concessions from the Church of Rome that would entail a denial of principles.

Numerical preponderance has never held any terrors for her, nor has it ever wrung from her a single unlawful concession. Century after century she has advanced under the banner of the cross and the dove to the spiritual conquest of the world, and she will not stop in her progress until she has converted the world to Christ. But, she has not denied, and she will not deny her sacred trust and prerogative of catholicity for the sake of adding even whole nations to her fold. Whoever enters her fold must submit to her dogmatic authority, and must admit by that act her claim to be the one, undivided, undivisible Church of Christ.

If "this saying is hard" to our Protestant friends, let them remember that it was Christ himself that uttered the words: "If he will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." It is not the fault of the Catholic Church that multitudes who call themselves Christians, are not members of her communion. If they are out of the Church, because their fathers have left it, and if the conviction is growing on them that the great schism of four centuries ago has proved a terrible mistake, then the only thing for them to do is to renew their allegiance to the historic Church, but not to restore her unity, for that has never been broken. God grant that not only thousands of individuals may know how precious a prize it is to live and die in communion with the Church of Rome; but that even mighty nations may realize what priceless gifts they have forfeited by centuries of separation from the source of all they have that has been or that is worth keeping.

"BEATAM ME DICENT"

There is hardly a devotion so dear to the Catholic heart as is the devotion of the holy Rosary. It deserves its popularity. For, says Herbert Thurston in "The Catholic Encyclopaedia," "That the Rosary is preeminently the prayer of the people adapted alike for the use of simple and learned is proved not only by the long series of papal utterances by which it has been commended to the faithful but by the daily experience of all who are familiar with it." Indeed, what prayer could be better adapted to the capacities of all than one which is at once oral and mental? For, according to the Roman Breviary, "The Rosary is a certain form of prayer wherein we say fifteen decades or tens of Hail Marys with an Our Father between each ten, while at each of these fifteen decades we recall successively in pious meditation one of the mysteries of our Redemption." The Church has repeatedly recommended this form of prayer and enriched it with many indulgences, not only because she was convinced that it is a fruitful source of graces for her children, but also because she wished to increase the honor of the Mother of God. For the Church has never forgotten the Virgin's prophecy that all generations should call her blessed.

And how literally has this prophecy been fulfilled even down to the present. How like "the sound of many waters" roll hourly heavenward the hymns and orisons of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. To the mind's ear seem blended in one overpowering flood of holy harmony the unnumbered voices that have called her blessed, and will continue to do so till the end of time. And if, during the month of the holy Rosary, millions of her faithful sons and daughters in every country of the world, in every city and hamlet, in every church and home where her name is honored and loved, will gather round her image to tell their beads, they will bear testimony to the truth of the words: "All generations shall call me blessed."

"Wherever the divine Son has been duly honored", says a Protestant writer, "there also she who was remembered with filial love even amid his dying agonies for a world's salvation, has been remembered and called blessed; called blessed from that lowly home and from that mount of sorrow in the distant east, in millions of lowly homes, and under the shadow of mountains to the farthest west; called blessed by millions of loving and imploring voices through all the ages since; called blessed in all the languages that have been spoken since that time in all the world; called blessed in the rudest forms of human speech and in the most ecstatic music and skill; called blessed by the lips of the little child that can hardly speak the name of mother, and by the lips that tremble with age and sorrow; called blessed by the sailor on the deep, by the ploughman on the land, by the scholar at his books, by the soldier drawing his sword for right upon the battlefield; called blessed by the voices of peasant-girls singing in sunny vineyards, and by the voices of those from whose brows have flashed the gems of royal diadems; called blessed in cottages and palaces, at wayside shrines, and under the golden roofs of grand cathedrals; called blessed in the hour of joy and in the hour of anguish—in the strength and beauty of life and at the gates of death. How long, how ardently, how faithfully has all this loving honor been paid for so many generations, and will continue to be paid for all generations to come, to that sorrowing yet benignant one who bore Him who bore our woe!"

A MERE SUGGESTION

Some years since, a campaign was launched in Ireland against the irreligious and immoral literature with which the country was being deluged. This movement at once received the hearty support of the Franciscan Tertiaries. Under their leadership and with their cooperation, the movement rapidly spread and, as our Irish exchanges inform us, achieved very gratifying results. In many parishes, a pledge is now administered, which reads as follows:

"I promise, as a member of this parish, not to read, distribute, or in any way give countenance and support to papers, books, magazines, or any form of literature that is objectionable because of its hostility to my faith or to the lofty purity inculcated by the gospel of Christ. And I furthermore promise to withdraw my custom from those dealers, who continue to sell those papers and periodicals which the voice of Catholic Ireland condemns as a menace to the purity and peril to the faith of her people."

Why, if we may be permitted to ask, can the American Tertiaries not emulate their Irish brethren and sisters in their efforts to counteract the evil influences of the literature of the day? Could the Directors not administer to the members of their fraternities some such pledge as the one quoted? Are the Catholics in Ireland exposed to greater dangers than the Catholics in this country? Do the losses to the Church in Catholic Ireland stand in any comparison to those in pagan America? If, then, our brethren overseas regard it as a simple duty of self-preservation to safeguard their faith and their morals by combating the evil press, how much more should we feel ourselves impelled to strive with might and main to stem the tide of irreligion and immorality that is constantly being fed through the channels of a godless press? Mere pious wishes will not save us. The time has come to translate our wishes into actions.

Need we remind the Tertiaries that this duty is inculcated on them by their holy Rule? Let them, therefore, take the lead. Others will follow.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XI

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

“IN order to comfort the missionaries and reward their zeal”, Fr. Espinosa writes, “the Lord from the beginning deigned to assist them in ways truly wonderful. I shall relate only a few instances. In the first year after the founding of the missions, the head chief of the Texas Indians fell sick, and with him in the same house, another chief who was a relative. Both were very old men, and so much esteemed by the whole tribe that, when it became known that they were nearing their end, a great multitude of men and women assembled day and night to see them. In consequence of this the house was soon surrounded by many temporary huts containing about five hundred persons.

“When I heard of the grave danger in which the head chief was, I mounted a horse, as the distance was more than five leagues, and hastened to his bedside in the hope of being able to baptize the dying man. At first I gave him to understand, in his own language, that I regretted having been absent, since he was fond of the missionaries. Then by degrees I gently touched upon the necessity of Baptism for salvation, and upon what was necessary to believe in order to secure that boon. Furthermore, with some trepidation, I explained that above all he would have to

detest the superstitions of his ancestors. The chief listened with attention, and then asked me to allow him some time for the answer. After five days I repeated the visit. To my exceedingly great joy, the dying man ordered an Indian to fetch a vessel with water, and then, in the presence of those in the room, he bent his head and asked me to baptize him. This I did while tears from my eyes mingled with the water in the vessel. I gave the chief the name of our holy Father Francis, because ever since I began to instruct him I had invoked the assistance of my Seraphic Patriarch, and I confidently hope that under such patronage the soul was saved. At all events, before he died, the chief gave many counsels to his son, whom he charged to take great care of the Fathers, because they knew the truth and came from afar to seek the welfare of the Indians. This together with other evidences goes to show that the graces of holy Baptism had, indeed, taken effect in his soul.

“My anxieties now centered upon the other sick chief in the same room; for I noticed that this living skeleton could not last much longer. He had already been instructed, but he wanted more time to come to a decision. One day the sun was shining bright, and the morning was serene, he went out of the

house so that his wife might wash him. While he thus sat in the sun, it seemed to me an opportune occasion to wash his soul, while they bathed the body. I therefore approached and with much sweetness addressed him in his own language. I said that if he wished to have his soul washed as they washed his body, nothing more was needed than that he give assent to what he had been told. I then briefly repeated former instructions and urged him to receive the holy bath of salvation. He replied that it should be done. His wife, ignorant of what I intended to do, would not give me the vessel from which she was bathing him; but he sternly commanded her to deliver it to me filled with water. Then bending his head he motioned me to baptize him. I named him Francis also. In two or three days, only a few hours apart, my two Francises passed away, much bewailed by the people who spent eight days in conducting the funeral ceremonies.

"Among the Indians of Texas, those who possess the highest authority are not the chiefs, save in time of war, but the medicine men, called *Chenesi*. The head of these, who guards the House of Fire, and for that purpose lives near it that the fire may never lack fuel, bitterly opposed the missionaries of Christ. He violently objected to the administration of holy Baptism, and persuaded the sick that the water, which the Fathers called holy, shortened life.

This false prophet himself fell mortally sick. When the danger in which his soul was, came to my knowledge, I resolved with the help of God to save him in spite of himself. It was January 25, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Remembering what the Lord did to that once bitter persecutor of the first Christians, but distrusting myself, I availed myself of my humble

companion, Fr. Gabriel de Vérgara, a man venerable for his virtues. In order to strengthen him for the undertaking, I commanded him under holy obedience to proceed to the house of the dying medicine man, to relieve him from his errors, and to convince him that the only door through which one can enter heaven is holy Baptism. The humble religious obeyed. With great prudence and wisdom Fr. Gabriel endeavored to soften the obstinacy of the dying man's heart, and left the house with some hopes of success. He repeated the visit, redoubled his prayers as well as his own affectionate endeavors with the result that the chief of false prophets among the Texas Indians of that region, at last yielded and pleaded to be baptized. At the suggestion of the zealous missionary, the new Paul—for so he was named— assembled the Indians, and plainly told them that all his teachings had been so many lies; and that whatever the Fathers taught was the truth. May God be praised forever!

"It is promised in the holy Scriptures that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Ps. cxxiii, 5). The Fathers shed many tears for the conversion of the natives, indeed; and they reaped joy by gaining the souls of numerous little ones. Particularly during the time of epidemics, the missionaries took pains to search the wretched hovels for dying children, and thus opened the heavenly doors to a great many. Others, however, seem to have been conducted to the presence of the ministers of God by their guardian angels. For instance, soon after the missions had been established, a woman regularly appeared at the door of the missionaries bearing a child of two years in her arms. The child was very fond of the priests, and would joyfully spread its arms to the Fathers. The little boy was

very handsome and as white as his mother. We suspected that he must be the son of a Frenchman, for the French had formerly traversed this region. On observing how beautiful the child was, we were moved to wish that the beauty of his soul might correspond to that of his little body. We therefore suggested that the mother have her son baptized. She gladly consented. I then solemnly baptized him under the name of St. John the Baptist, Captain Domingo Ramón being godfather. A few months later, our little John entered the company of the angels in heaven, where he obtained for his mother the grace of the Christian Faith during her illness. Soon after her Baptism, she was welcomed into heaven, as we firmly believe, by her little son.

"More singular still is the good fortune that came to another child. In the rigor of winter, my companion and I", Fr. Espinosa continues his interesting narrative, "were together at our mission. The cold was so intense, and the rain fell so steadily, that we could not leave the fireside. Yet, just when the tempest raged most violently, a middle-aged Indian woman, carrying a little boy well wrapped up in a buffalo robe, en-

tered our poor hut. Questioned whence she came, she replied that she came from the village near by, and was on her way home more than a league distant. We gave her something to eat, and when she placed the child near the fire, we observed that the emaciated little creature could not possibly live long. We persuaded the mother to have it baptized. She readily offered the baby to us. Having warmed the water at the fire, I baptized the child, after which the mother went away with it. A few days later the mother again passed that way, but without her baby. When we enquired about it, she told us that it had died the day after her visit. With heartfelt thanks we praised the Lord for having granted us the happiness of adding a soul to those praising Him in heaven.

"Many similar cases, which seem accidental, occurred in all our missions to the great joy of the sorely tried missionaries. When we came together at times, each one was able to relate extraordinary instances, the details of which I have now forgotten, though, at that time, they contributed much to our perseverance."

A REAL NEUTRAL

While examining a confirmation class in a small country mission, Bishop Hennessy came across a real neutral in the person of an eight-year-old girl of German parentage. She was rather stout and the bishop asked if she was a Bohemian or Pole. With the frozen look of the Sphinx she uttered an emphatic "No." "French perhaps?" said the bishop; again an emphatic "No." "Maybe your Spanish or Irish?" "No." "Oh, I'm sure you are German." Still a cold "No." "Well, what in the world are you, any how? An answer came as if from a catapult, "I'm a Catholic." Some ginger there, but is there any question of her neutrality?—*Catholic Advance*.

ST. ELIZABETH'S MISSION, WAHEWA VA, ARIZONA

By Fr. Nicholas, O.F.M.

ABOUT a year ago, we surprised our readers with an account of the first building achievement of Father Tiburtius Wand, O. F. M., in the Arizona desert. We refer to the Papago Indian mission of St. Augustine. After this mission chapel had been built, the inhabitants of the neighboring village of Wahewa Va begged him to help them also to build a new church. The little adobe chapel they had erected while Fr. Matthias, O. F.M.,

permanent structure.

The people readily consented, and to the surprise of all, actually made the adobes. Fr. Juan had not counted on such readiness, and he was now at his wit's end to obtain the necessary funds to pay for the other building material. But he could not break his promise. Accordingly, he sent out his appeals to the world of benefactors. Bad times had set in, and the missionary received little encouragement and



St. Elizabeth's Mission, Wahewa Va, Arizona

of blessed memory, still attended to their spiritual wants, was now entirely too small for the ever growing congregation. Now "Padre Juan", as the Indians call Fr. Tiburtius, is a German by birth, and he brought with him to the missionary field all his native German thoroughness. No temporary buildings for him! So he told the Indians that they could not reckon on his assistance unless they would agree to furnish enough adobes to erect a

less money for his pains. At last, when all hope of assistance had fled, the Venerable Mother Catherine Drexel saved the day, and toward the end of July last, the Right Rev. Henry Granjon, Bishop of Tucson, performed the solemn dedication of St. Elizabeth's Mission at Wahewa Va. The little church is a replica, on a small scale, of the San Luis Rey mission near Los Angeles. Upon a stone foundation rest walls of adobe twenty-seven inches thick.

Thinner walls would have been no protection against the intense heat of the Kwahate Desert. For roofing, Fr. Juan used metal shingles, that throw their glitter far across the arid plain.

The chapel is dedicated to the dear St. Elizabeth, or Isabella, as the

Spaniards and Indians style the holy Queen of Hungary; yet so far no statue of the gentle Patroness of the Third Order graces her little desert church. The Venerable Mother Drexel provided the means to build the church. Who will now secure the statue of St. Elizabeth?

THE MISSIONARY AND THE DARKEY

By Fr. Gerard, O.F.M.

ON my regular tour of the missions some weeks since, I was in the desert region between Mesa and Salt River, Arizona. After skirting the foot of the Santa Ana mountains for about fifteen miles, I perceived in the distance some one approaching me on horseback. As he drew nearer, I saw that he was a cowboy. He awaited me at the crossroad, and greeted me with a cheerful and hearty "Good morning!" by way of introduction, and then enquired whether I had just come from the Indian Reservation. I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, if you have no objections, I would like to ride with you in your wagon," he continued, "for I haven't spoken to a white man in two weeks."

"You are very welcome," I replied, quite pleased to have company on my lonely journey through the desert.

He at once dismounted, and putting a lasso about his horse's neck, took a seat beside me. As we rode along, he told me much of his life's story. Just then he was looking up some thirty-seven head of cattle that had gone astray on account of the drinking and gambling of some of his shiftless comrades. We had traveled together for about two miles, when we noticed a man coming out of an old dilapidated hut, built of knotty planks, which were sadly weather-beaten and warped.

My cowboy companion recognized the man as a colored homesteader of that region, whom he had met for the first time some two weeks previously. I saw at a glance that the stranger was a happy-go-lucky, good-natured "gemman of color" from the sunny South. Jerking his dirty slouch hat from his woolly head, he greeted us with a most cordial "Top ob de mornin' t'yo, gemmen!" and then planted himself directly in front of my team, so that we were forced to halt. He, too, was most anxious to talk, "fo I habn't had a talk wid no one but mah big ol' Missouri mule, Josiah, for many a day," he declared, showing his big white teeth, while his black face beamed with evident pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

"Whar be yo headed fo dis mornin', mah good men?" he asked.

The cowboy replied that he was on a stray cattle expedition and asked "Happy"—as our colored friend was called in the neighborhood—whether he had not seen the cattle roaming about.

"No sah, boss, ah nebber seen dem cattle and ah hopes ah nebber will. Fo what'd dey do to mah barley patch ober yondah?" and Happy pointed to his little field of barley that was now yellowing to the harvest and which now bid fair to repay the labor he had spent on it.

Turning from the cowboy, the darkey began to "size me up," for

he had never seen me before. As my suit was completely hidden under the long duster I wore, he did not recognize me as a priest, and noticing several traveling bags in the wagon box, he supposed I was some sort of commercial traveler.

"An', what be yo peddlin', boss?" he asked, coming over to my side of the wagon.

I told him that I was not peddling anything, but that I was the Catholic missionary in charge of the Indians on the Reservation.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "yo be one ob dem der ministers, preachin' de Gospel, eh? Well, ah do declare!"

"Yes, I am a Catholic priest, and go about from mission to mission and preach the Gospel to the Indians," I replied.

The bread and butter question, which was the supreme question with our good friend, prompted his next query.

"Say, Mr. Priest, what's yo'r salary fo preachin' de Gospel?"

The cowboy hung his head and secretly wished we had not encountered the inquisitive negro. I, on the contrary, was rather amused by the question and answered:

"Why, I get nothing for my labors nor do I expect any remuneration here below."

"What? All fo nothin', all fo charity?" he interrupted.

"Yes, all for nothing. I get absolutely no pay for my services to the Indians."

"Ah, gwan! Don't de gebberment gib yo somethin, fo preachin' de Gospel to dem Injuns?"

"Not a cent."

Happy was completely dumb-founded. He shook his woolly head and said:

"Well, I nebber in mah life heard dat befo. Wha, dat's nice!"

Then there was a moment's silence. Again his dark face beamed as his busy brain found a new question.

"Dat's all berry well, all fo chari-

ty, but a—but a—who supplies yo wid de pok chops?" he blurted out and his big red mouth opened with a grin.

"To be truthful, Happy," I replied, "I have never yet seen pork chops at any of the missions, much less eaten any. Yet, I have always plenty to eat. The good Indians share with me their beans and tortillas and even their beef, when they have it, and they furnish my horses with hay. So you see I am very well provided for."

Happy looked at me with eyes as big as saucers. This information had almost taken his breath away. After shaking his head incredibly for some time, he managed to stammer:

"Well, well well! Ah neber heard dat befo in all mah life! Say, Mr. Priest, yo am de fust man ah ebber seen dat aint a workin' fo money. Why, dat's nice, berry nice!"

"I may be the first one you've ever met, Happy," I returned, "but, thank God, I am not the only one. There are hundreds and thousands of other Catholic priests and also Brothers and Sisters that are doing the same thing."

"Why, dat's fine, really fine," he answered. "But ah'll tell yo right heah, Captain, it's not dat way in de odder churches. Ah had a chance to find dat out fo mah sef. Yo see, ah am a kind ob a cross-breed in relijun. Mah father was a Baptist and mah modder was a Methodist, and so ah just got a kind o' toe-hold on bof. But ah found relijun kind' a expensive like, and so ah just moved out heah whar it don't cost me nothin'. When ah went to a church a while back, dey told me dat relijun was free. But ah had hardly set me down comf'ably in mah bench, when round came dat skillet, and de collection elder cried out, 'Come on now, breddren and sistahs, put in dat nice quartah, put in dat fine dollah!' Ah gave mah

friend settin' next me a nudge with mah elbow and said, 'Wha, ah thought relijun was free heah?' De parson hearin' mah complaint, made an explanation. 'Now, look heah, mah brover,' says he. 'Relijun am free, free as water in Phoenix. Yo can go anywhar an' get yo water fo nothin', but when yo have it nicely piped to yo house, wid a nice faucet on de pipe, so dat yo can get it widout any trouble, why, den yo hab to pay fo it. Jest so wid relijun. Relijun am free, but when ah bring it to yo and arrange it nicely fo yo'r convenience, wha den it costs yo a little.' Well, ah don't know how dat am, but ah came way out heah in de desert whar relijun don't cost me nuffin and ah feel happy."

After this long story, Happy paused a while for breath. Then looking up to me, he said with a smile:

"But say, Mr. Priest, ah don't think ah'd like to hab yo job anyway. Ah wouldn't mind bein' a presidin' elder though, fur den ah'd

make de congregation fill dat skillet jest 'bout respectable, jest 'bout half full. Still," and here Happy began scratching his head behind the ear, "whether all dem presidin' elders am goin' to hebben—ah don't know."

This remark he made shrugging his shoulders and squinting comically with one eyelid drooping and the other raised.

But noticing that the cowboy was not at all interested in what was so extremely interesting to him, Happy thought it advisable to put an end to his questions.

"Well, Mr. Priest," he said, doffing his ragged hat again, "ah am mighty glad to hab seen yo. Ah know yo wish me luck, and ah also wish yo good luck in yo'r berry fine work. Ah hope yo folks will stop in and hab dinnah wid me, when-ebber yo come around again. Ah habn't got much, but when yo'se come, mah shanty am yors. Well, good mornin', gemmen, good mornin'!"

A BLASPHEMER'S END

So many extraordinary occurrences happen among the armies engaged in the European War that one can hardly refrain from giving an account of them, one which is verified by two priests in the French forces. We are not asked to attach any importance to the tragic event more than to any other coincidences, but so many of these "coincidences" are so uncanny that one often feels a bit creepy in trying to realize them.

It appears a Trappist monk on being sent to act as chaplain of a French regiment excited the choler of a soldier in the trenches. When at home this individual acted as a Government schoolmaster and utilized his spare hours in propagating atheistical principles. The sight of the priest enraged the atheist. "What need have we of a priest here?" he cried. "There is no God! If there is one, let him break this rifle which I hold in my hands."

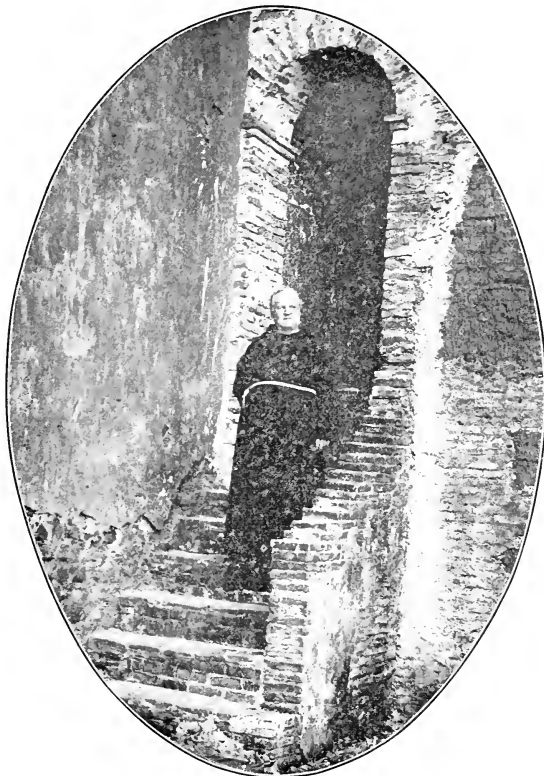
And the atheist soldier raised his rifle in the air. At the same instant a bullet from the air broke the lock of his gun and, slipping off, lodged in his brain. The blasphemer fell dead in the trench in presence of his astonished comrades.

THE LAST OF THE PADRES

The death of the Reverend Fr. Joseph J. O'Keefe, O.F.M., in St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, on Friday, August 13, brought to a close a very interesting, important, and valuable chapter in the history of

to California—the makers of California's early history.

Father Joseph O'Keefe was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, on November 8, 1843. In Baptism he received the name Jeremiah. When



Fr. O'Keefe at San Luis Rey Mission

the state of California, and its venerable Old Missions. He was the only surviving Padre of the noble band of self-sacrificing Franciscan missionaries and pioneers, who brought Christianity and civilization

ten years old, he came with his parents to Boston, where they remained for some time. Then they removed to San Francisco, where Jeremiah entered St. Thomas seminary to prepare for the priesthood.

During the two years he studied in the seminary, the young man nurtured an especial love for the Franciscan order and finally determined to leave the world and become a friar. This pious desire led him to Santa Barbara mission, where he received the habit from the hands of the Very Rev. José González Rúbio, O.F.M., August 4, 1860. The padre appointed to instruct our novice in matters pertaining to religious life, was no other than the well known and historic character, Francisco Sanchez, the "Padre Salvierderra" of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel "Ramona."

Father O'Keefe completed his studies for the ministry in 1868, and was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Amat, Bishop of Monterey, September 19, 1868. His first field of labor was Santa Barbara mission, where he worked zealously in educating young men at the Mission college. As years went by, the work at the college became too strenuous for the few Fathers still at the mission, so the Father Superior sent Father O'Keefe to Mexico for the purpose of securing assistance, but, after an absence of two years, Father O'Keefe returned to Santa Barbara, in 1877, without having obtained the expected results. Thereupon Father Guardian decided to go to Mexico himself. He appointed Father O'Keefe superior of the mission during his absence, 1877-1882. During his office as superior he made many improvements at the Old Mission. Fr. O'Keefe, also published a valuable book, *The Mission of Santa Barbara*, in which he describes the growth of this famous mission according to the old records preserved in the convent archives. When the Father Guardian returned from Mexico without having obtained missionaries, it was foreseen that, unless immediate steps were taken to procure the much-

needed help, the small but faithful band of Mission padres would die away with no one to carry on their noble work.

It was in this emergency that Fr. O'Keefe came to the rescue. He recommended the incorporation of the Old Mission into some Franciscan province of the United States. Accordingly, letters bearing on the subject were sent to Rome. On the receipt of these letters, the Roman Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith gave the Santa Barbara mission over to the Sacred Heart province, (St. Louis, Mo.) May 5, 1885. For this successful undertaking California owes Father O'Keefe a great debt of gratitude, for thus he saved the community of Santa Barbara mission from total extinction.

In recognition of his work, Fr. O'Keefe was appointed vicar of the Old Mission in 1888, and held this office till 1891, when he was called upon to help found a novitiate and house of studies at the San Luis Rey mission for the benefit of the Franciscans of Mexico. Soon afterward, he was appointed superior of that mission, and held the office till 1912. During the twenty-two years Father O'Keefe was in San Luis Rey, he restored the old mission church and rebuilt a great part of the monastery on its original foundations. What the San Luis Rey mission is to-day it owes to the indefatigable work of Fr. O'Keefe.

November 17, 1909, was a day of especial interest and happiness for Fr. O'Keefe and his brethren and friends, for on this day he celebrated his golden jubilee as a son of St. Francis at the very altar where in 1860 he had received the habit and made his entrance into religious life. The last three years of his long life were spent at the Franciscan Orphanage at Watsonville, Cal., where he continued to assist the Fathers as far as his feeble health

would allow up to the time of his last illness, just three weeks before his holy death.

The last solemn rites over his mortal remains were held Monday morning, August 16, in the Old Mission Church at Santa Barbara. At nine o'clock the office of the dead was chanted by the members of the Old Mission community. Then followed the solemn Requiem Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Peter, O.F.M., Rector of St. Antony's College and intimate friend of the deceased Father. He was assisted by the the Very Rev. Fr. Alphonse Sanchez, the exiled Commissary General of the Mexican Franciscans, and by the Rev. Fr. Engelbert, O. F.M., of St. Antony's College. The Right Rev. Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles, who was greatly attached to Fr. O'Keefe, was prevented by

illness from attending the obsequies, and sent a telegram of regret in which he expressed his deep sorrow at the death of the venerable missionary, whom he had but recently visited. The Rev. Father Mestres of Monterey, as representative of Bishop Conaty, delivered the funeral sermon. The services were attended by a large concourse of the laity, and many priests both secular and religious were present in the sanctuary.

The body was laid to rest in the friars' vault of the Old Mission cemetery, where the good Father now lies near his friend and novice-master, Fr. Sanchez, surrounded by his brethren in religion and by many of his spiritual children, who have found their last resting place on this same historic spot.—R. I. P.

A BATTLEFIELD CONVERSION

A remarkable story of a conversion on the battlefield, which has all the dramatic power usually associated with fiction, is sent us by a correspondent who had it from the lips of a priest.

A British Catholic soldier was mortally wounded in the trenches. His officer (a non-Catholic) went to his aid, and the dying soldier asked him to fetch an English-speaking priest.

The officer did his best, but only succeeded in obtaining the willing services of a French priest who could not speak English, and the poor soldier could not utter a word of French.

The dying man begged his officer to interpret his confession, which he did, and the soldier received absolution and all the religious comforts the good priest could give him. Then he gave up his soul to God.

Then comes the sequel. This non-Catholic officer was so impressed by the ceremony at which he had assisted that he begged the French Father to make him a Catholic there and then. The priest consented, and the officer made his profession of faith, received conditional baptism and made his confession. Next day he was killed in action.—*Catholic Universe.*



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Most Rev. Fr. Pacificus Monza, ex-Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, has been created titular Bishop of Troade by Pope Benedict XV. —

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has held a preparatory meeting to discuss the virtues in the heroic degree of the Ven. Giambattista De Borgogna, a Friar Minor of the diocese of St. Claude, France, who died in Rome in 1726, at the age of twenty-six, and whose body is preserved in the Church of St. Bonaventure on the Palatine. —

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is, likewise, dealing with the validity of all the processes prepared for the cause of beatification of the Ven. Maria Diomira of the Incarnate Word, a Capuchin nun.

China.—In the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Fr. Sylvester Espelage, O. F. M., writes about the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in China. From 700,000 in 1900, the number of Catholics in China has grown to 1,600,000 in 1914. "There are four reasons or causes," he says, "which we might suggest to explain this great development: first, the blood of martyrs; second, increased fervor throughout the Catholic Church brought about by the decrees of Pope Pius X on frequent Communion and early Communion of children; third, an increase in the number and activity of priests and nuns in China; fourth, an increase of the movement to help foreign missions, a zeal noticeable in the world at large and especially in the United States."

Venice, Italy.—The present Patriarch of Venice, Mgrs. La Fontaine, is, like his two immediate predecessors, Cardinal Cavallari and Pope Pius X, a Tertiary of St. Francis. He was born at Viterbo, Italy, November 9, 1860, and was ordained priest December 23, 1883.

Olesko, Galicia.—From the blood-stained fields of Galicia comes the following report of the cruel death of four sons of St. Francis. At Olesko, a small town near the Russian border, is situated a humble convent of the Capuchin Fathers. During one of the encounters between the Russians and the Austrians; the latter were forced to retreat before the immense masses of the former. In order to cover their movements and to impede the advance of the enemy, they temporarily occupied the monastery. The Russians in turn, thirsting for revenge, imprisoned the entire community of friars, to wit: the Rev. Fr. Borislau, Guardian, Rev. Fr. Ignatius, an ex-Provincial, and the two lay brothers Guido and Bernard. The helpless brethren were shortly after courtmartialled, condemned to death, and hanged.

Pekin, China.—On January 1 last, Monsignor Jarlin, Vicar Apostolic of Pekin, took the first steps in the process of beatification and subsequent canonization of all the Christians of his vicariate, who were martyred by the Boxers in 1900. The heroic band numbered many Tertiaries. The Bishop has ordered that all records pertaining to these martyrs be submitted to the proper

authorities, and that garments, watches, articles of devotion, and the instruments of torture, where-with they were murdered, be collected and preserved. The relatives and friends of the martyrs have been requested to inform the ecclesiastical authorities concerning the circumstances of their sufferings and cruel deaths and to gather other available information.

Quebec, Canada.—The Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M., of Quebec, accompanied by two Franciscan Sisters, recently sailed for China, where he will labor in the Franciscan missions.

West Park, O.—The Rev. Fr. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., who for the past six months has occupied the chair of Sacred Scriptures in the international Franciscan College at Rome, has returned to this country, and will teach exegetics to the Franciscan clerics in West Park.

Hermann, Mo.—The cornerstone of the new St. George's church was laid with elaborate ceremonies on Sunday afternoon, August 15. The Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis officiated at the exercises and delivered the sermon. He was assisted by the Reverend Pastor, Fr. Romuald, O.F.M., and by the Rev. Fr. Donulus, O.F.M., of Washington, Mo., and the Rev. Fr. John Berchmans, O.F.M., of St. Louis. A large number of priests, both secular and regular, attended the ceremony.

St. Paul, Minn.—Twenty-one men from the Twin Cities and other parts of the state followed the exercises of the retreat for laymen, which was held in the St. Paul Seminary, August 27-30. The conferences were given in German by the Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., of Cleveland, and the exercises were directed by the Rev. Fr. Valerius, O.F.M., of the Sacred Heart Church, St. Paul.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Sr. Agapita, Sr.

Mary Thomas, and Sr. Praxedes, all of the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, N. Y., have gone to Hilo, Hawaii, where they will take charge of a hospital which has been assigned to them by the United States government. All of the Sisters are trained nurses, and fully equipped for the work they are about to undertake in their new field of activity. The Sisters of the same community have charge of the lepers at Molokai.

Santa Fe, N. M.—At Pecos, near Santa Fe, the remains of a Franciscan missionary were unearthed in excavating the ruins of an ancient settlement.

Pendleton, Ore.—The annual retreat of the Franciscan Sisters at Pendleton, Oregon, was brought to a happy close by a triple celebration. The first ceremony was the investment of four young ladies with the holy habit of the Order; then followed the renewal of the simple vows by thirteen Sisters; and finally, seven members of the community pronounced their perpetual vows. The Right Rev. Charles J. O'Reilly, Bishop of Baker City, Oregon, presided at the solemn ceremonies, and numerous priests honored the occasion with their presence. These Sisters of St. Francis have many flourishing communities in the West, and have met with great success both as teachers and as nurses of the sick, and under the skilful leadership of their newly-elected provincial superior, Mother Solana, give promise of even greater achievements for the betterment of their fellow men and the honor of God.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—St. Peter's School opened September 1st. So far 275 children have been enrolled. The school is a free school and is attended mostly by Italian and Syrian children.—

During the month of October, the Tertiaries of the English-speaking

fraternity will make their biennial retreat. It commences Monday, October 11, at 3.00 p. m., and closes on the third Sunday in October at 3.00 p. m.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Tertiary Fraternity of St. Antony's church, this city, is busy preparing for the retreat, which will take place in the week immediately preceding the feast of St. Francis, September 27—October 4. The Rev. Father Honoratus, O.F.M., of Sioux City, Ia., will conduct the exercises. The following will be the Order of services: Every evening at 7:30 o'clock, services consisting of rosary, sermon and benediction (Saturday evening excepted). Sunday, afternoon October 3, at 3 o'clock there will be solemn reception of new members, and the novices will be professed. On Monday, October 4, at 7 p. m., will be the solemn close, consisting of sermon, procession with the statue of St. Francis, papal benediction, and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. The Tertiaries are expecting a large number of candidates, and the women Tertiaries are, therefore, making several hundred scapulars and cords, lest the demand be greater than the supply. Several new counters and show cases have been installed in the Tertiary library, where the members will be able to secure various Tertiary articles.

St. Louis, Mo., Father Dunne's News Boy's Home.—A few weeks ago, five Franciscan Sisters from Dubuque, Ia., were installed in the Newsboys' Home to take care of the domestic department of the institution.

Quincy, Ill.—The Right Rev. James Ryan, Bishop of Alton, Ill., and one hundred and forty of the priests of his diocese made their retreat, during the week after the Assumption, in St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill. The well known and zealous Franciscan missionary and retreat master, the Rev. Fr. Titus, conducted the exercises.

Teutopolis, Ill.—The exercises of the annual retreat for the priests of the diocese of Belleville, Ill., were held again this year in St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis. About eighty priests together with their Bishop, the Right Rev. Henry Althoff, were in attendance. The fact that the Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., former Rector of "Old St. Joe's", conducted the retreat, and that many of the priests together with their Right Rev. Bishop made their classical studies here when St. Joseph's was still the diocesan college, lent a special charm to the gathering and recalled the lofty ideals of the holy priesthood formed in boyhood days when they walked the halls of St. Joseph's College.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

During the week following August 29, all the members of the college community made their annual retreat under the direction of Rev. Fr. Linus, O.F.M., Lector of the Humanities at the local convent. Among those that made the retreat

were also the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and Rev. Fr. Leonard, Guardian at St. Louis.

On the afternoon of September 7, Old St. Joseph's threw open its portals to welcome again the throng of students, new and old, flocking in in gleeful groups from Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska,

Ohio, New York, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Thanks to the solicitude and labor of the Fathers and Brothers, everything in the college was looking spick-and-span again, the museum in particular having received a retouching inside that quite transformed it.

On the morning of the following day, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the fifty-fourth scholastic year was opened with a Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Rector; Rev. Fr. Benitius, of Indianapolis, assisted as deacon, Rev. Fr. Peter, of the college faculty, as sub-deacon, and Mr. Robert Limacher, the General Prefect, as master of ceremonies. Thursday morning the Fathers began anew their laborious task of training and instructing after the time-tested methods that have long since earned St. Joseph's College an enviable reputation for thoroughness and efficiency. For the first time for many years, the personnel of the faculty remained unchanged after the summer vacation, not a single Father having been removed or added. The new students so far enrolled number twenty-six, the entire number of candidates being one hundred and thirteen. They are distributed among the six classes as follows: *Second Academic Class*, 24; *Third Academic Class*, 36; *Fourth Academic Class*, 22; *First Collegiate Class*, 14; *Second Collegiate Class*, 10; *Third Collegiate Class*, 7. May God bless all that endeavor to send us worthy candidates to be trained to labor in his fields, which are ripe for the harvest.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

During the week of September 5, old and new students from North, South, East, and West arrived, to take up their studies in preparation for the priesthood, some learned secular profession, or business life.

On Thursday, September 9, the new students were examined for the purpose of assigning them to certain classes. On Friday regular class work was begun. The solemn High Mass of invocation was celebrated by the Reverend Rector, Fr. Fortunatus, O.F.M., on the following Monday morning. The student-body on this day numbered about 135 boarders and 30 day-scholars.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

St. Antony's College opened its twentieth scholastic year on August 19, the feast of St. Louis the Bishop. The students resumed their studies with unusual energy, being mindful of their duty as aspirants of the Seraphic Order.

OBITUARY

Teutopolis, Ill., Monastery:

The Rel. Bro. Rigobert Wulf.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:

Margaret Freiburger, Sr. Agnes.

St. Peter's Church:

English Fraternity of the Third Order:

Ellen Devine, Sister Frances.

Rose Carey, Sister Antony.

Mury Patton, Sister Joseph.

Catherine Murnane, Sister Margaret.

Elizabeth Dunshee, a novice.

German Fraternity of the Third Order:

Anna Fehrmann, Sister Clara.

Josephine Schulte, Sister Teresa.

St. Louis Mo., St. Antony's Church:

Susanna Loeffler, Sr. Frances;

Teresa Meinhard, Sr. Agnes;

Anna Marie Farwig, Sr. Clara;

Louisa Anna Schneider, Sr. Mary;

Margaret McDermott, Sr. Elizabeth.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Frank Kaalberg, Bro. Elzear.

Mary Schecher, Sr. Viridiana.

Lindsay, Nebr., Holy Family Church:

Sibylla Ramaekers, Sr. Helena.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY

OCTOBER, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	F.	Bl. Louise, 3rd Ord., W.—St. Remigius, Bp.
2	S.	Holy Guardian Angels. (P. I.)—Vigil of the feast of St. Francis. <i>Day of fast for Tertiaries.</i>
3	S.	19th Sunday after Pentecost. —SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM.—Translation of the body of St. Clare of Assisi. Gospel: Parable of the Marriage Feast. Matt. xxii. 1-8.
4	M.	St. Francis of Assisi , Founder of the Three Orders and Patriarch of the Poor. C. (G. A., P. I.)
5	T.	Bl. John, 1st Ord., C.—SS. Placidus and Companions, MM.
6	W.	St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.)
7	Th.	Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.—St. Henry, C.—St. Mark. Pope, M.—SS. Sergius and Companions, MM.
8	F.	St. Bridget of Sweden, W.
9	S.	SS. Denis and Companions, MM.
10	S.	20th Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Francis Borgia, C. Gospel: Healing of the Ruler's Son. John iv. 48-53.
11	M.	Octave of the Feast of St. Francis. (P. I.)
12	T.	St. Seraphine, O. M. Cap., C. (P. I.)
13	W.	SS. Daniel and Companions, 1st Ord., MM. (P. I.)
14	Th.	St. Callistus, Pope, M.
15	F.	St. Teresa, V.
16	S.	St. Wenceslaus, M.
17	S.	21st Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Hedwig, W. Gospel: The King's Account. Matt. xviii, 23-35.
18	M.	St. Luke, Evangelist.
19	T.	St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
20	W.	St. John Cantius, C.
21	Th.	SS. Ursula and Companions, VV. MM.—St. Hilarion, C.
22	F.	Feast of the Dedication of All the Churches of the Three Orders of St. Francis of Assisi.—St. Ladislaus, 1st Ord., C.
23	S.	St. John Capistran, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
24	S.	22nd Sunday after Pentecost. —St. Edward the Confessor, King. Gospel: The Coin of Tribute. Matt. xxii, 15-21.
25	M.	St. Francis of Calderola, 1st Ord., C.—SS. Darius and Companions, MM.
26	T.	St. Linus, Pope, M.—St. Evaristus, Pope, M.—Bl. Bonaventure of Potenza, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)
27	W.	St. Bruno, C.
28	Th.	SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
29	F.	Bl. Paula, 2nd Ord., V.
30	S.	Vigil of All Saints (<i>Day of Fast and Abstinence</i>)—Bl. Theophilus, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Liberatus, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Angelo of Acario, O. M. Cap., C. (P. I.)
31	S.	23rd Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Thomas of Florence, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

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NO. 11

DE PROFUNDIS

TO Thee, Lord, from the depths I've cried,
Lord, deign my voice to hear;
And, to my humble prayer's request,
Vouchsafe to lend Thine ear.

For if Thou mark iniquities,
Lord, who shall then stand fast?
For thou art placable, O Lord,
To pardon at the last.

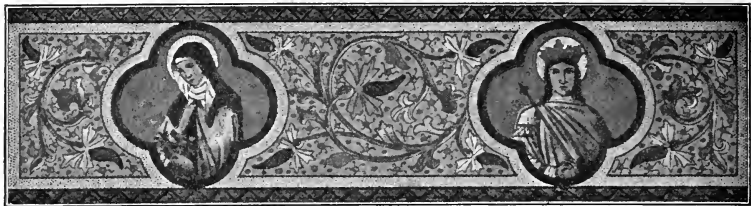
And, resting on Thy Law, O Lord,
I've waited 'neath Thy hand;
My soul upon His holy word
Hath taken up her stand.

My soul hath hopèd in the Lord
And on His holy word:
From morning watch, until the night,
Let Israel trust the Lord.

For there is mercy with the Lord,
It ever doth abound;
And plentiful redeeming grace,
With Him is always found.

And He Himself to Israel
Will His redemption give
From all iniquities, and will
Offences all forgive.

—Bishop Bagshawe.



ST. AGNES OF ASSISI

OF THE SECOND ORDER

NOVEMBER 16

ST. Agnes, the younger sister of St. Clare, foundress of the Poor Ladies, was born at Assisi, about the year 1197. Under the loving care of her pious mother, and encouraged by the example of her saintly sister, her mind and heart were directed to God and heavenly things, so that she became remarkable for her angelic purity, fervent piety, and a love of God which enabled her to perform heroic acts of virtue.

Agnes was strongly attached to her sister Clare, and was greatly grieved when the latter left her father's home to embrace a life of poverty and penance under the guidance of St. Frances, and at the same time she was moved by her courage in resisting the opposition of her relatives. Clare, on her part, longed to have her sister as a companion in religious life, and began to beg God that "as she had been of one mind with her sister in the world, so they might now be one heart and soul in his Divine Service in the cloister." How God heard her prayer, is beautifully told in the "Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare."

"She (Clare) had a sister younger than herself, whom she wished firmly should be converted, and in all the prayers she made she prayed first with all her heart and with all her strength to our Lord, that as in

the world they had been of one mind, He would convert her, that they might serve God together with one accord. Sweetly St. Clare prayed the Father of Mercy that Agnes, her sister, whom she had left at the house of her father, should hate to remain in the world and that she should taste the sweetness of God, so that she should have heart for nothing but God only in such a manner that in company with one another they should remain together and give their virginity to the King of glory. Marvelously these two sisters loved each other, and they were very sorrowful, and the one more than the other, at their separation. But our Lord granted very quickly to this noble suppliant the first gift that she asked, for it was what pleased Him much. After the seventh (sixteenth) day of St. Clare's conversion came Agnes, her sister, to her and discovered to her her secret, for she said quite openly that she desired God. And when she heard it she embraced her with joy and said: "My sweet sister, I give thanks to God, who has heard me for thee, for whom I had much trouble. I know that thy conversion is marvelous."

Agnes had left the house of her father to join her sister. Her constancy, however, was to be tried as had been that of Clare. Her father, Count Favorino Scifi, was beside

himself with anger and indignation when he learned of the flight of his daughter. He sent his brother, with a number of relatives and armed followers, to the convent of San Angelo, where the sisters were staying, to force Agnes, if persuasion failed, to return home. "They," as the chronicler tells us, "went all furious to the place where the good maidens were, twelve of the nearest kin. But they did not show outwardly the malice that they had within their hearts, and they gave to understand that they came for peace. And when they came within they did not use force with St. Clare, for they knew well they could gain nothing, so they turned to Agnes and said to her: 'What doest thou? Return at once with us to thy home.' And she answered them that never would she depart from the company of St. Clare, her sister. And then an outrageous man took her by her hair and began to drag her without. And the others took her by the arms and lifted her and thus carried her off. And she began to cry, 'Ah, sweet sister, help me. Suffer not that I be torn from the company of Jesus Christ.' But the traitors dragged the maiden in spite of her into the mountains and tore her hair and her coat. And sweet Clare set herself to prayer and the Holy Spirit made her (Agnes) to weigh so heavy that it seemed as if her body was fastened to the earth, nor, by any means, could they move her.



St. Agnes of Assisi

.....Then one of her kin lifted his hand to strike her cruelly, but suddenly a great pain seized him and it endured for a long time afterwards. After Agnes had suffered this, St. Clare came swiftly and prayed those who were there that they should depart and suffer her to care for her sister Agnes, who lay all disarrayed upon the ground. So they departed with distress of mind. And the gentle Agnes arose right

gladly and went with her dear and much-beloved sister, and from then onward she set herself to serve God perfectly."

When St. Francis learnt of the heroic resistance of Agnes to the entreaties and violence of her relatives, he was filled with joy, and gave her the habit of poverty and consecrated her to God.

The two sisters, whom St. Francis soon established at St. Damian's, now began their life of poverty, self-denial, and prayer, which was to attract so many God-fearing souls and to effect so much good for the Church. From the very beginning of her religious life, Agnes devoted herself with such zeal to the practice of virtue that she was looked upon with admiration by the saintly souls who had found a refuge at St. Damian's. Her obedience was most exact, her humility proof against every attack of self-love. Though she was severe toward herself and given to the practice of the most austere penance, she was full of gentleness, kindness, and charity toward others. Her fervor in prayer and in contemplation of the divine truths can not be described. She often spent entire nights in prayer, and was so carried away by the fervor of her devotion as to be rapt in ecstasy. One night, as she was praying in a remote corner of the choir, she fell into an ecstasy, and her sister Clare saw her raised from the ground and with a triple crown shining upon her brow. Agnes was also favored with visits from the Infant Jesus, to whom she had a most tender devotion.

And now she was to be transferred from her beloved St. Damian's, separated from her sister and companions, that she might dispense of her riches and assist other heroic souls in their resolve to serve God according to the ideals of St. Francis and St. Clare.

In 1219, the Benedictine nuns of Florence solicited for their convent of Monticelli the favor of being incorporated with the Sisters of St. Damian's, and Agnes, despite her youth, was sent to introduce and confirm the austere mode of life observed by St. Clare and her spiritual daughters. She humbly accepted the commission, though she keenly felt the separation from her beloved sister and the quiet convent of St. Damian. The saints repudiate none of the legitimate affections, but, with the grace of God, they ennoble and purify them. The sacrifice of the Saint received an abundant reward. She succeeded so well, by her wise rule, and especially by the example of her holy life, in solidly planting the spirit of poverty, penance, and recollection in the convent of Monticelli, that it became almost as famous as St. Damian's. She also founded convents in several cities of northern Italy, notably those of Mantua, Padua, and Venice, and everywhere guided the Sisters in the exact observance of the teachings of St. Francis and St. Clare.

After governing her community for more than thirty years, she was summoned in 1253, to St. Damian's to assist her sister Clare during her last illness. In the midst of her grief, she was consoled by the words of Clare, "Weep not. Thou wilt soon follow me, not without first receiving great consolations."

Agnes assisted at the triumphal obsequies of St. Clare, and witnessed the miracles wrought at her tomb. The prediction of her holy sister soon came to pass. Three months after Clare's death, she followed her to her eternal reward, on November 16, 1253. In 1260, her body was entombed in the church of St. Clare, at Assisi. She was glorified after death by many miracles. Pope Benedict XIV permitted the Orders of St. Francis to celebrate her feast.



GLORIES OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(For Franciscan Herald, from the German of P. Camillus Broell, O. M. Cap.)

36. CALUMNY

"Because thou wast forsaken, and hated, and there was none that passed through thee, I will make thee to be an everlasting glory, a joy unto generation and generation." (Is. 70, 12)

Among the enemies of truth we find in the first place calumny, or, in other words, the false and malicious imputation of a crime. Its consequences are immeasurable. And even if the calumny is retracted, a bad impression will, nevertheless, usually remain. This enemy rose up against the Third Order especially at the time of the heretical Fraticelli. The wicked crimes which they committed were, to a great extent, ascribed to the Franciscan Tertiaries, whence resulted the molestations and partial suppressions of the Third Order of which we have read in former chapters.

But even in our own day, calumny raises its head to attack the Tertiaries. The Order of Penance is often represented as a secret and dangerous society, which fitted very well in the "dark ages," but is entirely out of place in our enlightened twentieth century. "Prayer is all very well and good enough, but we want to see deeds. The Third Order develops merely devout old women, but where are the men that accomplish something?" This is the language of calumny. Representative Malik, a notorious apostate, warned the Austrian parliament in public session against the

members of the Third Order, who wear a cord and scapular and oblige themselves blindly to obey a confessor or a simple lay brother.

Should Tertiaries be silent when their enemies make such false and foolish statements? By no means. Every child has the sacred duty to be solicitous about the good name of its family. Thus, too, must the Tertiaries step forth and defend the reputation of their holy Order, after the example of our Divine Savior, who often defended himself against the calumnies of the Scribes and Pharisees. The Wise Man in the Old Testament gives the advice: "Take care of a good name; for this shall continue with thee, more than a thousand treasures precious and great. A good life hath its number of days, but a good name shall continue forever." (Eccles. 14, 15, 16.) If we are solicitous about our own good name, so must we also guard the good name of a society or Order to which we belong. Every Tertiary is obliged to defend the reputation of his Order as far as lies in his power.

But how can a Tertiary with little or no education take up the defense of the Third Order against a calumniator who, perhaps, has had a university education? How can a simple servant girl defend the Third Order against her master or mistress? Very easily. The best and easiest means which can be

used by educated and ignorant alike, and which, if properly applied, will soon command respect for the Third Order, is the press. Hand your calumniator some literature of the Third Order and request him to read it carefully, and, if he is at all open to conviction, he will soon cease making his disparaging remarks. A good book for this purpose would be, for instance, the Catechism of the Third Order or also the Tertiary's Manual.

Tertiaries should be zealous especially in spreading the publications of their Order and, above all, in reading them carefully themselves. Many Tertiaries have all kinds of periodicals in their homes but none of the Third Order. This is not as it should be. For any one who belongs to an association takes and reads its publications. Here we may learn a lesson from the children of the world for they "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." (Luke 16, 8.) Some societies require the members to pay yearly dues and then give them its periodicals gratis. The children of the world read the publications of their societies so zealously because they wish to be informed in regard to their development and activities. Tertiaries should be equally zealous for their Order. Learn, therefore, from the children of the world how you should work for the success of the Third Order press. Talented Tertiaries should support their press not only by reading its publications but also by writing articles for it. The stronger the press of the Third Order is and the more it is propagated, the sooner and the easier will its calumniators be silenced and, perhaps, even won over.

But we must also pray for our

calumniators according to the admonition of our Savior: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you and pray for those that persecute and calumniate you." (Matth. 5, 44.)

The history of the Third Order of Penance shows how this holy institution of St. Francis was persecuted and calumniated, so that we may well apply to it the words of the Prophet to Jerusalem: "Because thou wast forsaken and hated, and there was none that passed through thee, I will make thee to be an everlasting glory, a joy unto generation and generation." The Third Order was hated and persecuted and in consequence, as the years rolled on, forsaken by most Christians. This was the hour of trial, the time of probation from which it went forth fresh in spirit and rejuvenated. It has now become the pride of our generation, the joy of the Church and of all Christians because of the great good it has accomplished in the past and is even now accomplishing the world over, and men and women vie with one another in placing themselves under the glorious banner of St. Francis. Temptations and trials, indeed, are not spared the Tertiaries of our day, but like their sainted brethren of old, they, too, recall the words of their Seraphic Father and find the greatest consolation in them: "We have promised great things, indeed, but greater things still have been promised us; let us keep the former and strive earnestly after the latter. Sensual pleasure is of short duration, but its punishment is endless. Insignificant are earthly sufferings, eternal the glory. Many are called, few are chosen. Everyone will be rewarded according to his deserts."

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.

VII. A GALLERY OF JOYFUL FRANCISCANS

3. ST. LOUIS AND ST. ELIZABETH (Concluded)

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."
(II Cor. vi, 18.)

Similar to the life of St. Louis IX of France was the earthly career of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Duchess of Thuringia and glorious patroness of the Third Order of St. Francis. Her life was replete with trials and sorrows from the beginning till the end, yet, instead of diminishing they only seemed to increase the wonderful peace and spiritual gladness that filled her soul.

"During her childhood at the court of her royal betrothed, Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia," writes Montalembert, "her precocious virtue is overlooked, her piety despised; but her betrothed remains ever faithful to her, consoles her for the persecution of the wicked, and as soon as he is master of his states, hastens to marry her. The holy love of a sister mingles in her heart with the ardent love of a wife for him who was first the companion of her childhood and then her husband, and who vies with herself in piety and fervor; a charming freedom, a sweet and artless confidence presides over their union. During all the time of their wedded life, they certainly offer the most edifying example of a Christian marriage. But, amidst all the happiness of this life, — the joys of maternity — the homage and the splendor of a chivalrous court, her soul tends towards the eternal source of all love and happiness. Meanwhile, the irresistible call of the Crusade draws away her young husband after seven years of the most tender union, and she knows not how to resign herself to this hard destiny; scarcely can she tear herself from his arms. But

this separation once consummated, her whole life is changed — God alone engrosses the affection of her soul. Happiness and good fortune give way to sadness and misfortune, but her soul remains undisturbed, her heart retains its peace."

Brutally expelled from her royal dwelling, she wanders through the streets with her infant children, a prey to cold and hunger, she who had fed and clothed so many! No asylum can she find, she who had so often sheltered others! Finally, the landlord of a miserable tavern consents to receive her — but where? In a stable, whence he first drives out the swine that his Queen and mother might find shelter for herself and children from the bitter winter's cold. Tears course down her cheeks, but they are tears for her poor, helpless children. For herself she does not weep. She rejoices, rather, that she has been found worthy to suffer with Jesus and, filled with holy joy, she hastens, at the sound of the midnight bell, to the church of the Sons of St. Francis and entreats them to chant with her in joy the *Te Deum*. For she remembers the words of her Blessed Father St. Francis to Brother Leo: "O Brother Leo, little lamb of God, if, when we arrive at Santa Maria degli Angeli, all drenched with rain and trembling with cold and exhausted from hunger, the porter refuses us admission.....O Brother Leo, write down that this is a cause for perfect joy." And Elizabeth, true daughter of the Seraph of Assisi, followed faithfully in his footsteps and joyously sang the hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the misfortune that had befallen

her. It was her hour of triumph over the world and over herself.

Now it is that she seeks rebuffs and ill treatment with holy avidity. No cross, however heavy, is capable of destroying her indomitable cheerfulness; no ingratitude, however black and foul, can impair the calm serenity of her soul. On one occasion, a poor beggar woman, whom Elizabeth had assisted for a long time, met her on the street and roughly pushed her into a muddy brook at the wayside. Then adding insult to her brutality, she exclaimed:

"That befits you well! You did not choose to live like a princess when you were one; lie there now in the mud like a beggar woman and do not expect me to pull you out."

The holy princess, without the least sign of impatience or anger, got out of the filthy brook as well as she could, and seeing herself bespattered with mire from head to foot began to laugh most heartily saying:

"This is to make up for all the gold and precious stones I used to wear."

"O my God," exclaims St. Francis de Sales, when meditating on the virtues of this noble woman, "how poor was this princess in her riches and how rich in her poverty!" In the midst of so many tribulations, Elizabeth never for a moment forgot that they proceeded from the hand of God, and God visited her soul with a father's tenderness and rendered the trials, she had so will-

ingly accepted, the sources of ineffable consolations. Yes, he even unsealed her eyes and permitted her to enjoy a foresight of the eternal glory in which her place was already marked out. A divine radiance was shed over her life, which illumined her whole being. Nothing could disturb her gentle sweetness; never was she troubled or irritated; on the contrary, she appeared even gayer in her sorrows. Yet she wept incessantly, and the holy gift of tears which she had received in her early days became more plenteous the nearer she approached the tomb. "The happier she was," says Montalembert, "the more she wept; but her tears flowed as from a tranquil and hidden source, without leaving a trace on her features; and far from in the least disturbing the pure beauty and placidity of her countenance, they added to it a new charm; they were the expressions of a heart for whose feelings words were all too weak."

Elizabeth had not yet fully completed her twenty-fourth year, when her heavenly Bridegroom came to announce to his beloved one that the dark winter of her life, with all its storms, had passed, and that the dawning of an eternal spring was about to begin for her. Confined to her bed for the last twelve or fourteen days of her earthly pilgrimage by a scorching fever, Elizabeth was nevertheless always joyous and gay. "In the bloom of youth she was ripe for eternity and she died in the act of singing a hymn of joy, which the angels above were heard to repeat in welcome to her victorious soul."



IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O. F. M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

CHAPTER VI.

In Prison—Conversion of Soora Belyn—An Earthquake—More Christian Slaves—Freedom.

WHEN Brother Peter recovered, he had to leave the house of his master. For, the authorities had decreed that the "infidel" slave should be imprisoned in a secluded vault near the new villa, and while he was released during work hours, the strictest watch was to be kept over him lest he should say more to his fellow slaves than was necessary to superintend their work.

As a prisoner of the *cadi*, Brother Peter had wanted little to make him happy. For, his master had given him a Latin Bible with an Italian translation. As he understood Italian quite well and knew a little Latin, he was in a position to enjoy the consolation of God's word and to strengthen himself by meditation for any new hardship. Also, while he was on the road of recovery in the house of his master, he had been able to continue these occupations.

But now it was to be very different. The keeper assigned to him was of the very meanest,—no other than the selfsame renegade, Louis Delaplace, who had been rewarded for his apostasy with the post of overseer of slaves for the city of Agades. This miscreant had the key to Brother Peter's den, while during the day he had the charge of keeping the poor suspect under close surveillance. Nothing can match the resentment of a renegade toward a Christian. It seems as if such creatures wreak vengeance on their former companions for the reproaches of their con-

science and the stigma that rests on them.

Soora Belyn had, however, obtained one important concession regarding the prisoner. For, though Delaplace had full authority over Brother Fardé in other matters, yet he was not permitted to strike him. Being a Moorish grandee, Soora Belyn had given the authorities to understand that the life and health of his slave must be spared, so his villa could be finished. Had it not been for this, Delaplace would certainly have hounded his prisoner to death; for, he now hated him with a mortal hatred. It had been mere jealousy that possessed him at first, to see another man, and a Catholic at that, advanced to a position which he could no longer hope to enjoy. But jealousy drags crime in its wake. From the day when he saw himself cheated of his revenge by the serene triumph which Brother Fardé by his constancy and patience gained over his tormentors, Delaplace swore him fierce, relentless hatred. It was the voice of conscience goading him with thoughts of the beauty of a martyr's crown contrasted with his vicious life and cowardly apostasy.

Still, the good Brother remained a model of patience and resignation though sacrifices more painful to his heart were now exacted of him. On resuming his work, he learnt that the faithful companion of his sufferings, Daniel van Breukel, had succumbed to the intense heat and endless privation. It was a severe

blow, and many a tear did it cause him. No less keenly did he feel the prohibition to speak with his fellow slaves. It meant to forego the consolation of preaching God's word, which up to this time had chiefly made his plight bearable. This enforced silence was insupportable, and in his zeal he was minded to disregard the injunction. However, his kind master begged him to moderate himself, representing to him that any further missionary attempt would be useless, and perhaps fatal, also for those who had already embraced Christianity. The force of this last consideration went home to Brother Peter. But one thing caused him even greater misgivings and that was, that, if Soora Belyn were to grow discouraged and foreswear his approaches to the faith, there would be no chance of setting up his family as the nucleus of a Christian community amid the people. So he resolved to comply and remain silent.

The building of the villa progressed rapidly. However, something turned up just now, which Brother Peter had not looked for and which nearly upset all his plans.

Soora Belyn had, indeed, become a Christian, but it developed that he had not laid aside every vestige of Moorish methods. He had been obliged, as told above, to pay the *cadi* 200 dollars for the release of Brother Peter. Now he met Brother Peter with the plea that he had, indeed, promised him his freedom, but at the time he had not looked for so great an additional expense in his behalf. So, if the brother could find means and ways to reimburse him for his expense, he would agree not to sell him again, and to restore his freedom as soon as the villa was completed!

After some days of prayer and reflection, Brother Peter wrote to M. Fardé of Ghent and to another

of his brothers, who was parish priest at Wondelghen in Flanders, reminding them of their last letter in which they had promised to set every force in motion to achieve his ransom. He begged them in charity to send him as soon as possible the sum required for his release. He would be everlastingly grateful for it and God would surely repay it a hundredfold. If it were not in their power to raise the sum, the Franciscans of the province of Saint Joseph would be glad to collect sufficient alms to effect his release. He closed with the words, "If I am trying to effect my release I trust I am only following the example of Saint Paul. At any rate, let God's holy will be done in me." Before despatching this letter he had, by means of the caravan service between the Soudan and the Guinea Coast, applied to one M. Colck, a Dutch merchant at Saint George el Mina, a fort on the Guinea Coast belonging to the United Provinces. M. Colck had answered that if the required amount were placed in the hands of his brother at Amsterdam, he would on the first notice, send the equivalent to Agades.

The two brothers of our hero would have no one but themselves undertake the rescue of their unfortunate brother. They immediately put themselves in communication with the Colcks of Amsterdam and the ransom was paid out at Agades, April 29, 1688. Still the prisoner's deliverance did not immediately follow. He was not to leave the country before successors to his good work had arrived.

One morning toward the end of April, the air was suffocatingly close. Nature was as silent as death; every spark of life seemed to have been extinguished under the scorching sun. Not a leaf moved. An oppressive, uncanny presentiment of impending evil

paralyzed man and beast. Toward noon, there arose a strange rumble, like the roll of distant thunder, seeming to come from the very bowels of the earth. It ended in a terrific jolt. The earth cracked asunder and for several moments continued to heave and tremble from the shock. A cry of horror went up from the city, mingling with the roar of wild beasts. The people rushed from the crumbling, crashing houses into the open air, into the public squares, anywhere to be clear of falling ruins, and everywhere to face the same danger. Here and there were vast fissures, mountains and hills were rent, while from the crevices a poisonous vapor arose and, spreading over the country, hung there, a dark, death-laden menace. It was a day of terror for Agades. Luckily it was soon over. Toward evening, a refreshing mountain breeze wafted in and cleared the pestiferous air.

Many buildings had been wrecked by the quake, others had been engulfed, and not a few lives had been lost. Thanks to its solid structure, Soora Belyn's villa had withstood the shock, though, of course, it also had suffered considerably. This afforded the wealthy Moor a pretext for keeping Brother Peter two months longer to oversee repairs. The good Brother, who considered that he had never really had any cause of grievance with the Moor, consented to remain, and availed himself of the time to ground his master more firmly in the Faith.

He never regretted his generosity. For some time, the grace of God had been signally at work in the soul of his master and the other neophytes. The good Brother had within the last few months converted a Jew of Ferrara and two Greeks from Rhodes. These converts were inflamed with such zeal that they undertook to be the apostles of their fellows. Still, they had their

zeal well in hand, taking good care not to excite the fanaticism of the Moors, and more especially the hatred of Delaplace, who was as alert as a lynx to anything that might transpire. Notwithstanding his vigilance, they found ways of meeting the friar at night and conversing with him through the bars of his den. What they thus learnt, they communicated to the others on the following day.

About the first of July, a new train of slaves arrived at Agades. They were nine in number, all Italians, among them two priests. Now Brother Peter might well depart. He considered that Providence had robbed the priests of their liberty to bring them into the desert, there to confirm and to continue the work begun through his humble ministry.

The hour of liberty had struck for Brother Peter. The two months to which he had agreed, had passed. However, it was not so easy to get away from the scene of his bondage and to reach a port in communication with Europe. He had intended to join one of the caravans bound northward from the Niger to Algiers through the desert of Targa; but Soora Belyn apprised him of the fact that the Moslemin were at that time at war with nearly all of Europe, with Spain on account of Oran, with the German Empire on account of late victories of the emperor over the Turks, with France and Holland on account of their vigorous stand against the Algerian pirates. Brother Peter could not hope to make the intended trip without molestation. He would do better by crossing the Niger southward through western Soudan and making for Saint George el Mina. There was hope of his finding a ship bound for Europe at that point, or, at least, of finding a safe refuge there amid the Christian population until an opportunity of embarking

presented itself.

Brother Peter fully agreed with his master, and began preparations for his journey. The poor friar never surmised that new privations, for worse than any he had yet ex-

perienced, were to be his portion. Indeed, were the facts which we must now relate not so firmly established, they would seem to exceed all probability.

(To be continued)

THE LORD OF CASTLE HILL

By Alice Hammond, Tertiary

IN the office of a wholesale dry goods establishment in New Orleans, two venerable looking gentlemen, partners in business, were seated at a desk and appeared very much interested in a letter which bore the postmark Omagh, Tyrone, Ireland. Mr. O'Brien, the senior partner, was a man of small stature, but, like his ancestors, he possessed the dark piercing eyes that betrayed the shrewd business qualities with which he was gifted.

When yet a mere boy, he had left his home in the Star Bog Hills, a range of uplands that stretches between Ballygawley and Omagh, and had embarked on an old sailing vessel to seek his fortune in far-off America. The ship was wrecked, but O'Brien managed to make his escape in one of the lifeboats, and was landed in New Orleans homeless and penniless. By thrift and perseverance, he had managed gradually to work himself up in the world, and was, at the time our story opens, a very wealthy man. He now wished to retire from the cares and troubles of active business life, to spend the rest of his days in the loving society of his relatives and friends in the land of his birth. The morning's mail had brought a letter from his youngest brother George, who had grown rich from the gifts of his

bachelor brother in America, and now urged him to return to Ireland and spend the declining years of his life in the bosom of his family.

"Rogers," said O'Brien, as the former handed back the letter they were discussing, "I am determined to accept the invitation of my brother and will leave for Ireland as soon as convenient."

Mr. Rogers made no response to this declaration. He well knew how much Mr. O'Brien thought of his youngest brother George, but he also knew that many drafts for large sums had left the office for distant Ireland and that letters profuse in thanks always followed the receipt of these drafts. But he thought that he read a cringing hypocrisy between the lines of these letters of gratitude, and he could not share Mr. O'Brien's enthusiasm over "dear brother George across the sea." Noticing, at last, that O'Brien was rather impatiently awaiting the expression of his opinion in the matter, he said in a quiet but earnest tone:

"O'Brien, if you were a poor man, would this only living brother, you dote on so much, receive you with open arms? Bachelors of seventy-five years, in my humble opinion, are not wanted in any country, when they must rely on their relatives for support. I may be wrong in my

suspicious, and I sincerely trust that I am wrong; this case may be an exception; yet, a man of your brains and experience should first give this brother of yours a good trial. Test his affection for you, and then you will know better how to act."

Mr. O'Brien was stunned. He had not expected this reply. Leaning his elbow on his desk, he appeared lost in thought. Could it be that George, his "baby brother," as he loved to call him, cherished him only for his money? Could it be that those letters from his nieces, that seemed to breathe the sincerest affection, had been dictated by the hope of inheriting the millions their bachelor uncle would leave them at his death? They had sent him their photographs, and he had so often pictured to himself the happiness of living with such charming and loving nieces. Suddenly, looking up at his friend of many years, he exclaimed passionately:

"No, no, Rogers, you are mistaken: your suspicions are entirely unfounded. Still," and here O'Brien paused for a moment, "still it will do no harm to put them to a test."

Saying this, he swung round in his chair and wrote the following letter.

New Orleans, La., June 10, 18—.

My dear brother George:—

I am in receipt of your letter of recent date, and am seriously considering the advisability of accepting your kind invitation to spend the remaining years of my life in the midst of your happy family. But, my dear brother, do you realize that I am daily becoming more and more feeble, and that an old man of seventy-five winters is liable to cause you no little inconvenience as time rolls on? And besides, I have had considerable bad luck of late owing to investments in a railroad venture that turned out a complete failure. Times are bad at present and I am no longer able to compete with younger brains in the financial world.

Would you welcome your old brother to your beautiful home even if I should have lost my all wealth? Indeed, I am sure

you would, since you owe your present prosperity to the gifts I sent you in the past when fortune smiled on me. Yes, I have no doubt that you and your loving wife and daughters will extend me as hearty a welcome now as you would have done in former years.

As the steamship rates are quite high and I would like to travel as comfortably as possible, I beg you kindly to forward me sufficient money to purchase a first cabin ticket, and also let me know which ship I should take. Trusting to receive an early answer, with much love to you all, I remain,

Your brother,
John.

After signing his name to the letter, Mr. O'Brien read it aloud to his partner and then remarked:

"You remember, Rogers, that R. T. A. affair and how I lost \$50,000 in my foolish endeavor to help finance that railroad venture? Well, that is what I refer to in this letter. For me the sum was little enough, but I suppose my brother and his family will think that I lost everything in the deal, and I can then judge from their conduct toward me whether it is I or my money that they love."

About two months elapsed before Mr. O'Brien received an answer to his letter. It was on a sultry day in August that the mail brought him a letter bearing his home-town postmark. With feverish anxiety to learn the contents, he tore open the envelop and read:

Omagh, Ireland, August 15, 18—.

Dear Brother John:—We feel very sorry for you, but it is impossible to send you the money you ask for, as my wife and daughters are very extravagant. I would welcome you gladly to my home if it were not for them. They could not bother with a man of your age and condition. It is a pity that you were so foolish as to lose your money in that investment. You will have to look elsewhere for help now. Surely, in a large city like New Orleans you must have many friends who will be glad to assist you, or you will at least find a home for the aged, to which you can go.

With best wishes,
Brother George.

Mr. O'Brien read and reread the letter. He could not believe his

eyes. How each ungrateful word pierced his loving, confiding heart! His money not himself had been the object so fondly cherished by his brother's family!

"Rogers, you were right," he said in a husky voice, turning toward his partner, "but I would never have believed it possible after all I have done for them. Still, I am determined to return to my native land, the home of my childhood, and I will then put my brother to another test. In case that fails also, I have many friends there who will be only too glad to receive me."

* * *

In May of the following year, an old man was seen leaving a ship at the docks of Cork and making his way to the city. His clothes were shabby, and his long hoary locks peeped out from under a large silk hat many years out of date. In his hand he carried an old woe-begone carpet satchel with pictures woven on it of a rich man traveling with black servants and many camels. All this little bespoke the wealth of the stranger.

Mr. O'Brien—for it was none other than he—repaired at once to the depot where he took the train for Omagh. As he sped along through green fields, past old stone houses with their slated roofs and well-trimmed hawthorn hedges, past smiling meadows where the cattle were contentedly grazing, past busy villages and bustling towns, past lake and river and brook, the heart of the old man grew warm with love for the land of his birth, and he rejoiced that he had left the noise and dirt of the great city in far-away America, to spend the evening of life amid the quiet scenes of his childhood.

Arrived at Omagh, he rested from his trip for several days at an hotel. One morning, when the weather was unusually beautiful, he hired a freckled-faced boy to drive him to

Ballygawley, which was not so very far distant. It was evening when they drove through the streets of the thriving little village. After they had put up at the inn and had partaken of some refreshments, Mr. O'Brien told the lad to await him at the inn, while he went to visit some friends up in the hills.

As he trudged along the well-known footpath and saw the neat whitewashed cottages nestling in the shadow of the trees, while the silvery moon lit up the landscape with its gentle rays, his mind reverted to the happy days of childhood when he had so often run along this path with not a care to mar the gladness of his young heart. Time had wrought great changes in him, but had dealt very gently with the dear old Bog Hills, and it seemed to him that he had left them but yesterday.

When he drew near to his brother's grand mansion, that stood in the middle of a stately park, both bought with money he had sent him, soft strains of music floated out on the calm night air. Costly carriages drawn by prancing steeds rolled through the great iron gates that stood ajar, and then rattled up the long avenue to the great white manor-house that was ablaze with lights and gleamed fairylike in the bright moonlight. Many a glance was cast askance at the bent figure of the white-haired old man, dragging his huge carpet bag and steadying his tottering feet with a sorry, weather-beaten umbrella.

Mr. O'Brien trudged on until he reached the broad stone steps that led up to the front door. Pausing at the foot, he noticed two stone lions there with wide opened mouths, as if welcoming him home. He placed his hand on the head of the nearest and prayed in his soul that he might not find the heart of his brother as cold and as hard as this image of stone. He then slowly

went up the steps and was about to rap with the heavy brass knocker, when a butler appeared at the door and demanded, in no gentle tones, what he meant by coming at such an hour to beg.

"Please be so kind and give this card to Mr. George O'Brien and tell him that I should like to speak with him for a few minutes," Mr. O'Brien answered, giving the butler his card.

"I will do as you request," replied the butler, "but I venture to say that Mr. O'Brien will not be overjoyed with his visitor. Step into this chamber until he comes," he continued, opening the door of a little waiting room.

After some time, Mr. O'Brien's brother George entered the room. Both shook hands heartily and expressed their mutual pleasure at seeing each other again after so long a separation.

"But, brother," George remarked, and his face darkened as he spoke, "it is very unfortunate that you had to come just when we are having a reception. Lord Bedesford and family are visiting us, and I am giving this ball in his honor. You must not let your personality be known by any means, as all the guests here are under the impression that you are immensely rich. In fact, I have borrowed large sums of money on the strength of your financial standing. Were my friends to see you now, it would spell my ruin, as each would demand his money at once. I must marry one of my daughters to a rich man before they hear of the real state of my affairs."

As he was yet speaking, a stately, woman entered the room and sharply reprimanded her husband for neglecting his guests.

"Bridget dear, this is my brother John from America.

"I thought as much," she replied scornfully. "But you may tell your

beggar brother that we have no room for him in this house and that he had better leave immediately."

Saying this, she walked haughtily out of the room. George blushed deeply, for he recalled that he and his wife were the real beggars, since they had lived all these years on the generous gifts of his brother. Mr. O'Brien rose at once to take his leave, refusing the half pound note that his brother offered him, saying that he supposed he could get on without it. As he was about to leave, he turned to his brother and said:

"By the way, George, what has become of brother Joe's little girl? If I am not mistaken, you wrote once that she died shortly after her parents had passed away."

"Yes, I did write that, John," George replied, blushing profusely again as he remembered having told this lie, that his daughters alone might inherit their uncle's millions, "but I was misinformed. I learnt lately that she is living in County Mayo in the little hamlet of Mayo, and is married to a carpenter named Donnelly. They are very poor and their three children only add to their poverty. But it is foolish to think of visiting them, as they could not afford to keep you over night."

They parted and bidding each other good bye, John O'Brien was led by the officious butler to a side portal, which was closed with a bang as he left the house.

Sadly and slowly the old man made his way down the long avenue to the great iron gates. As he was about to leave the premises, he turned once more and, looking at the lordly manor-house, heaved a deep sigh and said half aloud:

"O Lord forgive them! Thou, too, didst come into thine own and thine own received thee not. Direct now my feet unto the poor in spirit and in deed, that like thee I, too, may there find true affection."

The next morning, he returned to Omagh in the little jaunting car, and then boarded the first train for County Mayo. After a pleasant journey by rail and coach, he arrived at the little hamlet and was soon directed to the humble home of Patrick Donnelly. It was a thatched cottage, which, though neat and clean, clearly bespoke the extreme poverty of the inmates. A low stone wall surrounded the little garden, which was bountifully repaying the care and labor expended on it.

As Mr. O'Brien stood gazing at the house, a little rosy-cheeked boy of about six summers ran to the gate to admit the strange visitor.

"And what is your name, my little man?" enquired Mr. O'Brien as he entered the yard and grasped the lad's hand.

"Patrick Robert Donnelly," replied the child, quite won over by the stranger's kindness.

Mrs. Donnelly, hearing the strange voice, hurried to the door to learn who her visitor might be. She was greatly surprised to see an old man carrying a huge carpet bag and using an old umbrella as a cane. With a cheerful "Good morning, sir," she hastened to relieve him of his burden, and taking him by the hand led him into the house. Placing the only armchair they possessed near the glowing hearth, for the morning air was quite chill, the good woman at once set about preparing a luncheon for the traveler, saying the while, that she was sure he must be very tired and hungry after his journey. As he partook of the frugal meal, she kept up a lively conversation and replied, in response to his question how she was getting on:

"Oh sir, the dear God has bin very good to mean' he has blessed me with a good husband and three darlin' childre'. They ar-re me riches. Toimes is bad now, f'r there's not

much buildin' in these parts, so me husband's worruk has not bin stidy. He does most annythin' he can to airn an honest penny. But thin, we do be havin' praties an' cabbage enough in the garden to kape us from starvin'. So ye see, we have no raison to complain, ghlorry be to God!"

Toward noon, Patrick Donnelly,—"the best man within the says iv Ireland," as his wife usually styled him when she spoke of her husband to others,—made his appearance, and received a royal welcome from his three little children. Mr. O'Brien noticed at once that in this humble home love and not money held the scepter. After greeting the stranger most cordially, Patrick said:

"Faith, an' many a saint came to this blissed cuntry of ours, a beggin' a handful iv meal to ate, an' nary a wan knew he was a saint. So, rich an' poor are always welcome. But iv course," and here he laughed heartily, "the rich niver come, an' the poor, as the holy Book says, are always with us."

"Yes, indeed, the poor are always with us," repeated Mr. O'Brien "but they are not welcome everywhere. When I was a lad of fifteen, I left Ireland to seek my fortune in America. I succeeded quite well for a while and often sent money home to my only living brother, whom I loved most dearly, and who was very poor. But now that I have come back to the land of my birth to spend the few remaining years of my life in the bosom of my brother's family, he has ejected me from his home on account of the poverty which my humble appearance bespeaks. Since then I have been going from place to place in search of friends with whom I can make my home."

As the stranger told his tale of woe, tears glistened in the eyes of the kind-hearted peasant woman, and turning to her husband, who

was no less affected, she said:

"An' shure Pat, don't ye remimber me uncle John, who left Ballygawley an' wint to Americky to git a fortune, an' as how the poor lad, God rest his soul in peace, was drowneded whin the ship wint down with all on board? An' this stranger here looks so much loike me own dear father, God be good to his soul, an' I say, Pat, we ought to take him in an' let him live with us. Shure, wan mouth more 'r less to feed wont mather, an' the good God will not let us starve."

"Wisha, Mary dear, thim be the sintiments of me own heart!" Pat exclaimed, with evident emotion. "Indade, me good man," he continued, turning toward Mr. O'Brien, "an' 'tis a thousand times yer welcome, an' as long as there is a crust of bread in the house or a pratie in the garden, we'll share it with ye, with the hilf of God."

Mr. O'Brien was deeply moved at the cordial reception given him by the humble peasant family, and he agreed at once to avail himself of their kind invitation.

"God will certainly reward you for your kindness to a poor old stranger, not only in the world to come, but also already in this life," he said with a tremor in his voice, while he raised his thin white hand toward heaven as if calling down its blessings on the lowly home.

* * *

Several months had passed since Mr. O'Brien had taken up his abode with the Donnelly's. One day, in early October, he left the little cottage shortly after breakfast, saying that he wanted to attend to some business in the village. Noon came, and he did not return. Evening came, and still he did not come, so that the good housewife became quite troubled over his continued absence, thinking that some accident had surely befallen their aged friend. He had, indeed, often left

the house on previous occasions, but had always returned regularly. Usually, he had occupied himself in the garden during the day, and in the long quiet evenings he had been wont to tell them beautiful stories of his adventures in America, and they had grown so fond of him that he seemed to be their own dear father.

When Donnelly returned that evening from his work, Mary told him of the sudden disappearance of their guest. He, too, became very much alarmed at this, and went at once to the village to begin the search for him. Other men of the village joined him in his efforts, but they searched in vain. No trace of the old man could be found. Pat and Mary were inconsolable over the loss, and the children cried constantly for "Grandpa," and wondered why he did not come to tell them some more pretty stories and join in their happy games.

The missing stranger was the talk of the village. Days passed and lengthened into weeks, and still no sign of their aged friend. To make matters worse, work had been getting more scarce, and Donnelly began to entertain fears for the winter, which was near at hand and threatened to be quite severe. But his good wife remained always cheerful and never lost her confidence in the all-ruling Providence of God.

"Yerra, Pat," she said to him one day, when he was unusually downcast, "yer the biggest *omadhaun* in whole County Mayo! Whin the old man came to us last spring, didn't ye say that with the hilf iv God we could even feed wan more mouth, an' didn't we do it all the summer long? An' now, whin the good old man's is gone, God save him wheriver he is, an' there are only five iv us left, ye be to fearing we won't have enough praties to last us through the winter! Wisha,

man, where's yer trust in the Lord?"

Saying this, Mary began to busy herself with mending the children's clothes, singing the while a little ditty to cheer up her husband's drooping spirits.

"Faith, Mary, an' ye're an angel from heaven! Why didn't ye remind me of that afore?" said Pat, going over to his wife and kissing her fondly on the forehead. "Shure, God will niver forsake us, an' as long as I have ye an' the darlin' gossoons, I'm rich enough."

As he opened the door of the cabin to go in search of work, he was dumbfounded to see Mr. O'Brien coming through the gate into the yard. At his exclamation of delight and surprise, Mary came running to the door to learn the cause. Great was the joy of the little family at the unexpected return of their beloved "Grandpa", for they were confident that his ready wit would find means and ways to assist them in their present straits. After seating himself in the big armchair near the brightly glowing turf fire, "Grandpa" began to tell them of his wanderings during the preceding month.

"You see, my children," he said, "the day I went to the village, I happened to meet an old friend of mine, Sir Hugh Steward, whom I had met in America years ago, and who lives at Castle Hill on beautiful Lake Conn. He invited me to accompany him to his home for a short visit, and I accepted his kind invitation at once, forgetting in my pleasure of meeting with him to write to you that I would be back in a short time. Well, I am sorry that I caused you so much unnecessary worry, but I have such good news for you now, that I am sure you will forget all about your trouble over me. At the castle they are in need of a good carpenter around the place and also desire a good cook in the kitchen. Of course,

I thought immediately of you two, and now get ready at once, for the great coach will be here within an hour to fetch us all away to the castle. Now, isn't that good news?" he concluded, taking Mary's trembling hand in his and patting it gently.

Donnelly and his wife were speechless for joy and wonder. Surely, God had not forgotten them in their distress! There was a bustle about the little cottage as had never been before. Before long a large dray wagon drew up in front of the house and several men in neat uniforms entered and carried out the few belongings "Grandpa" permitted Donnelly and his wife to take with them to the castle. Then the elegant coach of Sir Hugh appeared at the garden gate drawn by four black horses, that pawed the ground as if impatient to begin the journey home. The beauty of the carriage and the costly livery of the coachman and attendants almost took the breath from the poor peasants, and "Grandpa" had all he could do to induce Mary to enter the stately coach.

By this time, many of the villagers had arrived on the scene, and they wondered what it could all mean. Mary asked "Grandpa" whether she could not draw down the curtains of the carriage, lest she and her family in their poor home-spun clothing disgrace their noble benefactor. But "Grandpa" would not hear of this, saying, "So shall they be honored whom Sir Hugh wishes to honor." The glass door was closed, the coachmen sprang to their seats, the great long whip swung out over the restless horses with a sharp report, and away they rolled, followed by the cheers of the astonished villagers.

Arrived at the castle toward evening, they were met at the door by a kindly porter, dressed in silk and velvet, who conducted them into a

large hall and then requested them to wait for a few minutes while he went to apprise Sir Hugh of their coming. "Grandpa" accompanied the porter, saying that he would return immediately. Donnelly and his wife and children looked about the grand salon all bewildered at the richness of the furnishings and afraid to sit down on the beautifully upholstered chairs and sofas that stood about. Suddenly, the heavy velvet portières at the farther end of the hall parted and there stood "Grandpa" all transformed from a bent old man into a stately gentleman, while his kind old face beamed with smiles.

"Do not be surprised, my chil-

dren," he said, coming toward them and taking Mary's and Pat's hands in his. "I am the lord of Castle Hill, I am your uncle John, whom you supposed dead. No, thank God, I was not lost in the wreck of the old sailing ship, but escaped and landed in America, where I became immensely rich. Some weeks ago, Sir Hugh Steward, who has incurred great debts, auctioned off his castle to pay the creditors. I heard of this, and came here to make the purchase and get the castle in readiness for you. Mary, my good child, this is my castle and you are its mistress; and when I die, your own dear Patrick will be its lord and master."

THOU SHALT TEMPT NOT THE LORD THY GOD

"Yes, Father, I know I ought to receive the sacraments again, but now is not the time; I want to enjoy life. Wait until I am ready to leave the world. When I am on my death-bed, I will send for you and then I will make everything square with the Lord.—But when I do send for you, you'll have to run, lest you come too late!" Thus spoke a man in one of our large cities to his Reverend Pastor, who had importuned him time and again to return to the practice of his religious duties. After some time, the man fell suddenly very ill, and noticing that death was at hand, he called wildly for the priest. One of his children ran quickly to fetch the Pastor, who lived just next door. The zealous priest recalled what the man had so often derisively said about running when he was sent for, and fearful of arriving too late, hastened with the holy oils through the rear yard. As there was no gate, he sprang over the fence and entered the room—just as the unhappy man breathed his last!



FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. Blessed is the servant who treasures up in heaven the good things which the Lord shows him, and who does not wish to manifest them to men through the hope of reward; for, the Most High will himself manifest his works to whomsoever he may please.—St. Francis.

2. When, by means of our prayers, we deliver souls out of purgatory we please our Divine Spouse, Jesus Christ, as much as if we had delivered him from purgatory, and in due time, he will plentifully reward us for this good work and turn it to our profit.—St. Bridget, Tertiary.

3. He who performs the duties of his calling with diligent care for the love of God is truly pious and a man after God's heart."—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

4. God values more a little voluntary penance done in this life than a severe and involuntary satisfaction in the next.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

5. If you wish to save your soul, use every effort and care to disentangle yourself from any of the world's joys and honors that men may bestow upon you.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

6. Shun idleness; remember that time passes never to return; that you have but one soul, and if it is lost, all is lost.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

7. He does a great deal in the eyes of God who does all he can, be it ever so little. Our Lord does not look to man's wealth, but to his good will.—St. Peter of Alcantara, 1st Order.

8. Vouchsafe that I may praise Thee, O Sacred Virgin. Give me strength against thine enemies.—Ven. John Duns Scotus, 1st Order.

9. We must hope for the best and do our best.—St. Charles Borromeo, Tertiary.

10. Choose him for thy friend, who, when all others forsake thee, will not abandon thee.—Ven. Thomas à Kempis, Tertiary.

11. No one ought to consider himself a true servant of God until he has passed through trials and tribulations.—St. Francis.

12. God never suffers those who are generous to the poor to be in want of necessities; and the alms bestowed for his love are a source of blessings.—St. Didacus, 1st Order.

13. No virtue is more necessary to us, especially at the beginning of our religious life, than a humble simplicity and unassuming earnestness.—St. Bernardine of Siena, 1st Order.

14. To serve Mass is a sublime function, which the angels would consider themselves most honored in performing.—Bl. Gabriel, 1st Order.

15. By weakening the unruly desires of our nature, mortification makes them more apt to conform to the law of God and to follow the in-

spirations of grace.—St. Rose of Viterbo, Tertiary.

16. St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary, so accustomed himself to yield to others in things indifferent, that it became a kind of second nature to him.

17. Bl. Salome, of the Third Order, executed the orders of her superiors with the same exactness as if they had been given her by God; because she regarded them as emanating from God, and only communicated to her by the voice of her superior.

18. One Mass is worth all the treasures of the world.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

19. The characteristic virtue of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Tertiary was her tender and inexhaustible charity towards the poor, and the more repulsive their poverty and sickness, the more she loved to serve them.

20. Great dangers and great misfortunes overtake us only when, through pride, we carry our head too high, whereas, all is well when we are bowed in humility.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

21. A man of prayer is capable of everything.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

22. Bl. Angela of Foligno, Tertiary, once prayed to our Lord to give her some token whether she truly loved him, and our Lord thus answered her: "The greatest sign of mutual love between me and my servant is, when they truly love their neighbors."

23. Whoever desires to make progress in perfection, must place himself under the guidance of some particular confessor.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

24. St. Charles Borromeo, Tertiary, while engaged in playing a game, was asked what he would do if he were told the Last Judgment was at hand. He replied: "I would finish the game, for I am playing for the glory of God, and he is present to my thoughts."

25. Watch over yourselves well, for fear of being turned aside from the good path by the teachings and counsel of any one, whomsoever he may be.—St. Francis.

26. Every day I see it confirmed, that, wherever this holy practice (The Way of the Cross) is taken up with zeal, there is a most marked improvement of morals.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

27. Bl. Raymond Lullus, Tertiary, was so absorbed in the love of God, that he neither thought nor spoke of anything else.

28. I am ready to suffer death for the love of God and in defense of my faith.—St. James Della Marca, 1st Order.

29. O illustrious Saints, most perfect imitators of Francis, obtain for us that we may be valiant in the battles of the Lord, and fervent in his service here below, so that we may merit to share one day in your beatitude.—Prayer on the Feast of All Saints of the Three Seraphic Orders.

30. We have nothing to do with "formerly," but with "now."—Pope Pius X, Tertiary.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL ON THE THIRD ORDER

One of the most notable pastoral letters that has lately come to our notice is the one addressed by the Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal to the clergy of his diocese, on the occasion of the three-hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Franciscans to Canada and the twenty-fifth anniversary of their establishment in Montreal.

Calling attention "to that insistence with which the Holy See has urged parish priests, confessors, and preachers to propagate the Franciscan Third Order among the faithful," he warmly recommends the forming of a fraternity in the Seminary as well as in every parish of his diocese. How well the Archbishop, who is himself a Franciscan Tertiary, understands the nature and the advantages of the Third Order, may be gathered from the following extracts.

"The Third Order, dear Fathers, is no ordinary confraternity. Neither is it an association established for the sole purpose of honoring the memory and virtues of the great saint of Assisi. It is a true Order which, by its garb, its superiors, its Rule, aims at saving the soul from the spiritual death of sin by removing it from worldly influences, by strongly arming it with the spirit of penance against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in order by a spirit of humility and filial docility to the Church to make it follow the way of the Ten Commandments and thus to live according to the example given by Jesus Christ Himself in His Gospel."

Then touching on the advantages of the Order for the family, for the parish, for society, and for the individual, the Archbishop continues:

"Long experience has proved that the Third Order means happiness in the family circle where it ensures the practice of every Christian virtue. It is a source of blessing for the parish, a school for good example, an incentive towards good. It gives the pastor a group of chosen souls, full of zeal, submissive, humble and discreet, ever ready to give him stout assistance in all his undertakings. 'The reappearance of the Third Order in our towns and villages,' said the Blessed Curè d'Ars, 'is the means chosen by Providence to bring about our moral and religious resurrection'.

"From the social point of view, the Third Order since its foundation, seven centuries ago, has worked wonders which Leo XIII. thus enumerated: 'Domestic peace, public tranquillity, incorrupt morality, gentleness of behavior, the legitimate use and preservation of private wealth, civilization and social stability, spring as from a root from the Franciscan Third Order,—and it is in great measure to St. Francis, that Europe owes the preservation of these advantages.'

"Lastly, from the personal standpoint, what a vast amount of good is wrought in souls by the Third Order! Enriched with innumerable indulgences, enabling its members to participate in the prayers and good works of one of the most well-deserving religious families in the Church, it makes salvation easier by preserving from the occasions of sin and by steeping all the acts of life in the spirit of the Gospel. 'The Third Order,' wrote Leo XIII, 'forms true Christians.'"

The Tertiaries of the United States no less than those of Canada will be deeply grateful to their illustrious confrère for these timely words on the Order they love so well. But our Tertiaries may wish to know why the Third Order has never yet been made the subject of a pastoral letter

by any of the bishops in the United States. The answer is simple. The Third Order in the United States has thus far done little to attract the attention of the hierarchy. Undoubtedly, the bishops of this country are just as much convinced of the excellence of the Third Order as are the bishops of other countries. But, it is quite possible, that they are also convinced of the uselessness of exhorting the faithful to enrol themselves in the Third Order at present. As divinely constituted shepherds of Christ's flock, they realize, perhaps, better than others, that the American people are eminently practical, even in matters religious. Our people will not lend their support to an undertaking unless they are convinced of its practicability. They gage a society or an organization not only by its purpose but also by the activity the members display in the attainment of that purpose. We have often given it as our opinion in these columns that the Third Order in this country does not enjoy the same prestige and favor with the clergy and laity as other societies, because it is not as active as others. If we repeat the assertion here, it is only to remind the Ter-tiaries that, unless they display greater activity in the solution of the social problems of the day, they will look in vain for a word of encouragement or indorsement from the hierarchy.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Missions and Missionaries of California. By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. IV, Upper California, Part III, General History. With Illustrations, Tabular Reports, and Facsimiles. The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco. \$3.00, net.

This volume, concluding the general history of the Missions of California, will no doubt be hailed with joy by all students of history and all lovers of the truth. The preceding volume described the beginnings of the "secularization", i. e., the looting of the Missions, by the greedy and unscrupulous "native sons of California". The present volume treats of the events from 1836 to 1856, and gives an interesting account of the final destruction of the Missions, the dispersion and sad lot of the Indians, the American occupation during the Mexican War, and the beginnings of the dioceses of California.

We now have an exhaustive and wholly reliable history of the Missions of California, and particularly of the sad period of the so-called secularization of these religious institutions. A work of this kind has long been desired; for, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery of Monterey and Los Angeles declared in a letter to the Reverend author in 1897: "There are the most erroneous ideas abroad concerning the matter (secularization), and scribblers in all kinds of publications sometimes take upon themselves to give a so-called history of these things, which is only perpetuating falsehood." Many false impressions were to be removed; many accusations against the zealous missionaries had to be investigated and refuted; and the whole scheme of "secularization" had to be shown forth in its true light, if truth was to prevail. In undertaking the task of writing the history of both Californias, Fr. Zephyrin determined, as he himself says, "to investigate the enormous amount of documents thoroughly and judicially in order to bring out the whole truth whatever it might prove to be." And well has he fulfilled his task. Relying on original documents and on authorities of unquestioned value, Fr. Zephyrin has examined and faithfully described the character of the missionaries, their objects, methods, resources, successes, and reverses. He has likewise probed the charges against the missionaries, and has laid bare the char-

acter of the men who originated, disseminated, or published them. The result of his labors are four large volumes which contain an intensely interesting and entirely reliable account of the strenuous endeavors of the missionaries to bring religion and civilization to the barbarous tribes dwelling on the coast of California, amid hardships, privations, and the petty persecution of officials and corrupt politicians. No one who wishes to learn the true history of the Missions can afford to be without Fr. Zephyrin's volumes.

Now that the truth regarding the early missions and missionaries on the Pacific Coast has at last been brought to light, we feel justified in saying that the Catholics of the country and of California in particular owe a debt of gratitude to the tireless and fearless Fr. Zephyrin for having effectually done away with many an erroneous opinion and false impression created in the minds of the American reading public by authors less painstaking or less scrupulous than the author of the present work, which in the words of Professor Herbert E. Bolton, "is without a peer in the field, and will doubtless long remain the standard authority." Fr. Zephyrin's work should be found not only in every Third Order library but in every public library of the country.

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Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, by Walter W. Seton, M. A., D. Lit., Longmans, Green and Co., price \$2.00 net.

This work is a most valuable contribution to the ever-growing literature on the early history of the Franciscan Orders. It is a critical edition of a fourteenth century Latin version and a fifteenth century German version of the life of Blessed Agnes, together with a fourteenth century German version of St. Clare's letters to Blessed Agnes and of the benediction of St. Clare. The introduction, besides containing an interesting chapter on "The Privilege of Poverty" and a valuable chapter on the chronology of Blessed Agnes, is chiefly devoted to a critical study of the sources. The author has evidently taken great pains to collate and to sift all the available material, and the result is a highly satisfactory volume of 176 pages. By the aid of this volume it should prove a relatively easy matter to write an authoritative popular life-story of this remarkable daughter of St. Francis, to whom the author refers "as a Franciscan of the first generation and as one who took a leading part in keeping alive the spirit and ideals of the Founder of the Order during the half-century which followed his death." We recommend the volume to all Franciscan students and to all who are interested in the early history of the Franciscan movement.

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Franziskaner Schwestern der Provinz zur hl. Clara in Nord Amerika recounts the labors of the American Branch of Franciscan Sisters, founded in Salzkotten, Westphalia, Germany. Though little more than a chronicle, the volume, by its minuteness of detail, affords a clear and comprehensive view of the remarkable growth of this sisterhood from the year of its establishment in the United States (1873) to the present. The volume makes interesting and edifying reading, though its usefulness would have been greatly increased, we think, if it had been published in the English language.

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St. Antony's Almanac for 1916, published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Most Holy Name, is, as usual, brimful of interesting reading matter. A mere glance at the list of contributors, which

contains such well-known names as Caroline E. Swan, Charles Phillips, Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., Esperanza, James J. Walsh, M. D., Marian Nesbitt, and Eleanor C. Donnelly, will reveal the literary value of the contents of this excellent almanac. Special features are the well-told short-stories and the artistic illustrations. We refrain from making comparisons, because they are more or less odious, but we do not hesitate to say that, both as to contents and to make-up, *St. Antony's Almanac* compares very favorably with the best almanacs published in this country. As the profits from the almanac go to the support of needy Franciscan students, our readers would do well to procure copies thereof. It is published at St. Joseph's College, Callicoon, N. Y. The price is 25 cents.

We note with pleasure that a revival of the Tertiary spirit took place in New Orleans, when the Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., rector of St. Mary's Church, Memphis, Tenn., conducted a retreat on October 14, 15, 16 and 17, for all the members of the Third Order in that city. The exercises of the retreat were held in St. Teresa's Church, except the closing services, which took place in the chapel of the Poor Clares. In numerous other cities there are isolated Tertiaries, whose spirit and interest in their holy Order is languishing for want of organization. Let them imitate their brethren of New Orleans and, by banding themselves together in fraternities, they will soon experience what it really means to be a member of this great Franciscan institution.

As is already known to our readers, our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, has graciously permitted all priests to celebrate three holy Masses on All Soul's Day. There is no better means at our disposal to assist the suffering souls in purgatory than the august Sacrifice of the Altar. Even the Jews of old knew the value of sacrifice in liberating these holy souls from their dire prison: "And making a gathering, he (Judas Machabeus) sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the souls of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection." (II Mach. xii, 43.) As the sacrifices of the Old Law were but prototypes of the great Sacrifice of Calvary, we can readily surmise what benefits accrue to the souls of those who sleep in the Lord, when the holy Mass is offered to God as a sacrifice of propitiation for their sins, and we doubt not that Tertiaries will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity now given them of showing their love and mercy for the faithful departed, by devoutly hearing as many Masses as they conveniently can on All Souls' Day.

Despite the protests of millions of American Catholics, President Wilson has seen fit to recognize Carranza as the head of what is left of the Mexican nation. As good citizens, the Catholics of this country will, of course, submit to the decision of the chief executive, but, they can not help blushing for shame at the abject surrender of their great and powerful Government to a leader of outlaws and marauders. By his "informal recognition" of Carranza, the President has lost not only the esteem but also the votes of thousands of his followers. If it was a poor policy for him to meddle in the internal affairs of a foreign nation, it was still poorer politics to ignore the protests of a strong body of voters in his own country. May the lesson be driven home to him and his administration a year hence.



MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

"For two years," Fr. Espinosa tells us, "the want and hardships which the Fathers endured in the missions of Texas were keenly felt; but it seems they were unavoidable. From the time the missionaries entered that country, in 1716, no aid whatever reached them, and as the supplies which they had brought along were very few, they soon gave out and we were reduced to great straits.

"During the year 1717 and 1718, owing to the severity of the drought, the harvest of corn and beans among the Indians was very poor. As we usually received some provisions from the natives, it was inevitable that, when they themselves suffered want, we should also feel the pangs of hunger. Although we had written of our distress to the Colleges of Santa Cruz and Guadalupe, and although they had taken energetic steps to relieve our necessities by appealing to the viceroy, His Excellency, the Marquis de Valero, and the Royal Junta or Council could do no more than direct a governor to proceed at once with soldiers and provisions to Coahuila and Texas.

"I do not intend that through my reports the reputation of any officer be blackened, but it is certain that, in the year 1717, at the request of the Fr. Superior of the Rio Grande Missions, a corporal and fifteen soldiers, accompanied by some friars, were despatched to Texas in order

to transport the supplies which His Excellency, the Viceroy, had provided with an open hand. Nevertheless, these supplies, which would have saved the whole province, remained forty leagues away in the desert like a ship run aground, because the soldiers who bore the provisions were impeded in their march by the swollen waters of the Trinity River, which had overflowed its banks for a distance of two leagues. The men waited until December, but as they noticed that the rains increased rather than diminished, and feared lest they themselves might perish, they left all the supplies on a little oak-studded hill, and returned much discouraged to the Rio Grande del Norte. The friars, too, seeing that it was impossible to proceed, left a letter in the hands of some Texas Indians, who had remained in that region to plant their fields, and directed them to deliver it to us as soon as the river would permit passage. This letter told where the provisions had been hidden, and where the mail sent to us could be found. Of all this nothing was known to us in the missions until the month of July, 1718.

"Before relating what then took place," Fr. Espinosa continues, "I shall give a brief account of the miseries in which we found ourselves engulfed. In the first place, the daily bread, which in that country is Indian corn, was wanting. If, perchance, after running through

the rancherías, a peck of corn was gathered, there was as much ado about it as if a great train of provisions had arrived. The scarcity of grain prevented us from making as much as a tortilla.⁽¹⁾ When, by chance, we could get a mouthful of meat, we boiled a handful of corn and this answered the purpose of bread. Salt was entirely wanting, and thus, when we even had the good fortune to obtain beans, the lack of salt made them so unpalatable that they might have served as a cathartic. Meat in quantities was not to be had at all; and even if, on rare occasions, some compassionate Indian brought us a bit of venison, the want of salt rendered it little agreeable to the taste.

"Many a day dawned when there was absolutely nothing to eat at hand. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention. It occurred to one of the Fathers that possibly the flesh of the crow might after all furnish us a meal. These birds were somewhat smaller than our crows, but they abounded in the trees, especially during the morning hours. By means of a gun, surely, we should be able to feast on meat every day. True, the color, flavor, and toughness of this meat were quite repugnant, but hunger made it so appetizing, that for the greater part of the year crow's meat formed one of our most delicious dishes. When the Fathers in the other missions heard of our discovery, they, too, provided their tables with crow's meat for the ordinary meals. On days of abstinence, however, our difficulties increased.⁽²⁾ As we had neither bread nor vegetables, we sought to appease our hunger by means of herbs, adding nuts by way of seasoning. On some days, the leaves of the mustard plant served as a most tasteful morsel, particularly when salty soil was

found which rendered them more palatable.

"But the burden of distress weighed most heavily on us not at table but at the altar. Like all our other supplies, the wax also gave out. Many days were spent in putting together the stubs and the drippings, until all the wax had disappeared. After that we had recourse to candles made of fat; but even here the quantity we could collect among the Indians was so meager that even on days of obligation we were obliged to celebrate holy Mass with but one tallow candle. The altar wine, too, became so scarce that only so much was put into the cruets as was absolutely necessary to make it lawful matter.

"In this extremity, the Lord sent us some assistance through the venerable Fr. Antonio Margil, who was superior of the Guadalupe Missions, thirty leagues or more farther east. He paid us a visit, and we learnt that his missions suffered the same difficulties as our own, save that they possessed what was necessary for holy Mass. As soon as the good Father had observed our lack of altar wine and wax, he jestingly confided to me that he, though an old man, had buried a bottle of wine to provide for the time of extreme necessity. When Fr. Margil, therefore, returned to his mission, he quickly sent us a quart bottle full of wine and a pound of wax. This we divided among us six priests, and thus, to our great consolation, we were enabled to celebrate holy Mass again sometimes during the week and not only on Sundays and holydays of obligation, as heretofore."

Father Espinosa concludes his narrative with the words: "There were many other hardships which gave us ample opportunity of gaining merits during the two years,

(1) A kind of pancake, generally used in Mexico instead of bread.

(2) As the Spanish Franciscans observed their holy Rule strictly, and all their numerous days of fasting were also days of abstinence, the hardships may easily be imagined.

but these I leave to the imagination of the reader. I only hope that the Sovereign Father of us all has found it worth while to mark down in his records what his servants endured, and that he will compensate them on the Last Day.

"It may seem necessary, however, to remark, lest any one be scandalized, that, in case of necessity, not even as extreme as was ours, it is lawful to celebrate holy Mass with only one candle, be it of wax or tallow, or be it a lamp with any kind of oil. This is the teaching of the moralists and in accordance with the Roman Ceremonial of Gavantus, who quotes Azor as

authority."

Fr. Espinosa was right. The Rev. Bartholomew Gavantus in the standard work *Thesaurus Sacrorum Rituum*, edition 1791, Vol. I, page 151, puts the questions: "An sufficit unicum lumen? Concedit in necessitate Azor, lib. 2, t. 8, quest. 5. An vero possit haberi sebacum ex sevo? Negat Suarez, concedit Azor, loco citato." See also De Herdt, Vol. I. Such a necessity would present itself on a Sunday or on a holyday of obligation, on which days only the Fathers celebrated holy Mass until Fr. Margil made it possible for them to offer the Holy Sacrifice "sometimes during the week" also.

INDIANS LOVE AND HONOR THEIR DEAD

ANYONE who visits the Arizona Indian Reservations of the Pima and Papago tribes, can not but be deeply impressed by the cleanliness and order that prevails in the Catholic Indian cemeteries. These last resting places of those, who have died piously in the Lord, form a silent but sharp contrast to the utter neglect, coldness, and hopelessness of the pagan Indian burial places. An indescribable air of sacredness seems to surround the graves of Christ's poor, bidding the stranger to tread carefully, as the

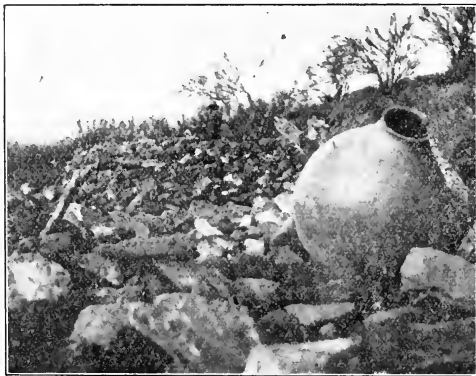
ground on which he stands is holy.

Long rows of sandy mounds, each neatly shaped and crowned by a humble wooden cross, mark the graves of the "Desert Children,"

who during life professed their faith in the Crucified, and who fell asleep in death buoyed up by the hope that their Redeemer would raise them up again in glory on the Last Day.

Each year after sunset on the

eve of All Souls' Day, the love of the Catholic Indians for their departed is most touchingly manifested. When all have assembled at



Pagan Indian Graves, Arizona

the Mission Church, a procession is formed and wends its way silently and devoutly to the cemetery. Arriving there, the Indians plant two lighted candles at the head and two more at the foot of each grave. Then the procession is formed again and, headed by the chief of the tribe, passes from grave to grave, the Indians reciting the while the decades of the Rosary in Spanish and English alternately. A halt of a few minutes is made at each mound, and then, as the procession moves on, the relatives of the deceased remain standing at the grave. Nor do the prayers cease until the last glimmering candle has been consumed.

A priest who beheld this demonstration for the first time last year, when about five hundred Indians were present, remarked afterward that it was the most touching and soul-stirring All Souls' celebration he had ever witnessed. The seven to eight hundred candles that flickered on the sandy graves and made it appear as if by some mysterious power a piece of the starry heavens

had been transferred to the barren desert waste, lent an unearthly splendor to the scene, while the earnest demeanor and devout prayers of the poor Indians filled him with reverential awe. Fired with holy enthusiasm, the Reverend Father, standing at the foot of the weather-beaten cemetery cross, addressed the assembled Indians on the consoling Catholic doctrine of purgatory, and assured them that their pious prayers would go a long way toward relieving the suffering souls.

After the sermon, the Indians of their own accord approached the "Paal"—as they call their priest—and gave him an alms from their meager savings that holy Masses might be said for their beloved ones departed. What a rebuke is this for many, who have inherited the worldly goods of their deceased parents or relatives, but who seldom or perhaps never think of having a holy Mass said for the departed souls or even of breathing a *Requiem aeternam* for their eternal repose.

THE EXILED TERTIARIES' FUNERAL

THE Franciscan Sisters, whose motherhouse for the United States is on the southeast corner of Grand Avenue and Chippewa St., St. Louis, Mo., come from Salzkotten, Germany. The first Sisters arrived here in 1872. When this now flourishing community was as yet in its infancy, a peculiarly sad incident occurred. Five Sisters departed from Germany with the intention of joining the little band in St. Louis, but they never arrived. The vessel on which they embarked was shipwrecked, and the good Sisters were drowned. Four of the bodies were recovered and interred in a graveyard in London. An account of the funeral services of these Sis-

ters is found in the *Franciscan Monthly* of 1897, written by Fr. Edwin, O.F.M. Readers of the Herald will, no doubt, be pleased to read this very interesting account, especially the funeral sermon, which Cardinal Manning delivered on the occasion. Fr. Edwin writes:

Near the graves of the Franciscan community in Leytonstone Cemetery, London, E., a modest headstone bears the following inscription, half defaced through exposure to the weather for more than twenty years:

Franciscan nuns from Germany, who were drowned near Harwich, in the wreck of the "Deutschland," Dec. 7th, 1875.

*four of whom were interred
here Dec. 13th.*

*Pray for the souls of
Barbara Hultenschmidt,
Henrika Fassbender,
Norberta Reinkober,
Aurea Badziura,
Brigitta Damhorst
R. I. P.*

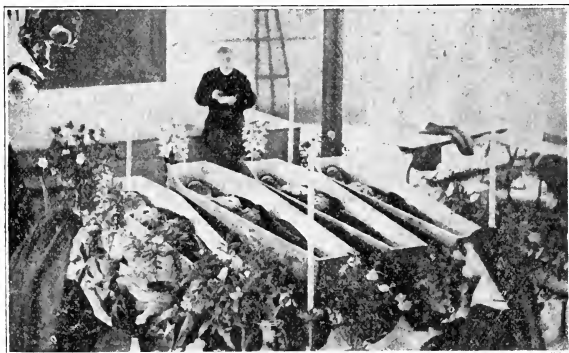
Many of the Catholic inhabitants of Stratford and Forest Gate still remember the solemn funeral of these good Sisters.

Five Tertiaries Regular of St. Francis, at the time of the religious persecution in Germany, left their

to suffocation within, while thousands outside await the funeral. Catholics and Protestants were intermingled, alike to shed a tear, or offer a prayer over the strangers, to whom the hospitality of the tomb was about to be given.

Before the altar are four bare coffins, with flowers and many lights. The Sisters lie within, clad in the habit of their Order, their joined hands still holding the rosary. More than fifty priests stand by, with eyes fixed on the coffins of the holy victims.

At the beginning of the service



Funeral of the Sisters

little convent at Salzkotten, near Paderborn, to seek a new home across the Atlantic, there to continue their life of Christian charity. Alas! not far from their own land they were shipwrecked. God had accepted their sacrifice, and had sent the Angel of Death to summon them to their eternal home. Four of the bodies were recovered, and were claimed by the Franciscan Fathers, Stratford; but the fifth is still numbered among the countless host of the sea's dead—mighty throng to be given up at the Last Day.

We can imagine once again the little church draped in black, filled

his Eminence Cardinal Manning, who had kindly promised to preach, entered the church, accompanied by Monsignor Searle. Before occupying the temporary throne prepared for him, he knelt in prayer awhile in front of the coffins. After the last Gospel, the Cardinal-Archbishop, in cope and miter, ascended the altar steps, and turning faced the coffins. Here the scene became indescribably pathetic. For several minutes his Eminence stood gazing on the coffins; he then ordered the sacristan to take the lids off, and descending from the suppedaneum, visited each coffin in turn. The

dead Sisters lay as if sleeping. However violent their death may have been, their features had regained the calm expression of life. The solemnity of the situation was overpowering; the Cardinal's emotion became visible; we wondered whether he would be able to speak. Again he ascended the altar steps,

nothing I could say would increase, in a single degree, the natural piety and Christian charity which fill your hearts. If any one among you is unmoved by this sight, so beautiful and yet so sad, my words could not affect him. And yet, I do not know whether sadness or joy should fill your hearts. Why grieve for these



Graves of the Sisters

and with that voice of peculiar feeling which many of us remember so well, began a discourse of unusual tenderness. I may be permitted to give parts of it, as far as the records at my disposal allow.

“It is impossible for me,” said his Eminence, “to find words worthy of this occasion, knowing that

worthy women, whose lives were consecrated entirely to the service of our heavenly Father? Why weep at a glorious death, which has just broken a career entirely dedicated to God? I think I see in this circumstance the fulfillment of those words of our Savior: ‘I was a stranger, and ye took me in’; for never

until this day have you seen these poor creatures. Again has our Savior said: 'Whoever shall leave father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or house, for my sake, shall receive a hundredfold.' And behold! in a strange country, these unknown, shipwrecked Sisters are welcomed in the great family of the Holy Catholic Church, by their brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ, in a dwelling filled with that tender sympathy natural to man, with sanctifying grace and Christian charity.

"But there is more still. They were daughters of our Seraphic Father, St. Francis; humble Tertiaries, having consecrated their poor and tranquil life to the service of the sick and the dying, and now they have been received by the family of St. Francis, by the Fathers of their Order. And I know that amongst those who are listening to me there are many Tertiaries. They, like myself, will understand that a three-fold bond unites us to these holy Sisters—the bond of nature, the charity of the Catholic Church, and the sweet domestic love existing in the great family of St. Francis.

"What can I tell you about their lives? What do I know? I know but few details concerning them. In the land of Germany, where Christ's faith has taken such deep root that it resists the most violent storms, they had a happy and peaceful home, the center of innumerable good deeds. They spent their lives in humble and tranquil work, administering consolation to the sick and dying, teaching children the fear and love of God and His Holy Mother. Why is their country no longer a home for them? I will not answer the question. My answer would be a discordant note and would wound your feelings. However, it is but too true; their country is no longer a home for these poor women. Forced by a

sad necessity, they were going into exile to ask strangers for a home. Compelled to embark without delay, they were obliged to face the perils of the sea in a cold season. You probably know, as well as I, the details of this sad catastrophe. Last Monday, at five in the morning, still dark, in a heavy fall of snow, the vessel followed its course peacefully and securely. The passengers were still at rest not fearing the least danger, when all at once a terrible shock awoke them. The vessel had struck on a sand-bank, and, in a single instant, peace, and confidence, and security fled, to give place to the dire anguish of despair—the vessel was lost without hope. Many wrecks have happened on our coasts—in few have the victims been kept so long in suspense, in few have the circumstances been so heart-rending. Since five o'clock in the morning of that fatal Monday until Wednesday evening, the unfortunate passengers watched vessels passing in the distance, unable to come to their aid. Signals of distress followed one another without ceasing. The signals were answered, but no help came. Oh! how dreadful must such an agony have been. And these holy souls, these good Sisters, were so resigned in the tranquility of their confidence in God, that they showed not the smallest sign of agitation or fear. They remained quietly in their cabin, and when at length they were asked to mount the riggings, as a last chance of safety, they refused—they were already prepared for the great voyage to eternity—life and death were the same to them. When at length a means of escape was at hand, they allowed others to take their places and to save themselves. Can you imagine the horror of their position during the anxious hours of waiting? What terrible scenes around them! The agony, the despair, the piercing cries of their fel-

low-passengers! The roaring of the tempest, the terrifying cracking of the vessel; and nevertheless, in such surroundings a divine calm pacified the souls of these holy victims.

"Why, then, should we weep? More than fifty others met their death in the same shipwreck, and we can confidently hope that the calm resignation, Christian hope, and peaceful joy of these holy women served as an example for those who shared their dangers in those long hours of agony. How many acts of faith, how many acts of contrition, how many acts of submission to the divine will, how many acts of hope and confidence in the love of Jesus Christ, must these Sisters have offered for themselves and their companions in misfortune? How powerfully must their example, like an eloquent voice, have strengthened the courage of those who are no longer, and united them all in a general preparation for death!....."

His Eminence pronounced the absolution. The whole congregation then passed by the coffins, and viewed the glorious remains of these

noble Tertiaries. The lids were fastened, and the coffins covered with palls. The funeral procession was then started:—Cross and acolytes, and servers, followed by the school children on foot, four hearses, and numberless coaches. It is estimated that 40,000 people lined the streets from Stratford to Leytonstone.

Tertiaries may feel a lawful pride in the glorious death and triumphal funeral of these shipwrecked Sisters, for they belong to the same family, and have a special right to their prayers. The touching narrative of these Christian virgins, yielding their chances of life to others, reveals an act of heroism, and manifests in all its splendor the nobility of Christian charity. If the loftier acts of the queen of virtues are beyond the power of ordinary Tertiaries, humbler things are daily within their reach. Let them be faithful to the graces which God has given them, whilst thanking Him for His greatest gifts to His worthier servants.

A VOICE FROM AFAR

Weep not for me;—

Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,

Light hearts and free!

Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;—

Watching the smiles I prized on earth;
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;

Now, too, I hear

Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and music sweet.

A sea before

The Throne is spread:—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,

Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blessed.

—John Henry Newman.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

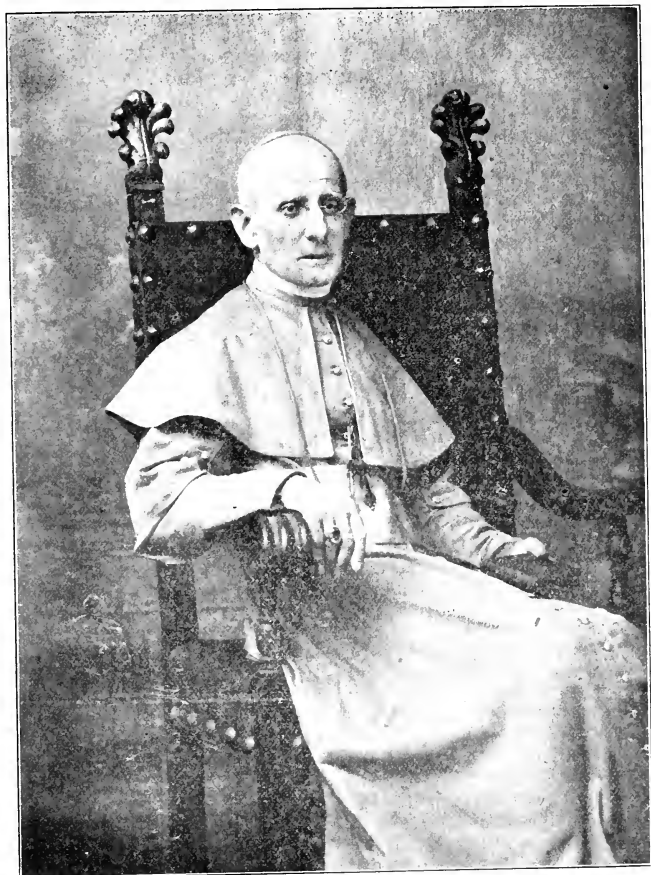
Rome, Italy.—On September 8, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, our illustrious confrère, the Most Reverend Pacificus Monza, ex-Minister General of the Order, was elevated to the episcopal dignity. The ceremonies of consecration were performed in the Franciscan church of St. Antony, Rome. After the humble religious had governed the Order of Friars Minor successfully for four years, he desired and hoped to spend the remaining years of his life in the quiet and secluded convent "del Deserto" near Venice, which for some years has served as a house of retreat for the provincial missionaries. But His Holiness Pope Benedict XV wished to reward the labors of the worthy successor of Saint Francis and make him yet useful to the Church. Accordingly, he called him to the dignity of Titular Bishop of Troy, and commissioned His Eminence Cardinal Diomedede Falconio, O. F. M., to perform the ceremony of consecration. At this solemn function, His Eminence was assisted by two Dominican bishops, the Right Reverend Thomas Pius Boggioli and the Right Reverend Noel Moriondo. Many friends of the bishop-elect and Superiors General of various Orders were present at the celebration. The newly consecrated bishop is staying, for the present, at the Franciscan college at Quaracchi and waiting for a favorable opportunity to return to his province in Venice, which is exposed to the uproar and dangers of war.—

On account of the war in Europe, the Most Reverend Father General has sent the professors and students

of many Franciscan provinces back to their respective countries. In consequence, our college of St. Antony is well-nigh empty. We hope for better times, although the condition of the warring nations are still growing worse, so that many of the students, who had stayed with us, have also been called to military service. Since our superiors could not foresee a near end of the terrible scourge, they have judged it opportune to close the college for a time, and have converted it into a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers.

—Correspondence.

St. Bernard, Nebr.—The Rev. Fr. Clement Moormann, O. F. M., rector of St. Bernard's Church and director of the local fraternity of the Third Order, passed to his reward on Saturday, October 16. Fr. Clement was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, December 6, 1852. He entered the Franciscan Order November 29, 1869, and was ordained priest in St. Louis, Mo., June 4, 1876. He spent two terms as professor at St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill., (1876-1884, and 1903-1909), and also two terms at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., (1884-1889, and 1893-1898). At both colleges he also filled the office of vice-rector and was extremely popular with the boys, whose character he seemed to understand so well. Beloved as he was at college, Fr. Clement endeared himself, perhaps, even more to the hearts of those whom God entrusted to his care in the various parishes in which he labored, especially in Memphis, St. Louis, Lindsay, and finally in St. Bernard. His was a



RT. REV. PACIFICUS MONZA,
Titular Bishop of Troy, Ex-Minister General of Friars Minor

most genial and lovable character, and throughout his life he was always a humble, pious, and zealous priest and religious. He was a man of varied knowledge which he used only to better the bodily and spiritual condition of his fellow men, and he was never happier than when he could do one a favor. For many years he held the responsible position of secretary of the Province of the Sacred Heart, which now mourns in him one of its most beloved sons. The Very Rev. Fr. Provincial officiated at the funeral, which took place on October 19, and an immense throng of people honored their beloved pastor's memory by their attendance.—R. I. P.

Teutopolis, Ill.—After a most painful and lingering illness of almost a year's duration, good Brother Rigobert Wulff, O.F.M., died a peaceful and holy death at the local monastery, September 19. He was born at Neuberg, Germany, March 28, 1855, received the habit of St. Francis June 12, 1886, and pronounced his solemn vows June 9, 1894. That he was a true son of his Seraphic Father and that his virtues and piety were well grounded in Faith, became especially evident in his last protracted illness, during which he bore the most acute pains without complaint and in entire submission to God's holy will. It was but a few days before his death, that one of his brethren sympathized with him saying, "My poor Brother, God seems to have stretched you out on a veritable rack." The sick Brother's reply, though brief, spoke volumes. "Yes," he replied calmly, "God has placed me on the rack, but I suppose he has his good reasons for so doing." Death had no fears for him; it was but to open up to him the Land where sorrow and pain are unknown, and where we trust he is already enjoying the reward for his virtues.—R. I. P.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the week preceding the third Sunday in October, the English-speaking members of the Third Order made their biennial retreat. Both in the afternoons and in the evenings the attendance was very good. The Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., director of the Third Order in St. Antony's church, St. Louis, conducted the exercises. His sermons were highly instructive and practical, and all who attended the retreat declare that they were greatly benefited by it. One hundred and forty-two postulants were received.—

On the same day forty Tertiary novices were professed in St. Augustine's Church, Chicago.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.—Signal success crowned the retreat given by the Rev. Fr. Timothy, O. F. M., to the English-speaking Tertiaries of the local fraternity, September 27—October 3. From the very first night, the spacious church was filled with Tertiaries and non-Tertiaries, all of whom followed the eloquent Father's words with the greatest attention and interest. On the evening of October 1, about twenty-seven Tertiaries, who have belonged to the Third Order for twenty-five years or more, publicly renewed their holy profession at the Communion rail. Each one received as souvenir of the occasion a beautiful golden cross from the Rev. Director. On Sunday morning, October 3, the Tertiaries received Holy Communion in their respective parish churches, and in the afternoon of the same day, they all repaired to St. Joseph's for the solemn closing exercises of the retreat. The church was so crowded that many were compelled to stand throughout the services. One hundred and seventy new members were invested with the scapular and cord of the Third Order, many of them being in

the very prime of life. The Rev. Fr. Bernardine, Guardian of the local Franciscan monastery, officiated at the reception of novices. He was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Eusebius, as deacon, Rev. Fr. Conradin, as subdeacon, Rev. Fr. Joseph as master of ceremonies, all of the Franciscan house of studies at West Park, Ohio. The Rev. Fr. Hilarion, the local director, was second master of ceremonies. Notwithstanding the extremely large number of novices invested, the greatest order prevailed, much to the edification of all present. At the last reception in August, seventy new members were enrolled in the local fraternity, so that at present it has a class of 240 novices. After the papal blessing had been given, the retreat closed with solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and a most heartfelt *Te Deum* for the graces received. The extraordinary success of this retreat displays great activity on the part of the St. Joseph Fraternity, and also shows what can be accomplished when a zealous director has the hearty support of his Tertiaries in spreading the Third Order.

Quincy, Ill.—On Sunday, October 17, nearly all the members of the Third Order in Quincy participated in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows at St. Antony's Church, five miles south of Quincy. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the shrine, and a German and an English sermon were preached. In the afternoon, services were again held consisting of the rosary, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, and the *Te Deum*, whereupon the pious pilgrims returned to their homes with renewed love for their holy Order and the Sorrowful Mother, Queen of the Rosary.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.—The local fraternity of the Third Order received Holy Communion in a body at the 8 o'clock Mass,

Sunday, October 3, the vigil of the feast of their holy Father St. Francis. In the evening of the same day, an inspiring sermon on the virtues of the Seraphic Saint was delivered by our Rev. Director, Fr. Leonard, O.F.M. Following the sermon, seventeen new members were received, and five novices pronounced their profession. Services closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Monday, October, 4, High Mass was celebrated in honor of St. Francis and the Tertiaries again assisted in a body. Our fraternity is now in a flourishing condition, numbering over two hundred members, and increasing in membership steadily.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—The retreat given by the Rev. Fr., Honoratus, O.F.M., rector of the Franciscan church in Sioux City, Ia., was a success in every way. The special services were held in the evenings from September 27 till October 3. Fr. Honoratus, who is a very able speaker, treated the following subjects: 1. The End of Man. 2. The Love of God. 3. Penance. 4. Piety. 5. Charity. 6. Reception and Profession in the Third Order. 7. St. Francis, the Saint of Seraphic Love. 8. Death of St. Francis the Pattern of the Death of a Good Tertiary. Besides the sermon, there was a short instruction for the special benefit of the candidates every evening, in which the Rev. Father explained the rule of the Third Order, the obligations incurred by the Tertiaries, etc. On Sunday afternoon, the solemn reception of novices took place and ninety persons, (thirteen men and seventy-seven women) were enrolled among the children of the Seraphic Father. On the same occasion, thirty-two novices were professed. On Monday, the feast of St. Francis, at the solemn High Mass, celebrated by

the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., the Rev. Retreat Master delivered an eloquent panegyric on the Patriarch of the Poor, both in English and in German. The retreat closed with solemn services on Monday evening, consisting of sermon, procession with the statue of St. Francis, singing of the *Transitus* or the *Passing of St. Francis*, papal blessing, and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. An immense throng of devout clients of St. Francis filled the large church of St. Antony to its capacity, and all were deeply impressed by the beauty of the ceremony. At the close of the retreat, artistic souvenirs were distributed among the Tertiaries, that will serve to remind them of the duties they have taken upon themselves and also of the great privileges they enjoy as members of the Third Order. Under the able guidance of its new Rev. Director, Fr. Leo, the local fraternity bids fair to accomplish great things for the honor of God and of his humble servant, St. Francis. The various officers, librarians, and sales-ladies of the fraternity were especially zealous in performing their duties during the retreat, and much of its success was due to their self-sacrificing spirit.

St. Louis Mo., St. Antony's

Hospital.—The semi-annual retreat at St. Antony's hospital closed on October 7, when four young ladies received the habit of St. Francis. They were the following: Miss Gladys Bringe, Platterville, Col., now Sr. M. Olivia; Miss Rose Dippel, Evansville, Ill., now Sr. M. Clarina; Miss Helen Sextro, St. Louis, Mo., now Sr. M. Sabina; Miss Anna Breidenbach, Reynolds, N. D., now Sr. M. Carola. On the same occasion the following novices pronounced their holy vows: Sr. M. Ermalinda, Sr. M. Amata, Sr. M. Lucina, Sr. M. Rufina, Sr. M. Avellina, Sr. M. Julia, Sr. M. Cuni-gunda, and Sr. M. Balbina. The solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. H. Huckestein, who was assisted by the Rev. J. V. Koelman from Hillsboro, N. D., and the Rev. F. Gerhold from Wardsville, Mo., as deacon and subdeacon. The Rev. Fr. Salvator, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. A German sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M., of Quincy, Ill., who had conducted the retreat. The Rev. Chas. L. Van Tourenhout from St. Genevieve, Mo., preached the English sermon. There were besides several members of the reverend clergy present in the sanctuary.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The annual fall picnic, which was held October 12, proved very enjoyable to all that attended. The day itself was mild and fair, so that merely to be outdoors was a source of joy; but what with the various booths and games, the sweets and prizes, the flaunting of flags and the playing of toy instruments of music, the romping and rambling in the woods, the gathering of nuts and

herbs, the different races and other exhibitions of agility, the great tug of war, and the homeward march in the dusk of evening just before a fine drizzle began to fall—it would be difficult to say which feature contributed most to the pleasure of the day either for the old or for the young.

In the course of the month, two of the college societies held meetings for the election of officers. The honorable position of Prefect

of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was accorded to Joseph Martin of Third Collegiate; his rival, Robert Limacher of the same class, being made First Assistant. The other officers elected are: Antony Klotzbucher, Second Assistant; John Schmitt, Secretary; John Maloney, Instructor of Candidates; John Wisniewski, Joseph Curtis, and Henry Wellner, Consultors; Louis Vogel, Sacristan; Robert Zwiesler, Organist.—The St. Bernardine Literary Circle elected the following officers: Henry Wellner of Second Collegiate, President; Paul Eberle of First Collégiate, Vice President; John Maloney of Second Collegiate, Secretary.

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

The feast of St. Francis of Assisi is naturally one of great rejoicing and solemnity for all those who are Franciscans or are aspiring to become such. Accordingly, the students of our College strove to celebrate the day in a most becoming manner, and assisted at the solemn High Mass in the Old Mission Church with great devotion. To enhance the solemnity of the occasion, a musical and dramatic entertainment was given in the College hall in the evening.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

October 4, was Tertiary day at our College. In the morning, the Rev. Director, Fr. Conrad, sang the solemn High Mass and preached a beautiful sermon on the life and labors of the Seraphic St. Francis. That his words were not lost on his student audience was shown at the evening devotions, when he had the happiness of enrolling forty-seven novices in the Third Order.

The boys were granted a half-holiday on Columbus day, October 12. Toward evening of the day, Governor Dunne of Illinois paid the

College a short visit. He was accompanied by a number of the officers of the State militia in uniform. The honored visitor expressed great pleasure at all he saw, and admired, above all, our exceedingly beautiful chapel. Before leaving, the Governor secured for the boys a half-holiday, and they showed their appreciation by cheering him to the echo.

Our Reverend Rector's Saint's day was celebrated with general rejoicings on October 14.

OBITUARY

St. Bernard, Nebr.:

Rev. Fr. Clement Moormann, O. F. M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English Branch of Third Order:

John Heavey, Bro. Louis,
Sarah Sutton, Sr. Anne,
Catherine Lockley, Sr. Frances,
Marie Driscoll, Sr. Elizabeth.

German Branch of Third Order:

Margaret Goetz, Sr. Anne,
Barbara Schubert, Sr. Frances.

St. Augustine's Church:

Peter Schmitz, Bro. Nicholas,
Anna Caspar, Sr. Margaret.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Jane Reilly, Sr. Bridget,
Ruth Dwyer, Sr. Frances,
Agnes Smith, Sr. Clare,
Catherine Mahoney, Sr. Catherine,

Mary Kehoe, Sr. Anne,
Anna Kurley, Sr. Joanna.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:

Victor Crompton, Bro. Antony,
Christopher Grellner, Bro. Francis,
Rose Carey, Sr. Mary,
Mary Ortman, Sr. Elizabeth,
Felicitas Grant, Sr. Margaret
Mary,
Margaret Gutweiler, Sr. Colette,
Anna Mary Farwig, Sr. Elizabeth.

St. Antony's Hospital:

Anna Maria Meyer, Sr. Clare.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

John Schammel, Bro. William.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE
POOR SOULS

NOVEMBER, 1915.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	M.	Feast of All Saints. (G. A., P. I.)
2	T.	All Souls' Day.
3	W.	St. Hubert, Bp.
4	Th.	St. Charles Borromeo, C. Bp.—SS. Vitalis and Agricola, MM.
5	F.	Bl. Raynerius, 1st Ord., C.—Bl. Helen, 2nd Ord., V.
6	S.	Bl. Felicia, 2nd Ord., V.
7	S.	24th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Bernadine of Fossa, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: Parable of the wheat and cockle. Matt. xiii, 24-30.
8	M.	Octave of All Saints.—The Four Holy Martyrs.
9	T.	Feast of the Dedication of the Archbasilica of the Most Holy Redeemer.—St. Theodore, M.
10	W.	St. Andrew Avelline, C.—SS. Tryphon and Companions, MM.
11	Th.	St. Martin of Tours, Bp. C.—St. Mennas, M.
12	F.	St. Didacus, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)—Bl. John, 3rd Ord., C.
13	S.	St. Martin, Pope, M.
14	S.	25th Sunday after Pentecost. —Bl. Gabriel, 1st Ord., C.—Nicholas Tavilei, 1st Ord., M. Gospel: Parable of the mustard seed. Matt. xiii, 31-35.
15	M.	St. Gertrude, Abbess, V.
16	T.	St. Agnes of Assisi, 2nd Ord., V. (P. I.)
17	W.	Bl. Salome, 2nd Ord., V.
18	Th.	Feast of the Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.
19	F.	St. Elizabeth of Hungary, 3rd Ord., W., Patroness of the Third Order. (G. A., P. I.)—St. Pontian, Pope, M.
20	S.	St. Felix of Valois, C.
21	S.	26th Sunday after Pentecost. —Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. (G. A.) Gospel: The abomination of desolation. Matt. xxiv, 15-35.
22	M.	St. Cecilia, V. M.
23	T.	St. Clement, Pope, M.
24	W.	St. John of the Cross, C.—St. Chrysogonus, M.
25	Th.	St. Catherine, V. M. (G. A.)—Bl. Elizabeth the Good, 3rd Ord., V.
26	F.	St. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.)—St. Peter, Bp. M.
27	S.	Bl. Delphine, 3rd Ord., V. (P. I.)—Bl. Raymond Lullus, 3rd Ord., M.
28	S.	1st Sunday of Advent. —St. James of the Marches, 1st Ord., C. (P. I.) Gospel: Signs foretelling the destruction of the world. Luke xxi, 25-33. <i>A plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, to be selected at discretion.</i>
29	M.	All Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis. (P. I.)—St. Saturnine, M.
30	T.	St. Andrew, Apostle.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.



ST. FRANCIS

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS AT GRECCIO

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1915.

NO. 12

Midnight At Bethlehem

At last Thou art come, little Savior!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long,

Thou art come to Thy Beautiful Mother;
She has looked on Thy marvelous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary:
And she was Thy channel of Grace,

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half-broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night,

We have waited so long for Thee, Savior!
Art Thou come to us, dearest! at last?
Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On eternity's jubilant shore,

—Father Faber, Tertiary.



BL. CONRAD OF OFFIDA

OF THE FIRST ORDER

DECEMBER 19

THIS servant of God was born at Offida, in the Marches of Ancona, about the year 1241. Corresponding to the movements of grace and the instructions of his virtuous parents, he kept his heart pure and undefiled and gave himself up to the practice of piety with a fervor extraordinary for one of his age. The frequent consideration of the greatness and goodness of God, as manifested especially in the life of our Divine Savior, caused him, at an early age, to turn his heart from the passing pleasures, honors, and riches of the world, and filled him with the desire to give himself to God by a life of poverty, self-denial, and prayer. Thus the servants of God, guided by the light which they receive from above, value the things of this world at their true worth, and seek above all the kingdom of God and his justice. The love of God takes possession of their soul, and they exclaim with the Psalmist: "Besides thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever" (Ps. lxxii, 25, 26). No labor is too difficult, no sacrifice too great for them; indeed, sacrifices and sufferings are welcomed as so many means of uniting them more closely to God and to secure to them the possession of the eternal riches of heaven.

Conrad, therefore, in the fifteenth

year of his age, forsook the world to serve God in the Order of St. Francis. After completing his novitiate, during which he applied himself with the greatest fervor to prayer, contemplation, and the exact observance of the Rule and practices of the Order, he was sent to the convent at Ascoli to study the sacred sciences. Seeking in all things the pleasure of God, and obeying the injunction of the Seraphic Father, not to permit the mental or corporal labors to extinguish the spirit of devotion, he continued to advance in virtue and perfection, while making rapid progress in his studies. Drawn by his love of humility, which is the foundation of all virtue and holiness, Conrad asked for permission to discontinue his studies in order to devote himself to the lowly and menial labors of the convent. With the permission of his superiors, he then repaired to the quiet convent at Forano, where for ten years he was employed in collecting alms and in the lowly labors of the kitchen. His time was divided between work and contemplation, and together with Bl. Peter of Treja, whose companionship he enjoyed, he strove to progress from day to day in the practice of every virtue. His fervor was rewarded with many heavenly favors. He often received visits from his guardian angel, who instructed him in

spiritual matters and encouraged him to imitate the virtues of the Seraphic Father. Conrad followed the counsels of his good angel so faithfully that the companions of St. Francis who were then still living declared him to be a second Francis. His love of poverty was so great that during his whole religious life he always wore the same habit and went barefoot without ever wearing sandals. He was almost always united with God in prayer, practiced the greatest austerities, and observed the Rule and teachings of St. Francis to the letter. He was also favored with visits of the Blessed Virgin, St. Francis, Bl. Giles of Assisi, and of other saints.

On one occasion, when Conrad was praying with great fervor in a wood adjoining the convent of Forano, our Lady appeared to him in great glory, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. She placed her Divine Son in the arms of her devoted servant, who, transported with holy joy, pressed him to his heart. On the eve of Porziuncola, three years before his death, Conrad saw our Savior, on the arms of his Mother, bless the throng in front of the church of the Porziuncola at Assisi. It was on the occasion of an apparition of Bl. Giles that our Saint received the gift of ecstasy.

Though Conrad had interrupted his theological studies to give himself up to a hidden life of prayer and good works, he later on, at the command of his superiors, allowed himself to be raised to the priesthood. After his ordination, he was sent to preach the word of God. Needless to say, his labors for the salvation of souls were blessed with abundant fruit. His burning words and especially the holiness of his life, recalled many sinners from their evil ways to the practice of

Christian virtue, and consoled pious souls in their striving after perfection. He taught them, by word and example, to walk the path which he had so faithfully trodden for many years, — the path of self-denial, humility, and prayer. "The man who wishes to arrive at perfection," he said, "must first divest himself interiorly of all



Blessed Conrad of Offida

affection to any creature, and make up his mind to possess nothing except Jesus Christ..... He ought, in the second place, to long after contempt, humiliation, and shame from creatures..... He ought to desire to be in desolation, to be overwhelmed with sorrows, to be steeped in pain and suffering of the body, and above all, in bitterness of heart, for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ and of his most sweet Mother."

Bl. Conrad was, on account of the

eminent sanctity of his life, sent by the General of the Order to the convent on Mount Alvernia, where St. Francis had received the stigmata. The friars who dwelt there were chosen from among the most saintly of the religious. We can imagine with what fervor the servant of God applied himself in this hallowed place to prayer and works of penance, and what progress he continued to make on the way of perfection. From the beginning of his religious life, he had resolved to follow in the footsteps of the Seraphic Father and serve our Crucified Savior by the practice of poverty, humility, and self-denial. This his resolve had grown stronger as he had advanced in age as well

as in virtue, and with the grace of God had brought him to that degree of perfection that he could in all truth say with St. Francis: "My God and my all!"

After about fifty years of religious life, the servant of God was called to receive the reward due to his merits. He died at Bastia, near Assisi, during the course of a mission which he was giving at this place. It was on the twelfth of December, 1306. In 1320, his body was removed from Bastia to the church of the Friars Minor at Perugia. It now rests in the choir of the cathedral of Perugia. Pope Pius VII, in 1817, ratified the veneration paid Bl. Conrad from time immemorial.

THE ORDER OF PENANCE AND OF JOY

(Concluded)

VIII. HOLINESS THE ONLY SOURCE OF JOY

"Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts." (Col. iii, 15.)

"'Joy!' No sooner is the word written down than a solemn feeling takes possession of me. It seems as if a thousand little faces, haloed with children's hair, look at me sadly. Tears are falling from eyes of brown and from eyes of blue; and I hear voices pleading: 'Do bring us joy; we need it, oh, so sorely.' Then I see other faces, withered, worn, tormented by fear, and their dull looks say plainly: 'Speak not to us of joy; it is only an illusion.' But then, beyond these again, there are others, radiant with happiness and affection, that turn to me encouragingly: 'Yes, do speak of it. Tell us what to do in these unhappy times to save joy from destruction and to get more of it, for ourselves and for everybody.'" (Bishop Keppler in *More Joy*.)

It is an indisputable fact that the

human heart is created for joy, just as the mind of man has been given him for the acquirement of knowledge. Impelled by this inborn craving for happiness, man eagerly seeks it in divers ways. Riches, honors, pleasures are courted in the hope of attaining it. But alas! people who aim at securing happiness in the possession of these vanities are like artless children that allow themselves to be dazzled by the brilliant colors of the butterfly and start after it in hot pursuit, until they sink exhausted to the ground, while the elusive creature continues its flight in the bright sunshine, ready to entice others to the same fruitless chase. Others again seek joy in the gratification of the sinful passions of their heart, but herein they reap the galling thorns of remorse and despair instead of the sweet fruit of peace and happiness. Others seek joy in

the study of nature, in striving to fathom its countless mysteries, or in subjugating its giant forces to their will, but, notwithstanding, their heart remains void of joy and they become the slaves of the monsters which they themselves have conquered.

Wherein, then, does the secret of true joy consist? Where in this wide world of ours can real happiness be found.

When the world was steeped in the lowest depths of vice and of every manner of bodily ills—the result of Adam's sin and of man's own perverseness—the Son of God took to himself flesh and blood, and came into the world to restore that peace and happiness which had once prevailed in the Garden of Eden and which, according to the plan of the benign Creator, should have prevailed to the end of time. Now, the Son of God came into this world as a humble infant, the child of parents who were both poor and despised, and during the thirty-three years of his sojourn on earth, he taught us by word and example to seek happiness, not by giving free rein to the inordinate desires of the heart, but by discreetly curbing the passions and submitting our will to the will of our Father who is in Heaven. He taught us that the poor in spirit are blessed, and that it is difficult for the rich to enter into eternal glory; that the meek shall possess the Land, whereas the unforgiving shall be delivered unto everlasting tortures; that the humble shall be exalted and the proud laid low; that the children of God shall "taste and see how sweet the Lord is" and "shall be filled with good things", whereas the wicked, the children of the world, the sons of Belial, shall be "sent away empty" and "like chaff be burnt with unquenchable fire;" in a word, that man can hope for happiness and peace of heart, both in this world

and in the next, only by leading a life in conformity with the commandments of God, which means a life of self-denial, a life of holiness, a life that unites us most intimately with the Author of all joy, God the Supreme Good.

That such a life, and such a life only, begets true happiness in the heart of man we have seen illustrated in the lives of St. Francis, St. Clare, St. Louis, St. Elizabeth, and other Franciscan saints, whose earthly careers, viewed from the standpoint of the world, were anything but happy. Their lives were replete with trials and afflictions both bodily and spiritual, yet their souls were refreshed with the invigorating wine of the joy of God, that infused new life into their whole being and made them regard everything as naught, that thus they might gain Christ, the cause of all joy.

One should think that since it is so evident that true happiness can be found only in the practice of virtue, all men would strive with might and main to lead a life built on the solid foundation of Faith. Yet, quite the contrary is the case. An irreligious, unchristian spirit is the Zeitgeist of our day, and this spirit is the sworn enemy of joy. "It sets up the intellect as a tyrant to oppress heart and soul," says Bishop Keppler. "It tries to banish faith from the people's hearts. It tries to disrupt the union of the soul with God. It chills the heart and withers it up with selfishness, emptying it of love and, consequently, of joy. It pretends that modern and material improvements will lead men to happiness, and promises to open up new worlds of joy by giving free rein to the instincts, provoking and spurring on lust, and licensing vice. The real consequence, however, is ruin of both body and soul, a disturbing and shattering of the entire nervous

system, weariness, instead of joy in living, pessimism, fatalism, and suicide."

This is the state of the world today. Hence the cry of the human heart, yearning for joy: "Back to Christ, back to humility and simplicity of heart, back to plain, noble pure habits of thought, back to a life of penance and mortification, back to the ideals of the Poverello of Assisi, back to the Gospel of Christ!"

Thus we see, dear Tertiaries, how true is the saying that happiness and holiness are inseparable. "The halo, that mark of particular honor with which art adorns the heads of saints, is a symbol of their heavenly glory; but it also reminds us of the halo of joyousness and kindness encircling their features even during mortal life. It is because of an utter misunderstanding that worldlings are unable to conceive of a saint without the attributes of sadness, pessimism, and melancholy. As a matter of fact, the essential characteristic of a saint is joyfulness. Fundamentally, holiness can not mean anything else but a reshaping and uplifting of earthly life into life with God, in God, for God. The result is that wonderful gentleness and patience, that peace and steadfastness, that uniform joyousness, that permanent even temper and disposition, which shines out of the eyes, lights up the face, puts music in the voice, and, like a bright blue sky, stretches over the whole life of the saint, imparting joy to everyone. Whoever encounters souls of this kind, perceives from their very appearance that their condition does not depend on the world around them, but originates in their own spiritual depths. Their minds are not easily upset by storms, for their lives are built upon God, who is inaccessible to the disturbing influence of the elements.

They have naught to fear from God; they are at peace with their neighbor, they are at peace with themselves. Why, then, should they not be happy?" (Bishop Keppler in *More Joy.*)

Austere Christian morality, the commandment of self-conquest, temperance, moderation, fasting, do not, therefore, interfere with happiness and are no more hostile to joy, than the gardener is hostile to the rose when he trims and prunes the bush. Hence it is that the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis is a veritable mine of joy for its followers. For, it leads them to a more intimate union with God, it fills their souls with numberless graces and blessings that are denied other Christians, it places in their hand the pruning knife of penance wherewith to sever the tendrils that bind them to the world and its vanities, and instils into their hearts the spirit of discipline and submission, the spirit of peace and happiness. The foundation and indispensable condition of all true joy is the fulfilment of duty, conscientious work, fidelity to one's earthly and heavenly calling. But who is more zealous in laying this solid foundation of true joy, than the Tertiary that is faithful in the observance of his holy Rule? Let Tertiaries, therefore, rejoice, for by their very vocation they are children of joy. Let them join the crusade of joy; for, of trouble and misery and distress there will always be enough in this vale of tears. Hundreds, yea thousands, are busy burdening themselves and others with cares and troubles, with sins and crimes. Let the thousands of Tertiaries array themselves against these thousands, and daily strive to bring the sweet smiles of joy to the tear-stained faces of their fellow men.

The End



St. Francis Singing the Canticle of the Sun

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

By *Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.*

1. ORIGIN OF THE POEM

It was in the year 1225. Our holy Father St. Francis was staying at the convent of Porziuncola near Assisi. Ever since his return from Mount Alvernia, where, on September 17 of the preceding year, the five wounds of the Crucified had been miraculously impressed on his body, his life was one of mingled joy and suffering. Although a singular privilege, the sacred stigmata were a source of severe and unbroken tortures for the saint. He could hardly use his hands without their aching, and every step he took brought on new pangs. Owing to his rigorous fasts, gastritis developed with all its discomforts, and caused him many an hour of intense agony. His eyes were inflamed to such an extent as to make the sunlight well-nigh intolerable. But amid all this bodily affliction, the soul of St. Francis was filled with unspeakable joy. Now he was like unto his Crucified Love, and he exulted in the Lord who had wrought such wonders in him. Though racked with pain, he would journey to the neighboring hamlets, and deliver to the people his message of joy and peace. He knew that the strife would soon be over, and as a knight of the Cross he was to loath leave the lists before his King's summons. God had assured him of his eternal salvation, and the thought of heaven and its endless bliss sweetened his sufferings, and filled his heart with joyful longing.

The brethren loved their father and realizing his precarious condition, they begged him to submit to medical treatment. At last, Brother Elias and Cardinal Ugolino, the friend and adviser of the saint, prevailed on him to go to Rieti. On a beautiful summer morning the four brethren Angelo, Ruffino, Leo, and Masseo set out carrying their beloved father on a litter.

They stopped at the convent of St. Clare at San Damiano. That night, the saint grew worse, so that the journey to Rieti had to be postponed. The brethren built a hut of reeds outside the convent garden, and here the saint made his abode.

One morning, St. Francis arose with the break of day. He had spent a night of intense suffering. Awaking his brethren he bade them carry him into the garden. The spectacle that met their eyes was one of exquisite beauty. San Damiano abounds in all the charms of natural scenery, and that morning it seemed nature had put on her most gorgeous attire. The eastern sky lay bathed in a sea of gold and purple. Streaks of light shot up from behind the distant hills, and announced the approach of the sun. One by one the stars disappeared from the cloudless vault of heaven. The air was filled with the fragrance of the rose and lilac, and a fresh breeze was playing through the trees and shrubs of the convent garden. The birds awoke from their peaceful slumbers, and fluttered about caroling their morning praises to the Creator. The sun had by this time risen to full glory, and was showering a flood of brilliancy on the fields roundabout, at the same time reflecting its dazzling splendor in the countless dewdrops that clung to each leaf and blade of grass. Seated on the low convent wall in the midst of sweet-smelling flowers, St. Francis gazed in solemn silence toward the rising sun. His sensitive heart was overcome with transports of joy. Then, as if by a sudden impulse, with a countenance that bespoke the sentiments of his enraptured soul, he raised his eyes to heaven and joined his feeble voice with that of nature in praise of the Creator:

Most high, omnipotent, good Lord,
 Praise, glory and honor and benediction all, are Thine.
 To Thee alone do they belong, most High,
 And there is no man fit to mention Thee.
 Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
 Especially with my worshipful brother sun,
 The which lights up the day, and through him
 dost Thou brightness give;
 And beautiful is he and radiant with splendor great;
 Of Thee, most High, signification gives.
 Praised be my Lord, for sister moon and for the stars,
 In heaven Thou hast formed them clear and
 precious and fair.
 Praised be my Lord for brother wind
 And for the air and clouds and fair and every
 kind of weather,
 By the which Thou givest to thy creatures nourishment.
 Praised be my Lord for sister water,
 The which is greatly helpful and humble and
 precious and pure.
 Praised be my Lord for brother fire,
 By the which Thou lightest up the dark.
 And fair is he and gay and mighty and strong.
 Praised be my Lord for our sister, mother earth,
 The which sustains and keeps us,
 And brings forth diverse fruits with grass and
 flowers bright.

Such was the outburst of joyful praise that despite external pain thrilled

the soul of St. Francis. Like the three young men in the fiery furnace, St. Francis encompassed by the flames of suffering rejoiced at the beauties of nature, and chanted the praises of the Creator.

During the saint's stay at San Damiano, a quarrel broke out between the bishop of Assisi and the magistrates of the town. St. Francis was sorely grieved when he heard of it. Bidding the magistrates meet in the bishop's palace, he sent his brethren thither. When all were assembled, the brethren sang *The Canticle of the Sun* with this additional stanza which the saint had composed for the occasion:

Praised be my Lord for those who for Thy love forgive
And weakness bear and tribulation.
Blessed those who shall in peace endure,
For by Thee, most High, shall they be crowned.

The two parties were strangely moved at hearing this simple song; they wept aloud and were reconciled.

The last stanza of the canticle St. Francis composed about a year later. Knowing that death was near, he called his brethren and bade them sing the canticle, which had become so dear to his heart. When they had finished, the saint's countenance lighted up with joy, and in trembling accents he continued:

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the bodily death,
From the which no man can flee.
Woe to them who die in mortal sin.
Blessed those who shall find themselves in
Thy most holy will,
For the second death shall do them no ill.
Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and give
Him thanks,
And be subject unto Him with great humility.⁽¹⁾

2. AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEM

Much has been written to disprove the avowed authorship of *The Canticle of the Sun*. With Ildebrando della Giovanno some critics held that St. Francis did not compose the canticle, because no mention of it is made in the earliest biographies of the saint, if we except Celano whose mention of it in his second biography is merely incidental and very indefinite, and because the *Speculum Perfectionis*, which treats of it at length but does not adduce its text, can not be considered a pure and reliable source from which to draw arguments with safety.

The past twenty years have witnessed a new interest for early Franciscan literature. Critics and students have searched the libraries and archives of Europe for documents with a view to establishing once for all a complete and authenticated list of the writings of St. Francis. To-day, the severest critics and most painstaking students of Franciscan history are one in their verdict that the author of this far-famed monument of Italian literature is none other than the Poverello of Assisi. Able and truth-loving savants like Paoli, Ozanam, Faloci, Sabatier, Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., d'Alencon, Boehmer, Goetz, Kybal—all after careful research and study testify that the canticle is from the pen of St. Francis. Of these, some base their verdict on the fact that the canticle is found in

(1) This translation of the poem "is an attempt to render literally into English the naive rhythm of the original Italian, which necessarily disappears in any formal rhymed translation."—Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. in his *Writings of St. Francis*.

very old documents and manuscripts, whilst others with Sabatier lay the principal stress on the intrinsic arguments. These critics find in the canticle a striking expression of the whole life and spirit of St. Francis, and discover in its text sentiments and passages quite analogous to other authenticated writings of the saint.

It is a well-known fact that St. Francis was singularly romantic in his love for the creatures of God. The beauties of nature were to him a ladder on which, unlike other troubadours of his age, he ascended to the throne of the eternal uncreated Beauty. Now, this characteristic of the saint we find admirably brought out in *The Canticle of the Sun*. We know, too, that before his "conversion," he was the idol of the young people of Assisi. For their enjoyment he would compose and sing songs in French. Nothing, then, was more natural than that later, when his soul was immersed in the Ocean of beauty, he directed his poetic talents to those higher ideals and gave vent to his love for the most High in the language of love.

Then, if we compare the canticle with earlier writings of the saint, we find that in these not only sentiments but even words, yes, entire sentences of the former occur. The contents, almost the very words of the first stanza of the canticle occur in the First Rule written by the saint in 1221. In it we read: "Almighty, most Holy, most High and Supreme God.....all we wretches are not worthy to name Thee" (Chap. 23). The entire first stanza is but an echo of that prayer which is undoubtedly the saint's: "Almighty, most holy, most high and supreme God, highest good, all good, wholly good, who alone art good. To thee we render all praise, all glory, all thanks, all honor, all blessing, and we shall always refer all good to Thee." Of the rest of the canticle we find nothing in the other writings. But we still have the *Speculum Perfectionis* and the biographies of Celano from which to argue. In the *Speculum*, which was written by those "who were with him," we read that St. Francis's delight in the creatures was so great and absorbing that "by touching and seeing them his spirit seemed not on earth but in heaven" (Chapter 118). And Celano in his first biography of the saint, written, of course, without knowledge of the *Speculum* and its sources, says: "Finally he (the saint) called all creatures by a brotherly name (fraterno nomine), and, in a manner unusual and unpracticed by the rest, he discerned the secrets of the creatures with a keenness of soul, like unto one who had already passed into the liberty of the children of God" (I. Celano, 81).

This intrinsic argument is further substantiated by the fact that through all the centuries *The Canticle of the Sun* has been commonly ascribed to St. Francis and to no one else. If he did not write it, who did? Was it one who shared the saint's glowing love of God, his singular understanding and enthusiasm for creation, and his characteristic spirit of simplicity? In this case, history or, at least, tradition would know his name. Or was it perhaps one who feigned to share the characteristics of St. Francis, and falsely ascribed the canticle to him? Such a thing would have been well-nigh impossible, and critics of future generations would have surely detected the error.

The fact that the *Speculum* does not bring the text of the canticle, and that neither Celano nor St. Bonaventure record it, is no reason to deny that St. Francis wrote it. We must bear in mind that in the beginning the canticle was not committed to writing but was passed down orally in the Order, and was, therefore, very likely little known to the

brethren who lived in other parts of the world. Nothing was farther from the mind of the saint than to leave to posterity a specimen of his poetical genius. He had composed the canticle on the spur of the moment, and because its simple beauty pleased him and edified his brethren, he had them commit it to memory and sing it for him. Only after the death of the saint did Brother Leo put it down in writing thus preserving for future generations this gem of religious poetry.⁽²⁾

3. BEAUTY OF THE POEM.

To rightly appreciate the singular charm of *The Canticle of the Sun*, it is necessary to understand the saint's love and enthusiasm for nature, that grand volume which portrays in glowing colors the majesty, power, and goodness of the Creator. Love of God led our holy Father to love also the creatures of God. In them he beheld the footprints of his Uncreated Love, who in the beauties and bounties of creation reveals his own uncreated beauty.

A certain indescribable charm and subtle magnetism radiated from the saint's person. When he passed through the gardens, fields, and forests, it seemed as if nature paused to pay him her respects. The curse that lies on her since the fall of man had no meaning when the saint drew near. It was as if he had returned to the state of primitive innocence. The birds of the air and the beasts of the fields and forests held peaceful and fearless communion with him. Such was the intimate union of the saint with the works of creation. No wonder that his heart flowed over with love and enthusiasm for the beauties of nature. No wonder that in everything he saw his God and rose to an ever higher and more intimate union with Him whose eternal glory creation so loudly proclaims. Love of God and of nature fashioned the poet no less than the saint and sought expression in verse, the language of love. And this life of love, laden like a bright summer-day with song and fragrancy, reflects its radiant warmth and beauty in that wonderful production of the saint's poetical genius known as *The Canticle of the Sun*.

Though extremely simple in form, it is rich in lofty thought and sentiment, in very deed, an outburst of the Poverello's God-loving soul. "In this particular order of ideas," says Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., "modern religious poetry has never produced anything comparable to this sublime improvisation." Into it are infused "all the wealth of the saint's imagination and all the boldness of his genius" (Sabatier). It is only a poet that sees gayety and might in the fire, detects humility and purity in the water, calls the moon and stars sisters, and gives to the sun and the wind and even to death the endearing title of brother.

The Canticle of the Sun—no more suitable title could have been given the poem. In the opening stanza, the poet chants the praises of the sun, that to him is an image of the most High. A warm ray of sunshine bursts from each stanza, every word breathes the spirit of sun-lit joy. As the glowing orb of day floods creation with light and manifests the beauties of color, so, too, does the ever-recurring reference to the Lord lend to the canticle a peculiar charm. And as the sun gives warmth to creatures great and small, and lures them beneath its quickening rays, so, too, this canticle of St. Francis warms the heart of the reader, thrills him with sentiments of praise and thanksgiving, and calls on him to bend his head

(2) See *Franciscanische Studien*, Quartalschrift, Vol. II, No.3.—Muenster i. W., Aschenforffsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

in humble subjection to Him who is the bountiful Author of all these beauties of nature. One need but carefully read the poem in the spirit of the Seraphic Saint, and at once bright rays of love and joy inflame one's soul, raise it aloft to the realms of the eternal Sun, and force it to exclaim:

Most high, omnipotent, good Lord,
Praise, glory and honor and benediction all, are Thine.
To Thee alone do they belong, most High,
And there is no man fit to mention Thee.

IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O. F. M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

CHAPTER V.

Brother Peter Deserted and Misguided—Astray in the Mountains—Robbed by Moslemin—In Extreme Distress

Soora Belyn agreed to send two servants to escort Brother Peter across the Niger. Thence he was to pursue his way alone through the kingdom of Dahomy to the Gold Coast, and to St. George el Mina.

It was a hazardous undertaking, and even modern explorers have often experienced the greatest difficulties in journeying through Nigeria and the small kingdoms along the coastline. In these parts Europeans, even if they are accompanied by experienced guides and armed guards, meet with countless perils and well-nigh insurmountable obstacles. How dangerous must it not have been for a solitary man, and a Christian at that, utterly destitute of suitable weapons and means of sustenance, to venture through this unknown, heathen country!

But Brother Peter hesitated not a moment. Divine Providence had more than once come to his assistance even in the most desperate fortune. This special protection nerved the simple, trusting Brother to at-

tempt almost anything with a recklessness that in others we should brand as foolhardy presumption.

Soora Belyn reluctantly parted with Brother Peter, who, though only a humble slave, had been his friend and spiritual adviser. He provided him abundantly with everything necessary for so long a journey. As a weapon of defense Brother Peter took with him a long staff, at the top of which was fastened a small ax; this he thought a sufficient protection against wild beasts.

Soora Belyn had commanded the two servants to conduct Brother Peter over the Niger; but they were wholly indifferent as to his fate. The journey was an arduous one, and they, as true Moslemin, deemed it too degrading to go to so much trouble for the sake of an "infidel." Upon their arrival at Guber, therefore, they told Brother Peter that he should have to proceed alone; they would go no farther, but return to Agades. The poor Brother was in great distress. He had made

only half the distance to the Niger, which he had to cross to reach Elmina. He pleaded long and earnestly, but in vain; the Moors were unmoved. Considering the disposition of the Moslemin, it is a wonder that the two faithless guides did not plunder the Brother of all his effects. To make matters worse, he had been misdirected. He thought that Elmina lay due south of Agades, and that, after he had crossed the Niger west of Guber, he should have to direct his steps southwest.

His master had unwittingly given him wrong directions. At that time, people were yet ignorant of the true course of the Niger. They thought the "Great Water," the Niger, was a fabulous river, which concealed its mouth, just as the Nile its source. Even until recently, it was generally accepted that the Niger flowed east toward Chad Lake; and, under this supposition, the directions given by Soora Belyn were perfectly correct, at least as to the Brother's crossing of the Niger.

In reality, to follow the course mapped out for him, Brother Peter was sure to go astray. If he journeyed southward, he would pass between the cities Sokoto and Katsena into the kingdom of Zagzeg and eventually lose himself in the broad, uninhabited region between the Chadda and the Cowara. And then these two rivers would impede further progress.

Though he had been so shamefully deserted, Brother Peter, undismayed, pushed onward. For two days he traveled through a beautiful far-stretching plain, rich with tropical flora of dazzling splendor, without meeting a single person. Still under the impression that Elmina lay south of Agades, he thought he had kept that direction as well as he could. But he was deceived; for, often he had to cross

streams and mountains, and penetrate dense forests; hence, he was often obliged to deviate from his course. And if he could have reached the coast of Guinea, would the wild natives of Dahomy and the Aschantes have permitted him to pursue his journey unmolested?

The natural beauty of the regions through which Brother Peter hurried, driven on by anxiety and fear, had no attraction for him. The valley of the Niger and its tributaries is said to be one of the most magnificent and fruitful countries within the tropics. A rich growth of plants and vegetables, a thousand kinds of fruitbearing trees give evidence of the fertility of the soil, which in return for the least labor yields to even the poorest native food in abundance, and which, moreover, holds concealed in its bosom vast stores of gold. But, alas! civilization with its thousand needs and wants will finally plunder also this rich country and render the natives subservient to its behests.

On the third day, our lonely traveler entered a mountain range, always endeavoring to keep to the south. This range is a branch of the Kong Mountains, which constitute the divide between the Sudan and Lower Guinea and stretch eastward into unexplored regions.

With the approach of night, Brother Peter was seized with great fear. "Toward evening," he relates in one of his letters, "I lay down beneath a tree for a short rest. I had hardly slept two hours, when, suddenly, I awoke stricken with such fear that I thought my last hour had come. Wild animals were crouching about me on all sides. Their roaring and howling so stunned and frightened me that I threw myself prostrate on the ground and called on God, the Allmerciful, to help me."

Fervent prayer awakened new courage and confidence in Peter.

He mounted a tree, concealed himself within the dense foliage, and slept quietly till dawn.

"Then," he continues, "I strolled through the mountains like a stray sheep. Frequently I came face to face with wild beasts, and afraid of being attacked by them, I shouted through my hand, whereupon they took to flight." This simple ruse was surely of itself not sufficient to scare away the ferocious beasts of prey. Those mountainous regions abound in lions, leopards, hyenas, and the dreaded gorillas, which can be frightened away only by fire, and that at night time. Notwithstanding all the perils and privations, Peter escaped unharmed. After a four days' march, to his great surprise, he hit upon a traveled road, which, as he thought, ran from west to east; but, in the hope of meeting some one from whom he might gain information, or of finding a new road toward the south, he determined to take a chance and follow the trail eastward. This road was probably the highway for caravans between the two commercial centers of Africa, Niger and Bornu, and Brother Peter, was now wandering away from Elmina toward his starting point.

He pressed forward for two days, —still no indications of a human being. Often he came upon strange animals, which he frightened away in the simple manner described before; however, he was soon to encounter enemies which he could not so easily disperse.

It was now the third day of his journey on the highway toward Bornu. From the time of his departure from Guber, he had not found the slightest trace of a human dwelling, not even the footprints of a human being. A change must come soon, he thought, —and a change did come.

In civilized countries, it is the greatest joy of a lost wayfarer to

meet a stranger; but in Africa, meeting with the natives is equivalent to the attack of an enemy.

Toward sundown, four Moslem suddenly stood before Brother Peter. They shouted at him and then took hold of him. He could not understand them and tried by signs and by repeating the name "Elmina," to explain to them his situation. The Moslem feigned at least not to understand, and straightway robbed him of his provisions and of everything else to the very last piece of clothing—a light, cotton shirt. He was greatly frightened; for, he thought the bandits would drag him into captivity. One of them, however, with yet worse intentions, raised the ax of the Brother, and would have cleaved his skull had not his three companions stayed his arm and bid the poor victim seek safety in flight.

The Brother was now in a most pitiable condition, despoiled of everything, without the least protection against the heat of day and the cold of night. Moreover, death by starvation stared him in the face, unless he could find some herbs or fruits wherewith to sustain himself. Yet, these might just as likely as not be poisonous.

In this wretched condition, he journeyed on for two miles. When night set in, Brother Peter climbed up a tree and sought shelter amid the foliage; but he was too sorely distressed to be able to sleep.

A pall of impenetrable darkness lay over the country, and on the silent calm of day followed the noise of the countless voices of night. The buzz of millions of venomous insects, the continuous yelping of jackals, the gruesome howling of hyenas, the roaring of lions, made the poor lost wanderer shudder with horror.

"I began to cry bitterly," he relates. "What was to be done? I could not with decency let myself

be seen; I felt ashamed of myself. In addition, I did not know whence to obtain food. In this extreme plight, I threw myself into the arms of Divine Providence and prayed throughout the night to the heavenly Father, who bade us turn to him in the hour of trial, and I resigned myself entirely to his holy will."

With the break of day, Peter continued his journey. For two days, he found nothing to eat. What misery! Exposed during the day to the broiling heat of the sun and to the stings of mosquitoes, uncertain of his whereabouts, in constant fear of man and beast, tortured with hunger and thirst, dragging himself along, though well nigh exhausted,—this was more than enough to break the strength of the strongest, and to paralyze the courage of the bravest.

On the evening of the second day, Brother Peter was so weak that he could hardly climb a tree. He could not sleep; and from utter exhaustion he almost fell a victim to delirious fever.

The next morning, he entrusted himself to the mercy of God and dragged himself onward. Until now he had not dared to eat of fruits with which he was not acquainted; but he was intensely tortured by

hunger, and, seeing near the road a tree which resembled a figtree, he ate of the fruit with greediness. This proved disastrous. He suddenly experienced vehement cramps; he threw himself on the ground and writhed in agony. A fit of vomiting was his salvation, but it so weakened him that he could not rise from the ground.

Meanwhile, evening had set in, and the poor Brother was unable to seek safety on a tree. It was now inevitable that he should be torn to pieces by wild beasts. He well knew his fate, and offered his life to God with perfect resignation. Was not this his death also a kind of martyrdom? St. Cyprian has said, "Whosoever has been banished for the sake of the true faith, or has been persecuted for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, is a true martyr of God, even though, while attempting an escape, he meets with death in the desert." Such was the case with Brother Peter. All his sufferings till now were the bitter fruits of his noble resolve to proclaim the gospel to infidels in the hope of obtaining the palm of martyrdom. The poor, forsaken Brother little thought that still greater privations were yet in store for him.

(To be continued)

CALL A PRIEST

Granting that every traveling man has, or should have, for the protection of his body and his dependents, an accident policy, a contemporary adds: "But what insurance do you carry for the salvation of your soul in time of accident? The grace of God is the best security in all dangers. But suppose you are not in the safe state, that holy state, what then?" it questions, adding a suggestion, a recommendation to all Catholics traveling, the practice of carrying an identification card, on which should be written one's name and address, and the request: "In case of accident—call a Catholic priest."

FRANCISCAN GLEANINGS

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH

1. St. Francis cherished an unspeakable love for the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. He placed in her, after Jesus, all his trust; he made her his advocate and the advocate of all his spiritual children.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

2. Our souls are like wood; the more they absorb the oil of humility and submission, the sooner they will possess divine love.—Bl. Clare of Montefalco, 3rd Order.

3. I think it is more commendable to preserve the graces given by God than to acquire them.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

4. Our carnal nature places too much importance in words and too little in work; instead of seeking what is truly religious and holy in itself, it desires and courts a religion which panders to the taste of man.—St. Francis.

5. The great devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God and the austerities which he practiced to keep his body in subjection, won for Bl. Humilis, of the First Order, that dazzling chastity which made him an angel in the flesh.

6. Whether one likes it or not, it is a question of life or death: with the Church we infallibly have light, truth, virtue, and every perfection; but if we cease to obey the Church, we inevitably cease to pray, to confess, to communicate, in a word, to be a practical Christian.—St. Lidwine, Tertiary.

7. Sprung up in the shadow of a sanctuary dedicated to Mary (St. Mary of the Angels), the Order of St. Francis was bound to be consecrated to our great Queen. In fact, Mary was chosen as the Patroness of the Order and the children of St. Francis have never ceased to work for the glory of their heavenly Protectress. The belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, called the "Franciscan Opinion," was always the dearest patrimony of the teachers, the schools, and the saints of the Order.—History of the Order.

8. O Virgin Immaculate, chosen from all eternity by the Most High and Almighty Father in Heaven—who, in union with thy Divine Son and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, has consecrated thee,—in thee is found the fulness of grace and every blessing.—St. Francis.

9. Bl. Jane of Signa, Tertiary, spent her whole life in prayer, penance, and works of charity.

10. Each time that our Lord immolates himself on the altar in Holy Mass, he confers no less a favor on mankind than when he became man for us.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

11. We hope for a long life, which is not in our power, while a good life, which we can and ought to possess, we hold so lightly.—St. Leonard, of Port Maurice, 1st Order.

12. All the science of the saints may be reduced to two principal points: to do and to suffer.—St. Francis de Sales, Tertiary.

13. He who despises the poor, despises Jesus Christ; he who repels them, commits a crime against God.—St. Hyacintha, 3rd Order.

14. Bl. Thomas More, Tertiary, Lord High Chancellor of England under Henry VIII, never omitted to hear Mass daily, notwithstanding his manifold duties.

15. The title "The Order of Penance," which St. Francis gave to his spiritual children in the world, clearly proves that one has no claim to the Order unless he leads a life of penance, mortification, and sacrifice.—Fr. Philip Seebok, 1st Order.

16. Beg God, my daughters, not to lighten my sufferings, but rather to cut, to hew, to burn here below, so that I may not be confounded in eternity.—Bl. Margaret Colonna, 2nd Order.

17. When a person of his own accord puts himself in the way of temptation or occasion to sin, and says, I shall not sin, there is, perhaps, no surer sign that such a one will fall with the greatest possible risk to his everlasting salvation.—St. Philip Neri, Tertiary.

18. The love for our brethren is one of the strongest marks of divine predestination. When, therefore, we find ourselves obliged to suffer something for charity, we ought to bless God for it.—St. Vincent de Paul, Tertiary.

19. The man who wishes to arrive at perfection, must first divest himself of all affection to creatures and make up his mind to possess nothing beyond Jesus Christ.—Bl. Conrad of Offida, 1st Order.

20. The life of a God-fearing man consists not only in this, that he prays well, but also in this, that he is modest, docile, diligent, and mindful of his duties.—St. Elzear, Tertiary.

21. O my Jesus, O my life and my Glory, Spouse of my soul, who would not consent to forget himself, and to lose himself, that he might find thee? Who would not forsake all the perishable and passing things of this world, to lose himself in thee?—Bl. Nicholas Factor, 1st Order.

22. God had granted Bl. Delphine, Tertiary, the gift of tears, and when it was remarked to her that she was in danger of losing her eyesight from constant weeping, she answered: "It matters little to me if I lose the eyes of my body, provided that I keep the eyes of my soul, which show me the hideousness of my sins."

23. Blessed Virgin Mary, I give thee my heart and my soul; protect me against my enemies, now and at the hour of my death!—Bl. Nicholas Factor, 1st Order.

24. Never omit doing a good action for fear of vainglory. If this vainglory displeases you, it will not prevent you from becoming perfect, and the better part of each good act will always be yours.—Bl. Giles, 1st Order.

25. "I wish to keep Christmas night with you," St. Francis wrote to his friend, John of Greccio, "and if you will agree, this is how we will celebrate it. You will choose a place in your woods, a grotto if there is one; you will put in it a manger with hay; there must be an ox and an ass; it must be as much as possible like the stable at Bethlehem. I want for once to see with my own eyes the birth and poverty of the Divine Infant."

26. He who prays devoutly and carefully is assured of his salvation.—Bl. Peter of Siena, 1st Order.

27. Make more use of your ears than of your tongue. One repents frequently of having spoken, but seldom of having kept silence.—St. Antony of Padua, 1st Order.

28. Thou art either gold or iron. If thou art gold, trials will chasten thee; if thou art iron, they will rust thee.—St. Joseph of Cupertino. O.M. Conv.

29. You must renounce fine garments in this world, if you would wear the rich robes of the just in heaven.—St. Francis.

30. Let us cling to Mary with childlike and unbounded confidence; let us but remain faithful to her service, and heaven is secured to us.—St. Bonaventure, 1st Order.

31. The Third Order should foster and spread a good press, and a good press will spread the work of the Third Order.—Dr. Lang, Tertiary.

CONVERT DAUGHTER'S EXAMPLE

Here is a little story that shows what strength of purpose can accomplish when supported by grace.

We lately had a visit from our old friend, Father Martin Blank. He told us of a little family of pious Methodists in his parish, whose peace was broken by the young daughter—their only child—announcing that she was being instructed for reception into the Catholic Church. Days of arguments and of protest followed and sleepless nights of bitter chagrin. But the girl stood firm. At last the father, a well-to-do merchant, said to her, "My daughter, you are my only child, and I have always intended to leave you all that I have; I will do so if you stay where you are, in our dear old Methodist Church. But if you join the Catholics, I will cut you off with a dollar and one cent." The girl's eyes sparkled and she answered: "Papa, I trust you will not die for many years. But when you do and I get that legacy, I will put the dollar and one cent in Father Martin's collection plate and pray hard for your soul." She came into the Church and her father forgave her. The mother is now under instruction and there are hopes of getting the father.—*The Missionary*.

THE CHARM OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

By Fr. Celestine V. Strub, O.F.M.

“I do hope we shall have a ‘white’ Christmas this year; it never seems like Christmas to me if there is no snow on the ground.” The speaker is Everyman; the time, any time in late fall or early winter; the place, any place where snow is a regular winter guest. How often have we not heard these words spoken, or perhaps uttered them ourselves? And still, if the speaker would take the pains to investigate, he should probably find that he spent Christmas as often without snow as with it. Is then, this association of snow with Christmas merely a popular illusion, or has it some foundation in fact? Let us see.

Everyone, certainly, appreciates the beauty of a generous snowfall and of a snowy landscape; but why are we especially pleased when it happens to snow on Christmas Day, or, better yet, on Christmas Eve? Is it merely because there is a double cause of joy, two simultaneous happy events? I do not think so. The very fact that usage has established the phrase, a “white” Christmas, while it refrains from coupling this epithet with the name of any other feast of the winter season; e. g. New Year’s or Epiphany, shows that the popular mind must have observed an appropriateness in the one case that it never found in any other. But wherein may this appropriateness consist? To me it seems to consist in the similarity between the peace that reigns in the material world after a snowfall and that peace that reigns in the hearts of all men of good will on Christmas Day.

A little reflection will make this clear. Everyone takes pleasure in what is beautiful. Still, though “a thing of beauty is a joy forever,”

circumstances may enhance this joy; for instance, a painting that is a masterpiece of art is doubly pleasing if it is the portrait of a friend. Also the state of our mind or a passing humor may heighten the pleasure that something affords us, by reason of a peculiar fitness of which they are the casual occasion. Have you never observed that a poem, a song, or a piece of music pleased you more under certain circumstances; then, namely, when your soul was, as it were, attuned to the peculiar mood of the piece? And do not the beauties of nature impress us more when we are predisposed for their particular appeal, so that they seem but to mirror our own mind, and to echo our own thoughts? Surely we yield more readily to the spell of sunshine without, when there is sunshine within our hearts; and we note a gladder tone in the song of birds when we ourselves are disposed to sing.

Now, what bears a more striking resemblance to that peaceful frame of mind, and what accords more perfectly with that peculiar tone of feeling within us at Christmas than a beautiful fall of snow? Softly and silently the gentle snowflakes begin to drop down, thinly, at first, and slowly; then more freely and more rapidly, until all the air is filled with them and seems to be charmed to stillness by their noiseless fall. Gradually the dreary landscape takes on a more cheerful appearance; and as the flow continues unremittingly through the day, the whole scene is arrayed in a spotless robe of ermine whiteness. Every surface spot that looks toward heaven, every roof, every wall and fence, every bush and tree, is covered with a silvery fleece woven of a thousand crystals. The

venerable woodland stands silent and motionless, bowing beneath its hoary locks—a picture of the Old Year, bent with age and sinking slowly to the grave. What a change has come over entire nature! It seems as if, with the snow, a heavenly peace had settled down over the wide world. The rumbling of passing vehicles has ceased; the tread of hurrying feet is heard no more; all sounds are muffled, all noises hushed. A universal stillness rests like a gentle sleep over entire nature.

It is this peacefulness of nature, which reflects so faithfully the peace of our hearts; this harmony of the exterior scene with our tone of feeling; this sympathy, if I may so speak, of the inanimate with the rational world on the occasion of the birthday of the Prince of Peace, that imparts to the snow-clad earth its mysterious charm during the joyful Christmas season. Our peaceful hearts cannot but feel the close resemblance of the snowy scene to their own disposition, and in consequence, though often perhaps without thinking why, we ex-

perience that peculiar joy that makes us love and long for a "white" Christmas.

Let us hope then, for Everyman's sake, that we shall have a "white" Christmas this year;—not a snow-storm with chilling blasts, which would inconvenience the poor, but a fine full fall of downy snow that will harm no one and delight all. And should it snow on Christmas Eve, let us invest the falling snow with a symbolic meaning, and think it an emblem of the grace of God, more beautiful than the snow, clothing the barrenness of so many sinful souls with the lily-white livery of the children of God, and adding new splendor to the souls of the just. To crown all, let us hope and pray that, with the snow, Heaven may waft the blessings of peace upon the wide, wide world. When nature has mantled in white the blood-stained fields and the graves of those that died in battle, may also all strife and rancor and sorrow be buried; and may justice and peace clasp hands once more, and the Prince of Peace come again to His own.

Christmas Eve

Peace in thy snowy breast,
 O cloud, from storms at rest!
 Peace in the winds that sleep
 Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height;
 Peace infinite
 Through all the worlds that move
 Within His love.

O all sad hearts that be
 On land or on the sea,
 God's peace with you rest light
 This Christmas night!

And with the souls that stand
 In that dear land
 Where pain and all tears cease
 Most perfect peace!

—Ina Coolbrith.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD"

When the time approached for Jesus to begin his public life, God sent St. John the Baptist to prepare the Jews for his coming by the preaching of penance and good works, "for I tell you," spoke the Voice of the one crying in the wilderness, "the ax is laid to the root of the trees, and every tree that yieldeth not good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire." Men, women, and children, soldiers and civilians, priests, levites, and laymen, Scribes and Pharisees, Saducees, and Herodians, Jews and pagans, all hastened to the Jordan to hear the wonderful preacher, thinking that he was, perhaps, the Great Prophet who was to come and who was then so anxiously awaited. Had St. John had the least desire to pose as the Christ, he could easily have drawn all Judea after him, could have driven Herod and the hated Romans from the land, and set himself up as the King of the Jews. But no. St. John did not allow the honor paid him by the enraptured multitude to turn his head, but declared simply and with sentiments of the deepest humility: "I am not the Christ, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose." It seems as if God wished to give the world this extraordinary example of humility, the better to prepare it for that most astounding humility—that utter self-abasement of the Son of God, that was to repair the evil wrought by man's pride in Paradise. The Jews, so excessively proud of the fact that they had been chosen from among all nations of the earth to be God's own people and scorning all who could not claim Abraham as their father, heard with amazement "that God is able to raise up children to Abraham from the very stones," and that if they did not humble themselves before him and bring forth worthy fruits of penance, he would separate them like chaff from the wheat and cast them into unquenchable fire. Many gave heed to the warning words, and prepared the way of the Lord, and when, at last, the Great Prophet appeared in their midst they received of his fulness "grace for grace."

It is not without reason that Holy Church pictures to our minds during the holy season of Advent the humble and mortified life of the great Precursor of the Redeemer. Advent is a time set apart to prepare our souls in a special manner for a worthy celebration of Christmas. But the Church is well aware that our souls will be little apt to comprehend the humility and self-denial of the newborn Savior of the world lying in his lowly crib at Bethlehem, unless we have previously humbled ourselves and brought our unruly passions into subjection by worthy fruits of penance.

As members of the Order of Penance and as children of the humble St. Francis, Tertiaries should be especially fervent in the practice of these two fundamental virtues as a preparation for Christmas. Nor should they unduly pride themselves on being children of St. Francis, and neglect the while to imitate his virtues. Let his humility spurn them on to follow in his footsteps and let his mortified life be an incentive for them likewise to crucify their flesh with its vices and concupiscences. This done, the feast of Christmas will be for them, as it was for St. Francis, a source of inexpressible joy and countless blessings.

CHAMPIONS OF MARY IMMACULATE

The feast of the Immaculate Conception, as our readers are doubtless aware, is especially dear to Franciscans, both because the Order from its very infancy cherished a particular devotion to the Immaculate Conception, and also because the Franciscans under the leadership of the Ven. John Duns Scotus, were the first who successfully defended this favorite prerogative of Mary. Tertiaries, therefore, may well consider it peculiarly incumbent on them to cultivate a special devotion to the Immaculate Conception, and also, as far as in them lies, to champion the cause of Mary Immaculate. But what are Tertiaries doing in this respect? To say a few prayers daily—the little chaplet, or the little office, of the Immaculate Conception,—excellent and praiseworthy as this is, is not enough for the real champion of Mary. He must incessantly combat, not only in his own life but throughout the entire sphere of his personal influence, everything that militates against the virtue most dear to her Immaculate Heart. Where he can forbid, he must not permit; where he can withstand, he must not tolerate; where he can resent, he must not endure anything inconsistent with public or social decency. He that runs may read that there is a satanic movement on foot to spread moral corruption by breaking down all barriers of decorum. Art, especially painting and sculpture, has long been depraved; science has been enlisted in the movement, the latest recruit being hygiene, and is exploited under no matter what pretence to further the baneful scheme.

To offset this movement there must be a counter-movement; passive resistance will not suffice. We must have men and women, and youths and maidens that are not only modest enough to blush at indecencies but courageous enough to frown upon them. It will not do simply to stop up our ears and to walk with downcast eyes; we must assert our right to keep ears and eyes open wherever we have a right to be. If only Catholics, and especially Tertiaries, would do their full share in this respect, much might be achieved. But how many can conscientiously say that they are doing it? Are no papers and periodicals with indecent illustrations, no magazines with suggestive stories, no fashion plates or illustrated catalogs of questionable propriety permitted to enter their homes? Do no improper pictures grace (disgrace we should say) their walls; no shameless statuary decorate (dedecorate again is the word) their mantelpieces? Do they always, when they can not hinder, at least resent improprieties that others allow themselves in their presence? Do they deprive of their patronage places of amusement where objectionable features are not eliminated; stores and restaurants where, despite protest, immodest images are exhibited? Until they courageously and uncompromisingly take up the fight along these lines, they can not consider themselves true champions of Mary Immaculate. Should they do so, however, we may yet hope to stem the tide that threatens to flood all public decency and morality.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Not since the angels announced the tidings of peace and good will to men on the first Christmas Day nineteen centuries ago, has this heavenly message failed to resound on the annual recurrence of the feast day of our Blessed Savior's birth. Nor shall we fail to hear the same

glad tidings even on Christmas Day of the war-cursed year 1915. Above the boom of the cannon and the shriek of the shrapnel, above the wail of the widow and the sob of the orphan, above the groan of the wounded and the cry of the dying, above the shout of the victor and the moan of the vanquished, the angelic voices will be heard proclaiming throughout the world: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

The atheist and the unbeliever will scoff at the message and call it mockery, and will proclaim to the world that Christianity is a failure, and will point to blood-stained Europe to confirm their assertion. Notwithstanding the ridicule of the unbeliever and the gory fields of Europe, the believing Christian will listen to the message with pleasure; he knows that it is not mockery and that Christianity is not a failure; but he also knows that it rests with each individual whether the Christmas greeting of peace shall become for him a happy reality or not. There was a day when in this wide world of ours there was peace, celestial peace—it was the day when the Creator placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise. They sinned; and at once unrest, jealousy, strife, and even bloodshed was the result. Sweet peace fled to heaven and the world became a vale of tears. At last the Prince of Peace took pity on the unhappy world, and leaving the peaceful realms of heaven, came into this world, sending abroad his messengers to announce his coming and to proclaim the joyful tidings that peace was again to reign in the world—not, indeed, as it had in the beginning, but only in the hearts of those who by their good will banish from them its mortal enemy—sin. Let, then, each man banish sin from his heart, and peace will enter there. Let the nations banish sin from their confines, and peace will reign over them. Let the world turn its back on Satan, the prince of discord, and return to Christ, the Prince of Peace, and the peace of Paradise will again be restored.

We learn from one of our foreign exchanges, the *Altoettinger Franziskus-Blatt*, that early last summer, thirty directors of Third Order fraternities that are in charge of the Franciscan Province of the Holy Cross (Saxonia), met in session at Dorsten for the purpose of discussing ways and means of interesting the secular clergy in the Third Order. It was decided to hold annual diocesan conferences to this end, and, moreover, to publish a manual treating of this subject from a theological and canonical standpoint. Before disbanding, the Rev. Directors appointed a press committee of six Fathers, who will hold regular monthly meetings, and whose chief duty it will be to regulate the social and charitable activity of the various fraternities, and to supply timely articles on the Third Order for the public press.

Franciscan Herald Wishes All Its Kind Readers

A Merry Christmas



Ex Ore Infantium

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play "Can you see me?" through their wings?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they fire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do,
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I can not pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair.)
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

Francis Thompson, Tertiary.





MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XIII

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

MEANWHILE, the Father Superior of the Rio Grande Missions, Fr. Pedro Muñoz, and his friars had not forgotten their brethren in the interior of Texas. After waiting several months in vain for a reply to his letter of December 1717, in which he had informed Fr. Espinosa of the supplies from the viceroy, that had been stowed away west of the Trinity River, and of the exact spot where they could be found after the floods had subsided, Fr. Muñoz concluded that his note had not been delivered, and that the hiding place on the hillock had been discovered by the savages. (See page 426, November issue.) He supposed, therefore, that the missionaries must be in great distress, and hastily collecting all the provisions, altar wine, beeswax, etc., available, he set out at once with a lay brother and two soldiers to succor his starving brethren.

Within a day's journey of the spot where the expedition of the previous year had buried the supplies, Fr. Muñoz directed the lay brother and the soldiers to proceed in all haste in order to ascertain whether or not the place had been looted. As a sign that all was well the soldiers were to discharge their muskets on approaching the camp when they returned. A day or two later, the messengers joyfully an-

nounced the welcome news that the stock of provisions had been found intact.

All this while Fr. Espinosa and Fr. Margil with their suffering companions in the missions remained ignorant of the rich stores so near at hand. At last, on July 22, 1718, an Indian brought the obliterated letter of Fr. Muñoz to Fr. Espinosa at Mission San Francisco. "I communicated the news immediately to the officer of the guards," Fr. Espinosa writes, "and, although there was little hope that the Indians had left anything for us to carry away, we set out with a few pack mules in search of the sorely needed supplies. We found more than we expected, for on the feast of the glorious St. Anne, July 26, we met and embraced the two friars from the Rio Grande, at the very place where the provisions had been concealed."

Fr. Espinosa is inclined to attribute this happy circumstance to the direct intervention of Divine Providence on account of the remarkable incidents connected with the discovery. "In the first place," writes the good friar, "the spot where the supplies had been concealed was only one-eighth of a league from the winter camp of a band of Texas savages, who had come thither for the purpose of hunting buffaloes. Naturally, no hillock or thicket

would have escaped their vigilant eyes. Nevertheless, they neither discovered nor suspected the presence of the provisions. Indeed, the good Lord must have held their eyes, otherwise those shrewd Indians would easily have found what meant so much for us. I am all the more convinced of this special care of Providence for us, since the Indians had seen the caravan and the pack mules laden with provisions in the preceding year, and some of them also saw the same mules a short time later returning without their burdens. Hence, it would have been but natural for the inquisitive natives to endeavor to find out what had become of the supplies.

"Furthermore, the soldiers related, that from the spot where they had camped to the hillock where the supplies had been cached, the tracks of the pack mules were so plain, that even after eight months they were still visible, and I myself easily found the place by merely following this trail. Surely, the keen-eyed savages could have detected the tracks far more easily than I!"

The many belated letters found with the provisions, brought much welcome news to the isolated missionaries. Thus they learnt that the governor of Coahuila was to be the governor also of Texas, and that a colony of whites was to be established on the Rio San Antonio. But the most important piece of news was the decision reached by the viceroy and his council to found one or two new missions between the Rio San Antonio and the Rio Guadalupe. The governor was instructed to furnish the supplies, the cattle, sheep, goats, seeds, implements, tools, etc., for the proposed missions, as well as cloth, blankets, glass beads, etc., for distribution among the savages. To insure the permanency of the mis-

sions, a military garrison was to be established for their protection. Thirty families of colonists were to take up land about the garrison, and for that purpose they were to be supplied with all the agricultural implements, etc., necessary. Heeding the repeated petitions of the missionaries, the viceroy gave orders that the soldiers should be selected from married men, and should take their families with them. Finally, the soldiers at the missions, when not in the garrison, were to be subject to the missionaries. Had these wise regulations been faithfully executed, prosperity in spiritual and temporal affairs, would have reigned, both in the missions and in the colonies, and a different story could now be told.

The viceroy's order for the relief of the missionaries and for the founding of the two Spanish colonies was issued on March 12, 1718, but the expedition was retarded for more than six months. Tired of the interminable delays of the military, an energetic friar, Fr. Antonio de San Buenaventura y Olivares, took the matter in hand as far as the new missions were concerned. With the permission of Viceroy Marques de Valéro, granted May 1, 1718, Fr. Olivares transferred his Xarame Indian Mission of San Francisco de Solano from the southern banks of the Rio Grande to the Rio San Antonio de Padua in Texas. The government furnished the agricultural implements, tools, seeds, supplies, and herds. It was also determined that two Fathers should always be stationed there, and for that purpose the allowance was granted which the King of Spain had assigned to the missionaries among the pagans elsewhere.

Fr. Olivares maintained himself on the site chosen for more than a year. He may, therefore, properly and justly be regarded as the

founder ⁽¹⁾ of Mission San Antonio de Valéro ⁽²⁾ on the Rio San Antonio de Padua. In the beginning, he had no companion, because the friar assigned him had died before leaving the Rio Grande. While laboring alone among the neighboring savages, especially the Payayas, who spoke the Xarame language, Fr. Olivares one day broke his leg. A messenger was quickly sent to the distant Rio Grande mission to notify the Fathers. Fr. Pedro Muñoz instantly mounted a horse and covered the distance of eighty leagues in forty consecutive hours. After receiving the consolation of the sacraments at the hand of Fr. Muñoz,

efforts were made to remedy the fracture. As no surgeon was available, a soldier undertook to set the leg. Then by means of some household remedies, and with the help of God, as Fr. Espinosa notes, the missionary was restored, but not until he had spent a long time in bed, which must have been a sore affliction for the energetic priest. Soon after his recovery, Fr. Olivares moved his mission to the other bank, doubtless to the site it still occupies under the name of The Alamo, famous for the massacre of United States soldiers there, in 1836, at the hands of the Mexican General Santa Anna.

(1) A Payaya Indian village on or near the site of the later mission was visited by Fr. Damian Mazanet, O.F.M., as early as 1691. He set up a cross, erected an altar in a chapel of boughs, celebrated holy Mass, preached, and distributed medals and trinkets. The name of the village was Yanaguana. Nevertheless, as no permanent station was established there until 1718, to Fr. Olivares belongs the honor of being the founder of Mission San Antonio.

(2) Named in honor of Viceroy Valero.

The Star of Hope

The star of human hope
Glowed like a diadem,
When in the manger low was laid
The Child of Bethlehem.

Still, in the world to-day
The weary souls of men,
Seeing the star the Wise Men saw,
Turn to the Dawn again.

Peace stills each restless heart,
Hushed is the voice of hate.
Love stands within the door,
Joy lingers at the Gate.

—Auron.



BRAVEHEART'S BAPTISM

By W. Thornton Parker, M. D., Tertiary

BRAVEHEART, an Indian chief, stood before a picture of Correggio's *Ecce Homo* at the Blackcoats' lodge. He was evidently interested and puzzled in this curious appearance of a mild and friendly Man who wore such a strange headdress, which seemed to be only a crown of thorns! So he asked one of his friends, the missionaries, to explain to him the mystery.

More than once Braveheart returned to ask to have the story of the Man of Sorrows related to him—the story of the great Passion—the story of Him who died to save others.

That old, old story of the love of God for sinful man

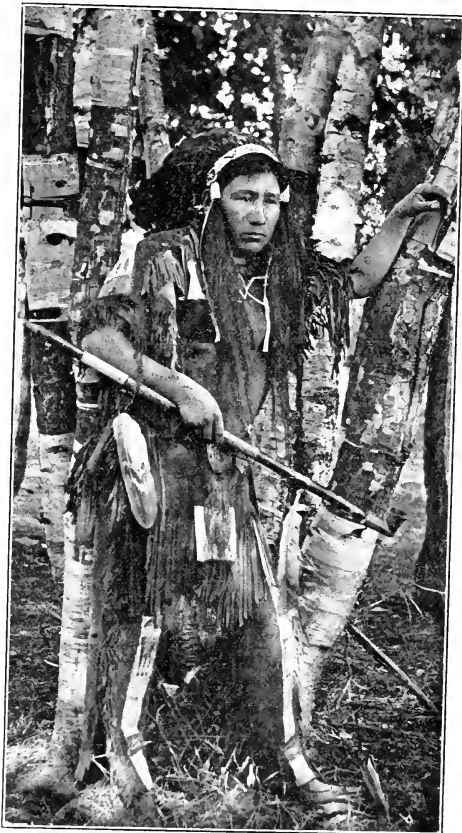
made a deep impression on the red man's heart, and he became the Blackcoats'

friend—and made frequent visits to the mission to learn the great message.

But, after a while, the visits of Braveheart ceased and he was missed. When one of the Blackcoats returned from a long journey, he reported that Braveheart was gone to the "happy hunting grounds," and would never visit the mission again.

He had called his friends about him from time to time during his sickness in his wigwam, and told them the story of the picture of the "Friend of all men," and how, if the Great Spirit spared his life a while longer, he would ask for the Blackcoats' ceremony—

Baptism. But as his strength failed and death approached to overcome



Indian Chief in Regalia

Photo by Grace C. Horn

the brave old chieftain, he gave the family his last instructions.

"When I am dead," said Braveheart, "place upon my breast in the grave the totem of the Blackcoats, the Cross of the Friend of all men, and above my grave set up a large Cross that may be seen from afar; and when anyone asks why is that great Cross erected there, say to them that Braveheart, who believed in the white man's Savior, is resting in peace* beneath it, hoping for a better life—trusting in the love of the Father of Life."

And thus it was that Braveheart died, and was buried with Christian symbols within and without his lonely grave.

We were speaking of all these things one afternoon in the smoking section of a Pullman car speeding over the great prairies, where so short a time ago the Indians roamed at will, and someone said.

"What a pity that that good Indian was never baptized."

One of our party was a quiet unassuming Catholic priest, sitting with us and enjoying his smoke. He had been a listener to the story.

The good priest looked up at this remark, and, gently placing his hand upon the knee of the narrator, said:

"My son, Braveheart was baptized."

"Did you know him, Father?" we asked the good priest.

"No, my sons, but I will explain to you. The Church recognizes three forms of Baptism: the regular and well-known rite with water, and the Baptism of Blood of the martyrs, who give their lives in defence of the Faith, and a third form, the Baptism of Desire. Many a soul struggling, groping in the darkness of unbelief or un-Christian surroundings, stretches forth his hands, longing for a Savior, whose name, perhaps, he does not even know. God sees it all, and the Holy Spirit baptizes that soul for the inheritance of everlasting salvation."

As the dear old priest ceased speaking, the sun was setting and we all sat in silence for awhile. That was a most fitting explanation of Braveheart's Baptism.

* Even among the non-Christian Indians, the term "go in peace" (rest in peace) is common, as is also the term "Father of all, Father of life"—meaning "the Great White Spirit" whom we call God.

A MODERN MARTYR'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

From the charming correspondence between the Bl. Theophane Venard and his favorite sister Melanie, we cull the following episode. His sister had informed him that, having for fun drawn lots at Christmas as to who should represent the different personages at the Nativity, she had drawn the name of "Mary," but Theophane's lot had fallen on that of the ass. In reply, Theophane wrote from his distant mission in Tonkin, China: "I am very much pleased at the portion awarded me in your drawing. I am to be the ass. Very well. I won't accuse you of a little bit of mischief in the matter, but accept my part. The ass knows how to bray; that is to teach me to be a good trumpeter of the Gospel. The ass receives blows without complaint; may his patience be my model. Again, the poor animal is treated with scorn and derision, his very name is the reverse of a compliment; but he goes on his way all the same. Well, like him, I must disregard human opinion, cultivate humility, bear to be despised, and follow my Lord and Master everywhere, always and in spite of all. As for you, my darling little sister, you have, indeed, chosen the better part. Guard it carefully. It is a life of recollection, of union with God."

BETTER GOD THAN GOLD

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

"IT'S no use talking, Martha! Don't hold me back! I'll get bread for the children and if I must—"

Paul Jameson did not finish the sentence. Breaking off suddenly and taking his cap, he quickly left the house, and Martha, his wife, was too much frightened over his strange behavior to call after him. She had never before seen that wild, uncanny look in his eyes, and she feared that he would do something desperate, something that would add disgrace to the sorrows of their poverty.

"O Blessed Mother!" she moaned, falling on her knees before a cheap print of the Madonna, the only ornament, save a small crucifix, that graced the bare walls, "O Blessed Mother, help us! By the love thou dost bear toward thy own Infant Jesus, do not let my babies starve!"

"Mamma, I'm so hungry," came a wee voice from a cot in the corner, as little four-year-old Emily awoke from her sleep.

"And so am I," chimed in Georgie, a wizen-faced child of six years.

"Be quiet, my darlings," gently chided Mrs. Jameson, rising and wiping away the traces of her tears. "Papa will soon come home with some bread and then we'll have a good supper."

"I want some bread now," pouted Georgie, who had not had even a crust of bread to eat that day.

"But Georgie, my darling, there is no bread in the house," replied Mrs. Jameson with an aching heart.

"When will we get some, mamma?"

"I told you, as soon as papa comes home. I'm sure the Blessed Mother Mary will help him get some nice bread for you, Georgie—"

"And for me, too, mamma?" queried Emily, fearing she might be forgotten.

"Yes, darling, for you and Georgie both. And if you are good children and don't cry any more, perhaps dear old Santa Claus will also come to see you."

"And will Santa Claus bring me a drum and a horn and some candy and nuts?" asked the little fellow, as he recalled his last happy Christmas and the good things he had received.

"And me a dolly and some tandy, too?" lisped Emily, rising up in bed and clapping her puny white hands.

"Yes, children, Santa Claus will surely come if you are very good and say your prayers well and don't cry any more. And the little Boy Jesus will also love you."

"Then, mamma, I'll be good and won't cry, even if I am hungry," Georgie rejoined, and the earnest look in his big blue eyes spoke the determination of his brave little heart.

"And I'll be good too," Emily cried, her pallid features brightening at the thought of all the nice things old Santa would bring them.

"Mamma," asked Georgie after a brief reverie, "was little Jesus ever hungry like me and Emily?"

"Indeed, my child, the dear little Infant Jesus was often hungry and cold, but he never cried and pouted like my Georgie did before."

"But, mamma, I won't pout again, I'll be real good now and not cry."

"And don't you remember, Georgie," Mrs. Jameson continued, seating herself on a box by Emily's bed and taking the boy on her lap, "how the Blessed Mother Mary and St. Joseph went from house to house on Christmas eve and no one would let them in?"

"Oh yes, I remember," said Georgie, already quite forgetful of his hunger; "and they went and asked the people to let them in, and the bad people wouldn't do it, would they, mamma?"

"No, those were very bad people, and they closed the doors in their faces and told them to go to some other house."

"And they couldn't find a house, only a stable, and it was cold in the stable wasn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, Georgie dear, it was very, very cold in the stable, and the wind blew, and the snow fell just like now, and they had no bed and no stove."

"Oh, I wish the Infant Jesus had come to us! He could have slept with me and Emily, couldn't he, mamma, and then he would have been nice and warm."

"Indeed, darling, and while the dear little Jesus was lying on the cold straw, smiling so sweetly at his Mother Mary and St. Joseph, ever so many angels came down from heaven to see him, and they sang the most beautiful songs for him."

"Mamma, why don't you sing us a song, too, like the angels sang? You don't sing no more like you used to," Georgie whispered, as he put his arm lovingly about her neck and looked coaxingly into her eyes.

Mrs. Jameson felt a choking sensation in her throat and tears started to flow afresh, as she recalled the happy years when she sang the live-long day. But she mastered her feelings, and imprinting a warm kiss on the little fellow's pale brow, she began to sing the sweet old Christmas carol, so dear to the Catholic heart, while Georgie nestled on his mother's bosom.

Silent night, holy night!

All is calm, all is bright.

Only one yet wakes and prays,

Looking on with tender gaze

On her heavenly Child.

Silent night, holy night!
Far away on the height,
Shepherds in their lonely fold
First the tidings glad unfold:
"Christ the Lord is born!"

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, Light of Light!
Pure and gentle in Thine eyes
All Thy wealth of mercy lies
For a world redeemed.

And as she sang with tremulous voice, her poor famished children closed their weary eyelids in peaceful slumber to dream of the Christ Child and the Angels of Bethlehem.

* * *

While his wife was thus chatting with his starving children and singing them to sleep, Paul Jameson was walking the cold streets of the great city in search of food. Poorly clad, he shivered with the cold, but his forehead burned with fever from the constant fasting and from the wild bitter thoughts that haunted his mind.

He had left his cottage home in the little country-town of Carson some weeks since, and had come to the city in hopes of bettering his circumstances. But alas for his hopes! Only a month after removing to the city, the company he worked for dismissed half of its employees, and two weeks later shut down entirely. Thus, almost without notice, a thousand men were deprived of steady work, and many of them even of all means of support.

Jameson, who was as yet almost a perfect stranger in the city, had managed, after some days of ceaseless searching, to earn a few dollars doing odd jobs. But the daily expenses for fuel, light, food, and clothing, and the monthly rent devoured the money faster than he could earn it. Piece after piece of furniture and clothing then found its way to the pawnbroker, until the two small rooms, he called his home, were cheerless and bare. The day

before, he had pawned his last coat to obtain bread. And now, friendless and penniless, he would soon be homeless, too, for the rent was due at the end of the month, and there was no thought of paying it.

As he walked along the busy streets that dreary Christmas eve, and saw the bustling, happy crowds of people coming from the brightly lighted stores and shops, laden with bundles, and warmly clothed in heavy coats and furs, while the piteous cries of his children clamoring for bread continually rang in his ears, Paul could not help contrasting his plight with the wealth and happiness about him, and for a while he permitted angry thoughts to take possession of his soul.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all things else will be given you." How often had he not heard these words read in the church, and had he and his wife not always striven to follow this admonition of the Savior? Yet, in spite of all, the hungry wolf of poverty and starvation was constantly at his door. He paused to rest for a moment, leaning against a stone pillar in front of a large store, and gave himself up to these thoughts. Of a sudden, he felt himself rudely pushed aside. He looked up and politely excused himself for being in the way. But the sleek and well-fed man in the warm fur coat buttoned to the throat, and with a seal-skin cap pulled well down over his ears, took no further notice of the apology, except to grumble something about "good-for-nothing tramps," and then passed on. Jameson recognized him as the proprietor of a large machine shop, where he had applied a short time before for a position, and met with a rebuff, and this, together with the man's present gruffness and stinging remark about tramps, only served to increase the bitterness in his soul.

Just then a former fellow laborer of Paul's came up the street.

"Hello, Jameson!" he said, stopping to shake hands. "What's the matter? Down and out?"

"Yes, Brown, I'm all that and more. Wife and children are starving at home, and to-morrow is Christmas and I haven't a nickel to buy a loaf of bread," Paul answered sadly.

"Too bad, old man, an' I'm sorry for you. But I'm in about the same fix myself. In fact, there's been many a day since the factory shut down that I didn't have a square meal. An' what can a fellow do, when there're over five thousand men in this town looking for work and can't get it? An' jest look at that bunch of honest gents over yonder going into that swell hotel," Brown continued with biting sarcasm, pointing to a group of bankers and business men that were entering the Imperial Hotel for a Christmas eve dinner. "They'll go in there now an' fill up on all kinds of good things an' talk prosperity and labor, an' we poor devils can stay out here in the cold an' freeze to death, while our wives an' children are starving at home. I tell you, Jameson, it's an outrage! If we're all born equal, as the U. S. Constitution says we are, why can't we, me an' you an' the rest of the fellows, walk around town in fur coats an' swing gold-headed canes like those guys over there? Didn't me an' you an' the rest of the boys help old Sam Grogan make his millions; an' didn't he shut down his factory an' send us away an' not give a rip whether we'd starve or not? Yes, an' then to-morrow is Christmas, an' of course all the preachers will jabber about peace an' good will an' brotherly love, an' all the people will say Amen. But I tell you, Jameson, it's all bosh! They don't mean a word of it; an' as long as the capitalists run this

country, there's going to be no peace an' no good will for the working-man!"

Here Brown paused in his philippic for sheer want of breath. In his heart, Jameson did not exactly approve of this vehement and indiscriminate tirade against the existing order of things, but poverty and hunger had at last succeeded in partly blinding the eyes of his soul, and on this dreary winter's day his hitherto unwavering trust in the all-ruling Providence of God had received a severe shock.

"You're right there, Brown," Paul assented, and his face hardened as he spoke. "We have to earn the money, and the rich spend it. Oh God!" he went on fiercely, "must my babies starve, while so many others have more than they can eat?"

"Now you're talking, Jameson! You're game sure. Say, I'll tell you what we can do," Brown continued, lowering his voice and turning aside into an unfrequented street, "I've got a scheme that will net us both a fine Christmas gift, even if it does cost the old lady a few dollars. Now, my plan is this. There's a rich old lady lives about three blocks down this way an' there ain't nobody with her but a maid and the cook. I know the house well, because I did some plumbing there last fall. The old dotty is as rich as Sam Grogan but as simple as a child. She's got all kinds of money lying around loose in the house. Why, last October when I was working there, I saw a vase on the dresser in her bedroom that actually had a wallet with five hundred bucks in it. When no one was around, I slipped a cool fifty into my pocket, an' the good old soul never missed it. Now, it's jest about time for supper an' almost dark, and it'll be a regular cinch to get into the house, 'cause the bedroom has a window looking out on

the roof of the back porch, an' the lattice makes a dandy ladder. All you'll have to do is to stand on guard near the sidewalk to give the alarm in case a cop shows up. But there's no danger, as the cops are all down town now looking for pickpockets an' shoplifters. So we'll have easy sailing an' a big haul. Great scheme, eh Jameson?"

Brown had grown quite jubilant over his plan. He was, therefore, not a little surprised when he suddenly saw Jameson's face fall and the bright gleam of happy expectation fade from his eyes.

"Why, old man, what's the matter. Gettin' sick from hunger?" gasped Brown.

Jameson did not reply at once. All the while his companion had been speaking, Paul had but one thought: to get food at any cost for his starving family, and he was already rejoicing that the longed for relief was to come at last. Then, like a sudden flash of lightning, he saw a scene of bygone days. He saw himself, a lad of sixteen, kneeling at the bedside of his dying mother, and seemed to hear her feeble voice saying, "Paul, my boy, we've been poor all these years and I have nothing to leave you now. But remember all the days of your life what I've so often said: Better God than gold. Therefore, put all your trust in him, and he will never forsake you." And he remembered now, too, as if it had occurred but the day before, how he had taken her clammy hand in his and had said, "Mother, I promise that I'll always do as you say." And was he now to break that solemn promise for the first time? His whole being revolted at the thought.

"Brown," he said, and his voice trembled, "all my life long up to this moment I've been an honest man, and I'll not turn thief now, so help me God!"

His companion was thunder-

struck.

"But, man," he argued, "this ain't no stealing! Didn't I tell you the old woman is as rich as Grogan, an' won't never miss the coin?"

"That doesn't change matters. The money doesn't belong to me, and I'll not take it."

"But ain't a man got a right to help himself to whatever he can lay his hands on when he's starving?"

"That depends. I'm sure some good people would have helped me if I hadn't been ashamed to go round begging, and then I shouldn't starve. Then, I could have gone to the priest, but I was ashamed to go to him, too, as I haven't been in town long and never spoke to him yet, and he might have taken me for a tramp."

"Whew! So you're a Catholic, are you?" sneered Brown. "Well, I might have knowed it. But you Catholics make me sick and tired! You'll let a fellow beat you black an' blue, an' then kiss his hand for doing it. I s'pose you'll have to go to that old priest now an' confess the awful sin you was going to do. Ketch me doing that! But, say, man, what about your kids at home? You ain't going to let them starve 'cause you're afraid to take the old woman's chink?"

The jeering tone of this retort pierced Jameson to the heart, but with a supreme effort he rallied and slowly answered:

"Brown, I'd rather have those two babies die of hunger as the children of an honest man, than have them grow up the children of a thief!" and turning quickly on his heel, Jameson started up town, followed by the muttered curses of his would-be friend.

As he sauntered up the brilliantly lighted street, thanking God in his heart for having escaped the snares of the tempter, Paul happened to notice a small leather case lying on the street half-hidden in the slush

near the curb. Stooping, he quickly picked it up and concealed it in his pocket. Then he turned into a side street to examine his find. When he pressed a spring catch on the front of the case, the cover sprang open and disclosed to his astonished gaze a sparkling diamond brooch of exquisite design and workmanship.

"Thanks be to God!" he ejaculated under his breath, and quickly put the brooch into his pocket again, "this is a Christmas gift, indeed! Mother was right, as always, for God has surely not forsaken me. Why, the stingy old Jew won't hesitate a moment to give me at least a hundred dollars for it."

And then he saw, as in a vision, his cold, cheerless home take on an aspect of comfort and plenty. He seemed to feel already the life-giving warmth of the glowing fire and to smell the sweet fragrance of the savory meal that the money would buy. He beheld his devoted wife clad in a new dress and the babies playing with pretty toys and munching candy that he could now bring home for them.

"But the brooch is not yours! You must try to find the owner!" came, like a clap of thunder, the voice of conscience.

Poor Paul! He had not thought of this. He stood as one suddenly paralyzed. The vision of joy and plenty that but an instant before had revived his drooping spirits, now gave way to the sad reality: the miserable home devoid of every comfort; the haggard figure of his wife; the pinched faces and plaintive cries of his hungry children. No, he could not and would not return the brooch! God certainly had wished him to find it, he reasoned, and also to use it to relieve his distress. The very fact that the dainty jewel had not been crushed by the numerous passing vehicles and had not been trodden

under the hoofs of the horses, was another proof that God had wished him to have it. Besides, if it were, nevertheless, wrong to pawn the brooch, God would surely forgive the offence as he understood the sole motive of his action.

But with all these specious arguments, Jameson knew that he was fighting against his better convictions, and his conscience had but one answer to all these sophisms: "Thou shalt not steal!" And had he not that very evening overcome a similar and even greater temptation to theft, and would he now prove himself less a man than before? Thus he argued with himself, until finally he exclaimed half-aloud, "No, I've kept my soul free until to-day from the dirty sin of stealing, and I won't dishonor my mother and my family by stealing now."

"But how find the party to whom the brooch belongs?" was the next question he propounded to himself. Looking at the dainty leather case again, he saw the name and address of a large jewelry firm printed in gilt letters on the cover, and then he remembered that he had made his find directly in front of their store. He would go there and return the brooch, as they would certainly know the purchaser. Perhaps, he would then receive some slight reward.

As he neared the store, he noticed a young lady and a young man, evidently her brother, step from an automobile and at once begin an earnest search as if looking for something they had lost. Paul surmised immediately that they were seeking the brooch, and politely enquired whether they had lost anything.

"O yes!" gasped the young lady excitedly. "I've lost my mother's diamond brooch and I dare not return home without it. I had just got it from the jeweler's, where it

had been repaired, and it must have fallen out of my muff when I entered the car."

"Perhaps, this is what you have lost," Jameson replied, holding out the jewel case.

"O yes, indeed, that's it!" she cried delightedly. "Just look, Wilfred, here's the brooch. O how glad I am that we've found it."

"We certainly are lucky, Grace," Wilfred Staunton replied. "Where did you find it, if I may ask?"

"I was walking near the curb, when I happened to notice the case lying in the slush," Paul answered modestly. "I was just on the point of bringing it to the jewelry store, when I met you."

"Well, you certainly deserve a reward, my good man, and for the present, please accept this little token of our gratitude," Wilfred continued, giving Paul a handful of loose coin. "I am sorry I haven't more with me, but you see we've been shopping all afternoon, and my pocketbook is about empty. But that brooch cost \$5000, and it is valued even higher yet by our mother because it is a precious heirloom. Now, give me your address, and I will mail you an adequate reward to-morrow."

Paul accepted the proffered money with profuse thanks, and giving his address, stammered a polite "Good evening," and took his leave, while the young man and his sister entered their car and rode away.

Jameson was happy at last. He counted the money and found that it amounted to almost ten dollars. So much money he had not had at one time for many a day. True, it was not so much as he had expected to receive from the pawnbroker, but in the morning he would receive more, as the young man had promised. What pleased him most, was that he had preserved his peace of conscience and that God had at once rewarded him for his fidelity.

How his heart now leaped for joy as he started home with several loaves of fresh bread, some Christmas cookies and groceries, a large piece of juicy meat, and even a little drum for Georgie and a small doll for the baby. He seemed to feel his wife's warm kiss on his brow, and to hear his children's shouts of joy over their little Christmas gifts, and he thought he had never been happier in his life.

* * *

Meanwhile, Martha Jameson was alone with her sleeping babies in the cold desolate room of the old tenement. How the time dragged on! The icy wind howled dismally about the eaves and chilled her to the very marrow of her bones. Why did Paul remain away so long? He had looked so desperate when he left the house that she was in constant fear that he would yet do some wicked deed to relieve their extreme want. An hour passed. Two hours. There was a step on the stairs! She hastened to open the door—but it was not Paul! Only another tenant of the house, who was returning from work with his arms well filled with good things for the next day's cheer.

With a deep sigh, Martha closed the door and resumed her prayers for her stricken family. It was now after six o'clock, and from the thick black clouds snowflakes were falling like miniature angels from heaven bringing the Christmas message of peace and good will to the dark and dreary world below. But Martha's heart ached and bled. Would Paul never come?

There was another step on the staircase! Paul? No, it could not be! It was too elastic to be his! Fearful of being again disappointed, she remained standing in the middle of the room, when the door opened quickly, and the next moment Paul had clasped his trembling wife to his heart.

"Thank God, Martha, help has come at last!"

"O Paul, how did it happen? Tell me, dear!"

Jameson began to tell his story, when Georgie awoke from his sleep and, seeing his father in the room and a number of packages lying on the table, jumped from the cot and came running to him crying:

"Papa, papa did Santa Claus come?"

"Yes, Georgie, and just see what he brought you," Paul said giving him a Christmas cookey and the drum. "And look, Emily," Paul went on as he lifted the baby from the bed and held out the doll toward her, "look what I've got for you, my little darling."

The two children were quite beside themselves with joy and surprise.

"O mamma, didn't you say that if we'd be good and not cry, Santa Claus would be sure to come? And now he brought us just what we wanted. Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" sang the happy little fellow, as he munched his cookey and beat his drum lustily.

"Now, Martha, put the rest of those chips in the stove while I go to the corner to buy a little coal and wood. We're going to have a nice warm supper and a real merry Christmas after all."

As Jameson and his family were eating their frugal meal that evening, strange voices were heard in the hallway, and soon there came a knock on their door. Paul rose to admit his unexpected visitors, and what was his surprise to see Wilfred Staunton and his sister enter.

"I hope you will pardon this unseemly intrusion, Mr. Jameson," Wilfred began, grasping Paul's hand and shaking it warmly, "but this evening as we left you down town, Grace remarked that she thought you looked unusually dis-

tressed and that, perhaps, you were in need or trouble. So, as soon as we got home and told father and mother about losing the brooch and recovering it so unexpectedly, mother insisted that we should at once bring you the promised reward and see whether we could not assist you also in some other way." With this, Staunton handed Jameson a roll of bills amounting to a hundred dollars.

Paul hesitated at first to accept so much money, saying that it was far more than he deserved for returning what he had accidentally found and what did not belong to him. But Wilfred insisted.

"Well, I'm deeply grateful to you, Mr. Staunton, for your kindness and generosity to a poor man," Jameson remarked, as a tear glistened in his eye and rolled down his furrowed cheek, "and I will always strive to make myself worthy of it. This money will enable me to redeem some of our furniture from the pawnshop and —"

"From the pawnshop?" interrupted Grace, with undisguised wonder; and then she and her brother began to realize the utter poverty that faced them in that little tenement home. Jameson blushed crimson as he noticed this, and apologized that he could not offer them the hospitality of even a chair. Then, before he was aware of it, he had confided to his newly found friends the extreme want to which lack of work had reduced his poor

family.

"Mr. Jameson, you are a good and honest man, and I see from the crucifix yonder on the wall and from the picture of our Blessed Lady, that you are of the same Faith as we. Now, I am convinced that God has brought us together this evening for our mutual benefit. Yesterday the foreman in the mechanical department of our wagon factory resigned, as he is going to leave the city. As the position is still open, it gives me real pleasure to offer it to you, since, as you say, you are an expert mechanic. I will expect you at the office the day after to-morrow, and you can then begin work at once."

Paul could hardly find words to express his thanks for the offer and assured Mr. Staunton that he would ever find him truly grateful. After some minutes of pleasant chatting, Wilfred and Grace took leave of the Jamesons with the most cordial mutual greetings for a merry and blessed Christmas.

The dark heavy clouds had now disappeared, and the silvery moon shed its bright rays on the snow-covered earth beneath. The wild wind had ceased to blow and from out the lowly tenement came floating on the still night air the glad-some notes of the *Adeste fideles*, while peace and good will reigned in the humble home where God was better than gold.





FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—Early in October, the Friars Minor in Holland celebrated the diamond anniversary of the investment of their beloved confrère, Mgr. H. Hofman, titular bishop of Telmesse and ex-vicar apostolic of South Shansi, China. His Lordship was born June 12, 1834, and entered the Franciscan Order October 3, 1854. After laboring zealously for twelve years in his native land, he generously responded to an appeal for Chinese missionaries made by the Most Rev. Fr. General in 1870, and for the next twenty years was actively engaged in evangelizing the heathen of the province of Hupeh. When the vicariate of South Shansi was confided to the Franciscans of Holland, Fr. Hofman was created vicar apostolic, and during the twelve years that he governed the new vicariate, he made many important foundations, which unhappily, however, were to a great extent destroyed by the Boxers. Broken by age and worn out by the strenuous duties of his office, Fr. Hofman returned to Holland in 1901, where he still shows active interest in the foreign missions, and at the same time assists the bishops of his native land in the sacred ministry. —

It is well known how much our Holy Father, Benedict XV, has the religious interests of his children in the belligerent nations at heart. War had hardly been declared between Italy and Austria, when he appointed a military bishop and established, with the consent of the Italian government, a central military-religious bureau at Rome, with

a branch office in the war zone. The board of the central bureau is composed of Mgr. Bartolomasi, the military bishop, who enjoys the rank of general in the Italian army, and Mgr. Cerrati, vicar general of the bishop, with the rank of major in the army. They are assisted by twelve soldiers, all religious or priests, of whom two are Franciscans, Fr. Vitus Lungarelli, secretary of the Provincial of the Abruzzi, and Fr. Leopold de Paulis, Guardian of Sulmone. Some of these assist the board in appointing the various military chaplains who are then approved by the minister of war, while others are engaged in keeping the records of the bureau. The branch commission has its headquarters at Udine, and its purpose is to look after religious matters at the front and to report its observations to the central bureau. The novel institution is proving a blessing for the country and for religion. —

On September 29, Mgr. James Ghezzi, O.F.M., Bishop of the dioceses of Civita Castellana, Gallese, and Orte, celebrated his golden sacerdotal jubilee. The solemnity was preceded by a triduum, preached by Fr. Pellegrino Paoli, an eminent pulpit orator of Italy. Among the gifts received by the bishop on the occasion, was a remarkable poem on the mystic nuptials of St. Francis with his Lady Poverty composed by one of his young relatives, and, what pleased the venerable jubilarian most, an autograph letter of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, which the Holy Father sent him as a mark of special affection. Born in 1842,

Mgr. Ghezzi entered the Order of Friars Minor in 1857, and was ordained priest September 23, 1865. In 1869, the young priest was called to the municipal college of Villettri, and later on, 1878-1884, he occupied the chair of philosophy and theology in the seminary of the same city. He was appointed consultor to the Sacred Congregation of the Council in 1887, and in September of the same year was made Custodian of the Holy Land. When his term of office had expired, Fr. Ghezzi was raised to the episcopal dignity, and received his consecration in the church of Ara Coeli at the hands of Cardinal Rampolla, in 1896. Men of learning greatly esteem him on account of his singular accomplishments, especially on account of his proficiency in the Latin language, and the common people love him as a most devoted shepherd of his flock and a kind father of the poor.

—*Correspondence.*

The sad news of the death of the Very Rev. Fr. David Fleming, the famous Irish Franciscan, was received in Rome November 12. Fr. David, who was born at Killarney, May 18, 1851, entered the Order of Friars Minor May 28, 1869, and was ordained priest December 18, 1875. He soon rose to great distinction in the Order, and held the offices of Provincial, Definitor General, and on the death of our Most Rev. Fr. General Fr. Aloysius Lauer, was elected to succeed him as Vicar General of the entire Order. Fr. David's extraordinary talents were also highly appreciated in the Eternal City, where for a number of years he held the chair of Sacred Scriptures in the Franciscan International College, was a member of the commission appointed by Pope Leo XIII, in 1895, to examine the validity of Anglican orders, a consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, and a member of the Pontifical Commission on Bibli-

cal Studies. Fr. David was a man of indefatigable energy and utter fearlessness, who well knew how to unite mercy and affability with inexorable justice and necessary discipline, and who would never permit worldly considerations or human respect to influence him in the performance of what he considered his duty. He was, indeed, one of the glories of our Order, which mourns in him also one of her most devoted sons.—R.I.P.—

On March 19, 1912, forty-two communities of Poor Clares presented to the Holy See a request for permission to return to the first rule of St. Clare with statutes conformable with the new apostolic decrees and adapted, as far as possible, to the late statutes of the Order of Friars Minor. The wishes of these religious have been complied with. In fact, the new statutes have been handed over to the Congregation of Religious, and there is nothing wanting now but the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff.—

Recently, a committee assembled at the Vatican to hold consultations on the heroic virtues of the Venerable John-Baptist de Bourgogne. He was a priest and a professed member of the Third Order, belonging to the convent of St. Bonaventure in Rome, where he lies buried.—

The Reverend Fr. Fernandez Garcia, a Franciscan of the Spanish province of St. James and consultor of the Congregation of Religious, has recently been appointed consultor of the Congregation of Rites on the causes of beatification and canonization.

Isle of Majorca.—The sixth centenary of the Blessed Raymond Lullus, the scholar, apostle, and martyr was commemorated with becoming festivities, last July. The religious and civil authorities joined in their efforts to make the occasion a memorable one, and to give full expres-

sion to the esteem and veneration in which they hold their glorious countryman. The Blessed Raymond is one of the glories of the Third Order of St. Francis. He suffered martyrdom on the mission-fields of Moslem rule. The recent celebrations in his honor mark a new development in the cult rendered him for the last six centuries.

Sigmaringen-Gorheim, Germany.

—The Rev. Fr. Florian Schoch, O. F. M., was signally honored recently by the King of Wuerttemberg, who conferred on him, through General von Bleck, the rank of Knight of the First Class of the "Friedrichsorden." The insignia of the Order were presented to the Rev. Father immediately after the divine service celebrated at the front, on October 10, in the presence of a large concourse of officers and soldiers. Fr. Florian has seen active service on the battlefields of France and Belgium since the beginning of the war, and on a former occasion was decorated with the Iron Cross.

Pantasaph, Wales.—A descendant of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, foundress of the Visitation Nuns, a young French Marquis, recently joined the Order of St. Francis as a Capuchin friar in the convent at Pantasaph, Wales. Immediately after taking his simple vows, he was recalled to France to take his place in the French army. This is the young Marquis de Sommerey, head of the old Norman house of de Mesniel, and descended not only from St. Jane on the female side, but also from the family of St. Jean Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Vancouver, Wash.—The Rt. Rev. Felix Verwilghen, vicar general of the diocese of Seattle, Wash., died Tuesday morning October 12. The Rt. Rev. E. J. O'Dea, Bishop of Seattle, conducted the funeral services, which took place in St. James Church, Vancouver, October 15, in

the presence of a large gathering of the clergy and the laity. Father Verwilghen was a Belgian by birth, and made his studies at the famous university of Louvain, where he was ordained priest, June 29, 1892, at the age of twenty-four. He came to this country in the following year, after having secured the degree of Bachelor of Canon Law at his Alma Mater, and was assigned to the missions near Vancouver. In 1897, the young priest was appointed assistant at St. James Cathedral, and succeeded the late Very Rev. Schram as pastor, in 1898. Bishop O'Dea named Father Verwilghen vicar general of his diocese on March 1, 1911, which office the able and zealous priest held until ill health forced him to resign in 1913. Father Verwilghen spent the last years of his life as chaplain of Providence Academy, St. Joseph's Hospital, and the Blanchet Home for the Aged. The good priest was a great friend of the Franciscans, and on October 15, 1914, entered their ranks as a secular Tertiary. The Rev. Fr. Francis, O. F. M., of Hood River, Oregon, who had invested him with the Tertiary scapular and cord, had made arrangements to go to Vancouver to receive his profession on October 15. But the Seraphic Father himself received the profession of this his beloved novice, for the day set for the ceremony, was the day of his funeral.—R. I. P.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—

The library of our Tertiary fraternity is in a flourishing condition. During the past twelve months; more than 2000 books were drawn. Over 100 new books were added during 1915. A supplement to the catalog, which contains a list of all the books added to the library, was printed, and is given free of charge to all who have a catalog. To accommodate the great crowds that patronize the library on the third

Sunday, a card system has been introduced, which enables the librarians to serve their patrons more quickly than heretofore. Since the main object of the library is to spread good literature, and to enable Tertiaries to observe Section 8, Chapter 2, of their holy Rule, it has been decided to introduce, in connection with the library, a book-rack, where pamphlets and books will be kept for sale.

West Park, O.—The Franciscan clerical students and their professors at West Park celebrated the feast-day of their special patron, the Ven. John Duns Scotus, on Monday, November 8, in a very fitting manner with a solemn High Mass and a musical and literary program. The program was rendered in the spacious academic hall; "Scotus Hall," of the monastery, which up to the present had served as a house chapel; and it was, therefore, especially appropriate that the first academic entertainment held in it should have been in honor of its patron.

The program was as follows:

1. All Hail..... Rev. Fr. Charles. O.F.M.
Choir
2. Die Zauberharfe.....Schubert
Piano Duet
3. The Queen's Knight.....Rel. Fr. Paschal
Rel. Fr. Charles
4. Intermezzo.....Eilenberg
Instrumental
5. The Triumph of Scotus.....Rel. Fr. Liguori
6. Awake my Soul.....Wicand
Instrumental
7. The Immaculate Conception. Queen of our
Order.....Rel. Fr. Sylvano
8. Mauretana.....Wallace
Piano Duet
9. Gall-p Militaire.....Mayer.
Instrumental
10. Ad astra summis.....Rev. Fr. Joseph. O.F.M.
Choir

In conclusion, the Rev. Fr. Philip, professor of Moral Theology and master of clerics at West Park, and the Rev. Fr. Bernardine, Guardian of the Franciscan monastery in Cleveland, addressed words of praise, encouragement, and exhortation to the young brethren of the great Scotus, the founder of the Franciscan School of Philosophy and Theology, and the invincible cham-

pion of Mary Immaculate, and also expressed the hope that the fervent prayers of the countless children of St. Francis might speed the day of the beatification of the Subtle Doctor.

New York, N. Y.—By invitation of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, and through the efforts of Mrs. John Latenser, of Omaha, Nebr., the Poor Clares of Omaha, have lately established a new foundation in New York City. Five nuns were sent for the purpose from the mother house in Omaha, and they have rented a temporary house on Riverside Drive, until Providence supplies them with a permanent home. About forty years ago, the Poor Clares had made an effort to locate in New York, but, owing to lack of support, they were compelled to abandon the project. After another effort in Cleveland, they went to Omaha, where through the munificence of the late Count Creighton they finally succeeded in gaining a foothold.

Loretto, Penn.—On Thursday, October 28, the Rev. J. R. Michael Edwards, of the Third Order Regular, was ordained priest in the chapel of St. Francis Seminary, Loretto, by the Rt. Rev. E. Garvey, Bishop of Altoona, Pa. Before his conversion, Father Edwards was an Episcopalian minister for over thirty years, and was received into the Catholic Church in the spring of 1911, by the Rev. John M. Kiely, former rector of Brentwood, L. I. Father Edwards is very active in spite of his sixty-five years. He was dearly beloved by the flocks over which he presided previous to his conversion, and many of them assisted on November 7, at his first solemn High Mass in St. Ann's Church, Brentwood, L. I., which is only about two hundred feet from Christ Episcopal Church, to which Father Edwards was attached for many years.

COLLEGE NOTES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The late Fr. Clement Moormann, O.F.M., whose death was chronicled in the last number of the *Herald*, having been for some years professor and vice-rector at this institution, a Requiem was appropriately sung for him in the college chapel, October 23, all the students attending and offering up the Holy Communion for the repose of his soul.

On November 2 and 3, Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the well-known dramatic reader, was again the guest of the college. In three different recitals he delivered portions of Dante's "Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso", Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha", and Shakespeare's "Macbeth". The immense range indicated by these titles, from the idyllic descriptions and gentle emotions of "Evangeline" to the vivid tableaux of the "Inferno" and the intense passion of "Macbeth", requires great versatility for an appreciative interpretation by one man; yet Mr. Griffith was equal to the demand. There are, of course, different ways of rendering Shakespeare's plays, and critics sometimes disagree as to how certain passages should be executed; but it is evident to any one that has heard Mr. Griffith, that he can do what he chooses to do; and that proves him a master of the art of elocution and impersonation.

The Right Rev. Mgr. M. J. Fitz Simmons, Rector of the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, and at present administrator of the archdiocese of Chicago, whom the Holy Father recently named Prothonotary Apostolic, is an alumnus of St. Joseph's, having made his classical studies here during the years 1873-1878. The professors and students of his Alma Mater tender him their hearty congratulations.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

On October 18, a solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of the soul of Fr. Clement Moormann, O.F.M., who had been Professor at the college for many years.

On the evening of All Saints Day, the Rev. Guardian, Fr. Gabriel, conducted the solemn Third Order services. Fifteen of last year's novices made their holy profession. The fraternity now numbers 34 professed members and 47 novices.

The long-promised visit of our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial at last became a reality. He arrived on November 3, and remained with us for several days. His visit was enjoyed by all, and not the least by the Very Rev. Father himself. For St. Francis College had been his home for many years. Twenty long and successful years he was Professor, and from 1909 to 1910 Rector. Ill health compelled him to resign the arduous position; yet, short as it was, his term of office will ever be remembered for the reorganization of the Commercial Course.

OBITUARY

Vancouver, Wash., St. James Church:
Rt. Rev. Felix Verwilghen, V. G.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:
English Branch of Third Order:
Bridget Wood, Sr. Mary,
Elizabeth Leahy, Sr. Elizabeth.
German Branch of Third Order:
Teresa Huber, Sr. Frances,
Maria Ann Alberg, Sr: Gertrude.
St. Augustine's Church:
Joseph Kochler, Bro. Antony.
Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:
Catherine Wagner, Sr. Colette,
Anna Kolker, Sr. Mary,
Anna Downs, Sr. Clare,
Elizabeth Dieter, Sr. Agnes,
Delia Finn, Sr. Augusta,
Anna Gray, Sr. Frances.

FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DECEMBER, 1915.

DEDICATED TO
THE INFANT JESUS

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	W.	Commemoration of All Deceased Members of the Three Orders of St. Francis. (P. I.)
2	Th.	St. Bibiana, V. M.
3	F.	St. Francis Xavier, C.
4	S.	St. Peter Chryso'ogus, C. D.—St. Barbara, V. M.
5	S.	2nd Sunday of Advent. —Bl. Humilis, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: St. John sends his Disciples to Christ. Matt. xi, 2-10.
6	M.	St. Nicholas, Bp. C.
7	T.	St. Ambrose, Bp. C. D. <i>Vigil and Fast for Tertiaries.</i>
8	W.	Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., Patroness of the Franciscan Order. (G. A., P. I.)
9	Th.	St. Silvester, Abbot.—Bl. Jane of Signa, 3rd Ord., V.
10	F.	Translation of the Holy House of Loretto.—St. Melchisedes, Pope, M.
11	S.	St. Damasus, Pope, C.
12	S.	3rd Sunday of Advent. —Finding of the Body of St. Francis. (P. I.) Gospel: St. John bears witness to Christ. John i, 19-28.
13	M.	St. Lucy, V. M.
14	T.	St. Gregory, the Wonderworker, Bp. C.
15	W.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Octave of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M. (P. I.)
16	Th.	St. Eusebius, Bp. M.— <i>The novena before Christmas begins today. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on the first and last day of the novena (Dec. 16 and 24.)</i>
17	F.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Bl. Margaret, 2nd Ord., V.
18	S.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Expectation of the B. V. M.
19	S.	4th Sunday of Advent. —Bl. Conrad of Offida, 1st Ord., C. Gospel: St. John's Mission and Preaching. Luke iii, 1-6.
20	M.	St. Josaphat, Bp. M.
21	T.	St. Thomas, Apostle.
22	W.	Bl. Hugolinus, 3rd Ord., C.
23	Th.	Bl. Nicholas Factor, 1st Ord., C.
24	F.	Vigil of Christmas.—(P. I.) <i>Day of Fast and Abstinence.</i>
25	S.	Christmas, The Nativity of our Lord. —(G. A., P. I.)—St. Anastasia, W. M.— Gospel: The Birth of Christ. Luke ii, 1-14.
26	S.	Sunday within the Octave of Christmas. —St. Stephen, Protomartyr. Gospel: The Prophecy of Simeon. Luke ii, 33-40.
27	M.	St. John the Evangelist.
28	T.	Holy Innocents.
29	W.	St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bp. M.
30	Th.	Office of the Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.
31	F.	St. Silvester, Pope, C.

Abbreviations: St.—Saint; Bl.—Blessed; M.—Martyr; C.—Confessor; Bp.—Bishop. D.—Doctor; Ab.—Abbot; V.—Virgin; W.—Widow; G. A.—General Absolution; P. I.;—Plenary Indulgence.

Tertiaries may gain a plenary indulgence: 1. Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First, Second, or Third Order Regular of St. Francis, while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray for the intentions of the Pope; 2. Once every month on a suitable day, under the usual conditions; 3. On the day of the monthly meeting for those who attend, under the usual conditions; 4. On the first Saturday of every month, under the usual conditions and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

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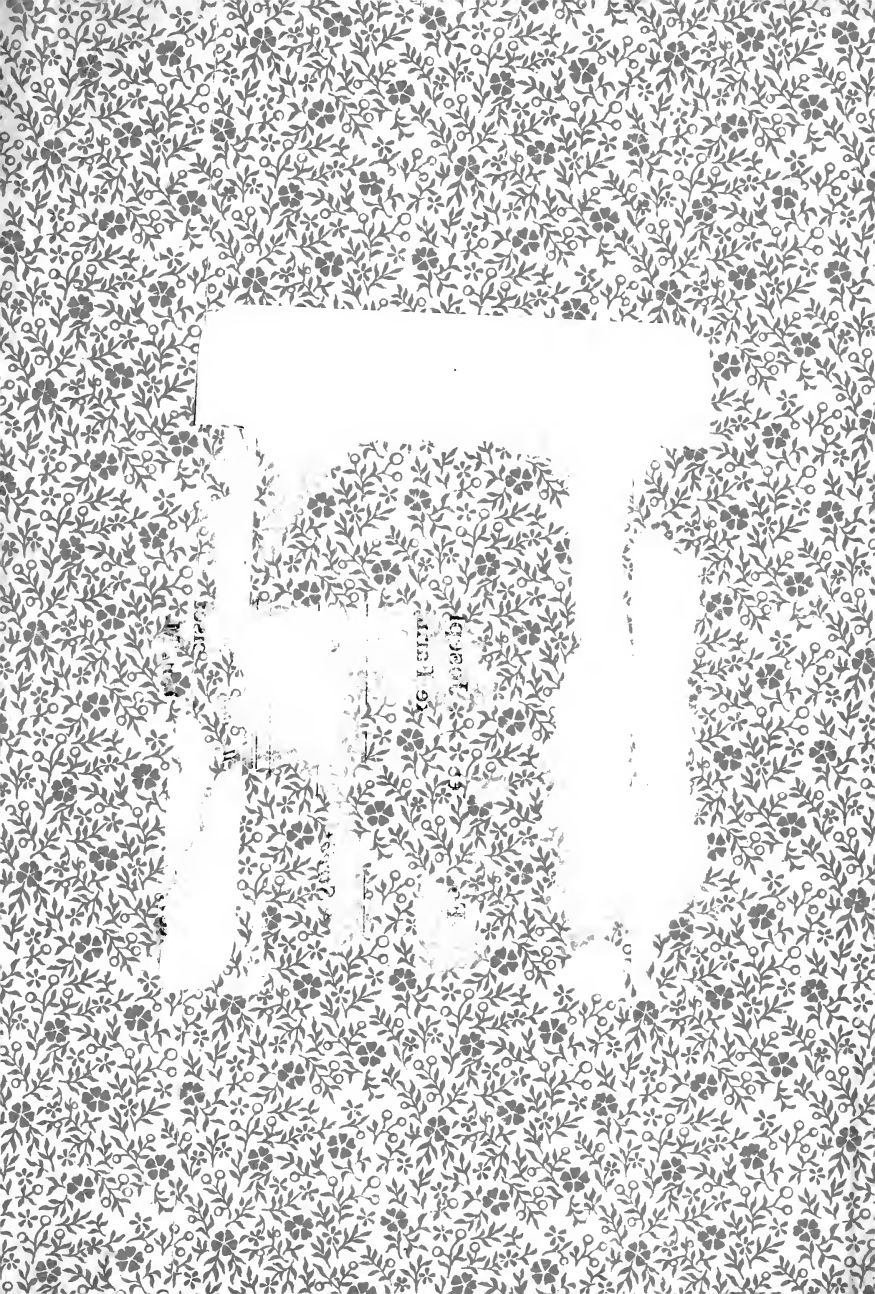
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